







# THE JEWS IN THE EAST.

BY

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CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. FRANKL.]

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## CHAPTER I.

Corfu—Snow and Spring—First Impressions—Street Life—The Esplanade—The Archbishop of the Hebrews—The Head Rabbi—His Appearance—Condition of the Jews in the Ionian Islands—A Jewish School—System of Education—Misery of the Inhabitants—Causes of Dissatisfaction with the British Protectorate—Sympathy with Greece—Tourists Ruin All—A Hungarian Fugitive—A Greek Robber—Zante—Appearance of the Bay—A Martyr to Science—Ugo Foscolo—"Song of the Graves"—An Exile's Death—The Greek Poet Solomos—Lady Douglas the Deliverer of Lampros—Death of Solomos—A Storm—The Piræus—Young Greece—Athens—First View of the Town—Strange Names and Associations—Street Life in Athens—National Costume—200,000 Lambs—The King's Palace—The Royal Chapel—A Disagreeable Companion—Sympathy with Russia—Lycabettus.

ON the 15th of March, 1856, I embarked at Trieste, on board the "Imperial Eagle," a new screw-steamer, which had just come out from England to commence her voyages to the East.



On the third day, a little before noon, we came in sight of Corfu; a splendid enclosed bay, protected by mediæval castles, a strange-looking town, with towers and palaces, behind which rise the mountains of the island, crowned with verdure to the summit, present a noble landscape, a delightful landing-place. We, who a little before had seen the snow of the Steyermark, and had felt the north wind of the Karst and the cold rain in Trieste, experienced a delightful feeling when we found ourselves in a perfectly verdant fragrant spring, and saw over us the vault of the warm blue Ionian sky.

When the health officer, who had rowed out for that purpose, had seized with a tongs and looked over our papers, we landed in a boat. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the motliest groups, in the strangest scene. We walked through narrow, dirty, badly-paved streets and lanes, with houses in strange confusion, which presented an odd mixture of the Italian, Moorish, and Oriental styles of architecture. Near marble balconies might be seen broken shutters and inscriptions on hanging sign-posts, most of them in Greek and English, fewer in Italian. The population, for the most part wearing wide Greek trowsers, parti-coloured jackets, red fez caps, frequently bare-footed, cigarette in mouth, thronged in screaming and noisy movement through all the streets; two-wheeled carts, drawn by a mule or a horse; donkeys, laden with splendid oranges and citrons, luxuriant vegetables, or the oddest looking fish in nets, frequently impede all progress.

We reach the Esplanade, a large open space, planted

with trees, one of the sides of which is adorned with splendid houses, with verandahs, while the other is bounded by the large castle. We walk on for a little to the white, glittering, imposing-looking palace of the Lord High Commissioner, on both sides of which are gates, adorned with pillars, through which we see the snow-covered mountains of Albania, sparkling beneath the sun's rays. We are now at the statue of the German hero, Schulenburg, who, at the beginning of the last century, successfully defended Corfu against the Turks; after this we reach the palace, before which red-coated English soldiers keep guard. We turn our back on the palace, and the most glorious view is spread out before us; the blue ocean sparkling in the light of the sun.

Only the Chiaja at Naples can be compared with this esplanade as a promenade. In the middle of it, soldiers were playing in their sleeves at ball; women and children, in summer clothing, sat in the street and looked at them, and occasionally applauded.

Pleased with the land of the Phæacians, as the great German poet terms it, I would willingly have travelled through it, but that was no longer practicable. Here, in Corcyra, broke out the Peloponnesian war; at the neighbouring fountain of Cressida, Ulysses met Nausicaa. However, the captain had only allowed us a few hours ashore, and so we could neither visit this nor other spots consecrated by the legends of ancient Greece, nor the ruins of the temples.

Descending again from the esplanade to the narrow streets of the city, and passing the mean-looking Par-

liament House, I reached, after walking a considerable distance, the stately house of Mr. Chazan, the Head Rabbi of the Ionian Islands. The guide, when I told him to conduct me to him, did not at first understand, till recollecting himself, he said :—

“Ah! you mean to the Archbishop of the Hebrews.”

I found the worthy gentleman in a spacious library on the second floor of the house, a lofty figure in a long black girded robe, walking up and down reading a book. A black overcoat, with many folds and a violet border, and a white stiff-pointed collar round the neck, added to his imposing appearance. A broad-flapped hat, reclining gently on the head, cast an artistic shade over a pale noble countenance.

Having already learned through the newspapers the object of my journey, he welcomed me with delight, and promised me at once the strongest letters of recommendation to his friends in Jerusalem, the city of his birth. Profoundly versed in Talmudistic lore, and known as a theological writer, he received a call to be Head Rabbi of the community in Rome, where he lived five years, and mastered the Italian language so thoroughly that he was soon accounted one of the most distinguished preachers in Italy. Having been called to Corfu five years ago, he enjoys here also a high reputation. Subsequently, we had the pleasure of calling him our guest at Vienna; soon after, he accepted a call to be Head Rabbi at Alexandria.

Mr. Chazan speaks with great liveliness and force, to which his intellectual and animated countenance in no

small measure contributes. A long pale face, with a long black beard, sparkling black eyes beneath strongly-marked, deeply-arched eyebrows, a lofty forehead, and a bold aquiline nose impart to his countenance that style of beauty which we call Oriental, and which caricature reproduces as the characteristic of the whole of our race. He reminded me of Kapistran, who, a century ago, preached at Vienna in the Latin tongue, unintelligible to the masses, but who, by dint of his outward appearance, the powerful tone of his voice, and the energy of his gesticulations, transported every one with enthusiasm.

Mr. Chazan spoke of the very sad condition of the Jews in the Ionian Free States. There are four thousand of them in Corfu, and two thousand in the Island of Zante. Most of them are engaged in trade; only a few support themselves as mechanics. Scarcely any of them are in comfortable circumstances, and notwithstanding the proud title, Ionian Free States, and the Protectorate of England, they neither enjoy liberty nor are they free from oppression.

Jewish children are mocked at in the schools, girls altogether excluded. The Jews of Zante had just drawn up a representation to the Government, begging that their deplorable social condition might be ameliorated.

I requested Mr. Chazan to give me an exact statement of the circumstances of the case, which he promised to send after me to Jerusalem. On my return from the East, I visited him again; he excused himself for not having kept his word, on the ground that the represen-

tatives of the community had not deemed it advisable to make communications, which might become public and give offence to Government.

But when is a Parliament resentful of publicity, especially one opened and led by a Lord High Commissioner of England? It is everywhere the lot of the oppressed that they do not venture to express that even which the law allows them, and which is becoming the dignity of a manly character.

Mr. Chazan took me to visit the School of the Community, where the managers, having already been informed by him of my intended visit, received me in a friendly manner. About eighty boys, who nearly all exhibited the expression and form of body distinctive of the South, were assembled in a large room. Only a few gave signs of their Jewish descent, a phenomenon which has frequently struck us in the German schools, where the fair hair and blue eyes reminded us as the most likely explanation of the conduct of the patriarch Jacob, grounded on physiological principles, when he wished to produce speckled sheep. Winckelmann deduces, among other reasons, the beautiful shape of the Italian head and body, from the sight of the noble forms of sculpture and painting presented to the view in Italy in many different ways.

I was even here introduced to the children, with true Oriental hyperbole, as "the first doctor of Europe," by whose "gracious and happy visit" they ought to feel themselves flattered and elevated, and incited to diligence and good behaviour.

At a given signal with a bell all stood up, and, marching forth from their desks, walked in regular procession round the room, and then arranging themselves at their desks, every child took his own place again. Mr. Chazan explained to me that in the hot climate this exercise was necessary, in order to keep the children awake and ready to receive instruction. They were then examined by the teachers, first in Hebrew, then in Greek and Italian. I observed that the children remained bare-headed while the Hebrew prayer was pronounced ; the answers of the children were lively, and proved that they were well taught.

"Greek," observed one of the managers, "as being the language of the country, is taught with special care, and with a pure accent, unmarked by any peculiarity. We wish to avoid being derided on account of any defects in our mode of speech," added he, in a low tone, audible only to me.

The only Jew was the teacher of Hebrew and of the Bible ; the other teachers were Greeks. When I asked whether there were not Jews in Corfu capable of giving instruction on secular subjects, Mr. Chazan observed :—

"We regret very much that as yet no Jew here possesses that capacity, but we trust in God to be able to train such men among ourselves."

"And have the Jews of acknowledged piety in this island no repugnance to allowing their children to be instructed by Christians ?"

"Better a learned heathen than a high priest who is an idiot," quoted Mr. Chazan, from the Talmud.

I was equally surprised and delighted with the utterance of such sentiments by a strictly orthodox Rabbi. I took the liberty of putting some questions to the managers on general subjects, which were answered with great caution, and with significant glances at the Christian teachers.

The representative of a German Power, to whom I was recommended, and who was out when I called upon him, searched for me till he found me in the school. The examination, to which he had listened with much interest, was now at an end, and I had an opportunity of hearing him speak also, but on more general subjects.

“All tourists write of the ever-blue Ionian sky, of the mild climate of the islands, that makes everything glistening and fragrant, and awakens ardent desire; but they know nothing of the inhabitants of these islands, nothing of their deplorable circumstances, of their mental depression, of their social and material misery. They might ask, ‘Is there not floating here the tricolor of a free state? Is she not upheld and protected by the claws of the English leopard; ennobled by being called under the protectorate of the most civilised nation in the world? Englishmen, however, care for nothing but their military establishment; they say they have no wish to interfere with the management of internal affairs; it appears to me, however, worthy of a civilized nation to exercise some influence on the civilization of a country over which they have allowed the flag of their power and their ambition to float. The eyes of the Ionians, weary of the English Protectorate, are ever directed

towards the kingdom of Greece, with which they would wish to be incorporated. When the Queen, on her way to Germany, cast anchor in the harbour, boats, with blue and white flags, crowded round her on all sides, and sung songs, and did homage to her with music and enthusiastic acclamations.

“On these islands, which might well be termed ‘fortunate,’ in virtue of their happy climate and their fruitful soil, the children remain without instruction, the adults without civilization, the court of justice without respect—tourists, sir, spoil all.”

I felt myself moved as it were by a warning voice, to avoid writing an ode to the Ionian Islands, and could not but put the question:—“Why do not those who are gifted with a clear insight into affairs, and who are called upon to know them professionally, give us information, and enlighten our views and prejudices?”

“Do we not do so, then? Every official who comes to us from the West is fascinated with the wonderful nature of the South. Individuals and circumstances, by their strangeness and their novelty, make a lively impression on his senses without an effort on his part. He is generally an attentive observer, and in his official reports delights in communicating his views and experiences. He does so diligently, being impelled, as it were, by an inward sense of duty; at least, he is specially recommended to do so in his instructions. He does so then for years, without being tired, even when he receives no answer, no acknowledgment of his trouble, no encouragement to continue his labours. At length there occurs some great



political event, as the war between Russia and Turkey, which is just now interrupted, but not yet brought to a conclusion. The diplomatists all of a sudden wish for information, and the official perhaps receives a reprimand for having neglected his duty. He perceives that for years he has observed and written in vain, that his fondly-cherished opinions, his despatches drawn up with so much clearness, have not been read. He refers to his official report, which perhaps may still be found somewhere among the archives, and is silent for the future. Russia alone knows and understands perfectly the politics of the East and the condition of Turkey."

"Why do they not make known their valuable experience and knowledge through the press?"

"Offence is often given by his despatches; is it likely, then, that the official, when for example he is a consul, and wishes to become Consul-general, will touch the fire of publicity, and thereby get into bad odour? Remain four weeks with us; I will take you over the islands; you will then see what a curse is weighing upon this earthly paradise."

Lloyd's steamer in the harbour began again to get up her steam, and a thick vapoury pillar of smoke gave warning that the period of her stay was at an end. With regret I was obliged to interrupt the interesting communications of so well-informed an observer, and to take my departure.

Our society on board ship was increased by the addition of Colonel Dirk, of the British service, the Hungarian refugee, whose capture by an Austrian command-

ant had excited no small sensation at the time. Another traveller, whom we saw marching up and down the deck at large after we had cleared the harbour, and at whose side two officers of the Austrian police were walking, was a Greek robber who had taken refuge on the Austrian soil, and being demanded back by the Greek Government for the crime of murder, was now being handed over to them; he was very lively, spoke to everyone, and made himself very agreeable to us all—in spite of our natural repugnance to him—by naming every mountain peak, every cliff between the rocks, as we sailed past the islands, and by describing their minutest peculiarities in such a way as could only be done by one who had been accustomed to live among the mountains as a fugitive, after he had dyed his dagger with blood.

The sea was smooth as a mirror, and the sun sank in a fiery-red sky, lighting up the distant ridge of the islands. There followed a starlight night. Late after midnight, I was awakened by a violent alarm—the ship stood still, the loud incessant working of the screw was no longer perceptible. I leaped at once from bed, dressed myself, and hurried on deck. We were at anchor in the Bay of Zante. The crescent moon, near her wane, lay white and clear over the dark crest of a mountain; her faint light, aided by that from the stars, gave only an imperfect view of a semicircle of houses, pressed close to the bay. Between it and our vessel floated a number of barges, which were brightly illuminated with torches, exhibiting the white turbans

of Turks, the bright glittering costumes of Albanians wearing the fez, and half-naked men rowing with powerful stroke. The Turks tried to surpass one another in speed, and to avoid a collision; and in embarking the men and goods which they carried, the rowers shouted so loud, and, in order to make themselves better heard, gave such a strong and protracted emphasis to the last syllable, that even the noise of the ocean was inaudible. There was such violent pressing and scrambling up the ship's ladder, such shouting and blustering, as to tempt the belief that Zante was a desolate island, from which shipwrecked mariners, waiting for years to be rescued, wished to escape on a vessel sailing swiftly past. It was an hour before the crew had embarked, with equal noise, all the bales and boxes of goods, and the empty barks rowed back again to the town, where lights were burning in some of the houses, waiting the return of the boatmen, and enabling us to perceive more clearly the uncertain outline of the town.

At four o'clock in the morning we weighed anchor again, too early to admit of our seeing the beautiful fruitful island which is named "the Flower of the Levant," or saluting the grave of a martyr of science, or the city where two poets of liberty were born.

When the physician Vesalius, a man of German extraction, and the father of the science of anatomy, was condemned to death by the Inquisition at Madrid because he dissected the human body in secret, he was saved by the intercession of the King, to whom he acted as body physician. The sentence of death was

commuted into a voyage of penance to the Holy Land. The ship which contained the involuntary pilgrim to Jerusalem foundered near Zante; he alone was cast upon the solitary strand, where he died of want. This happened on the 15th of October, 1564.

Two hundred and fourteen years later, a noble Venetian lady, who had lost her husband, was sailing in sorrow to Zante, and gave birth to a boy on board the ship, or, as others relate, after her arrival at the island. It was his destiny also to wrestle intellectually and to die in misery, in exile, and in poverty, not on a small island, but in one of the most populous cities in the world.

Between the cradle and the coffin of this man, born on the agitated waves, there intervened a life full of struggles, full of love for humanity, full of jealousy for liberty and the purple fame of an immortal poet, who, if he had written in the language of the city of his birth, would have become the first poet of the new Hellas. He preferred composing his immortal "Song of the Graves" in the sweet language in which a tender mother had lulled his infancy to rest. Ugo Foscolo sung songs which awoke enthusiasm in the soul of his fatherland and misgivings in the hearts of the powerful; the reins of power might slip from their hands if they slept while such songs were sung. Ugo Foscolo must flee; he went to the native land of his laurel-crowned associate, Byron, at a time when the latter was tarrying at the ancient seat of liberty, and helping to deliver Greece from her un-

worthy chains. Foscolo died on the banks of the Thames, to which, leaving London, he had dragged himself. On the day of his death he was visited by the noble Capo d'Istria, who was on the eve of proceeding to Greece as President. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Holland, Hudson Gurney, and other distinguished persons followed the bier of the poet who sung in his "Sepolcri:"—

Does then a stone make up for our lost days?  
Which makes my bones distinct from all the rest,  
That ruthless death in sea and earth has sown.

His grave is marked by an epitaph of his own composition, "Foscolo's life, virtue, bones, began to find repose here."

Another poet, who first saw the light of the world at Zante, was more fortunate; Count Dionysius Solomos drew his inspiration from the deeds and songs of ancient Greece, and was yet only a youth when the Greeks proved that the sword of Leonidas was not to be the last that gave the fatal blow to slavery. He composed in the year 1823 a "Hymn to Liberty." It contains only 632 stanzas, but all of them are polished swords, glittering lances, which, sparkling in the sunny light of thought, clash against one another. The souls that listened to this warlike music were inspired to deeds, to victories, to self-immolation. The poet sang his noble songs, which vie with those of Pindar and Byron, in the Ionic dialect. If this circumstance places him among the heroes of the poetic art, without constituting him a model, it gave him this

additional advantage, that the people listened to him and understood him, and that he inspired those heroes, and made them inwardly free even before victory.

But the poet not only enjoyed the enviable lot of living immortal in the hearts of his countrymen, he dared to do so with impunity, he dared to speak the lofty thoughts of his soul to his fatherland, he dared to be the modern Tyrtæus of his native land. No power restrained him from manifesting the divine spark in his soul, and uniting himself to the immortal poets of his nation.

There is another song of the poet, torn from his deeply agitated soul by a tragical domestic occurrence, which is not so extensively known as his "Hymn to Liberty;" but it sounds touching and melancholy from the lips of all Grecian youths and maidens, and moves their hearts. The poet had a secret affection for a beautiful Greek maiden, whose figure reminded one of the immortal creations of the old masters, and who had a soul that heaved in sympathy with the poet's sense of beauty, and with the poet's thoughts. She recited and sung the songs of Solomos with unrivalled skill. An Italian painter moved her tender heart to love, and betrayed her. She could not bear the anguish of her soul, and put an end to her existence with poison. Solomos became speechless when the report reached him, and for a long time was dumb, both to the world and to his friends. As soon as he learned that the death of the maiden was explained by her dishonour, his soul awoke, and he poured

forth his indignation in poetry. He avenged the death of the maiden by an immortal pathetic song, the most beautiful that Greece ever heard, and which begins with the words, "Thou sangest all my songs, but this song which I now chaunt to thee, thou wilt no longer sing; a stone covers thy grave."

Solomos lived in Corfu; I inquired after him with the intention of visiting him and paying him my homage. I received this characteristic information, "He lives in deep retirement." The unexpected lustre with which his name was surrounded, when his hymn broke forth, shocked him; the homage paid to his genius appeared to him idolatry." The noble Ionian believed, with Plato, who banished Ionian music from his republic, that a nation which listens to singing so intently must be growing effeminate. But he held that the moment had arrived for his fatherland, when Spartan sternness and valiant deeds could alone solve the destiny of the nation. From that time he allowed no other poem to be printed, till the pathetic, tender dirge on her whom he had loved burst forth.

His genius, however, was not idle, and the world is indebted for the publication of a fragment of a poem called "Lampros," notwithstanding his resolution, to the talented Lady Douglas, the wife of the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, who was so charmed with it that she besought the poet on her knees not to withhold it from his nation. The enthusiasm of the appreciating Englishwoman was successful.

On the 21st of February, 1857, the Ionian Senate closed its sitting, because the news suddenly reached the Assembly Hall, "Solomos is dead." The inhabitants of the islands poured forth in a stream to celebrate his public obsequies. King Otho sent an ambassador to pay, in the name of Greece, the last honours to the deceased, and to express to his relations the sorrow of the fatherland. To the mournful death of the greatest poet of modern Greece, who had not yet reached his sixtieth year, is joined the half joyful, half sorrowful hope, that now all his poems will see the light.

A bright, peaceful morning shone forth. We saluted, while sailing rapidly past them, the lofty, snow-covered mountains of Albania and Epirus. We had seen the rocky coast of Ithaca, sailed through the Echinades; with memories crowded with associations we greeted the Leucadian rocks, and the bay of Navarino, so fraught with important results; the imagination with rapid wing skimmed over the myths and histories, the splendour and the decline of ancient Greece; and gods and heroes again peopled Olympus and the earth. The waves appeared to me what they truly and rightfully are, since the days of antiquity, when the daughter of Nereus and—

"Look out for a storm!" said a voice near me; it was the captain of the ship, who woke me from my dreams of antiquity. "In an hour we shall be round Cape Matapan, where a strong current sets in and car-



ries us from the Ionian Sea, between Greece and Candia, to the Cyclades in the Archipelago."

The bell gave the signal for breakfast. We did not sit long, and the ship began to roll dreadfully, and to pitch about the cups and glasses, the rum and biscuit, in wild confusion.

I took refuge in my cabin, which I was not able to leave again till we reached the harbour. I felt horribly sick, except a few hours that I slept. The creaking of the powerful engine, the raging sea striking against the ship's sides, the tumult of the storm, the movements of the vessel, pitching violently beneath the stroke of the lofty waves, and quivering in every plank, while driven in all directions—all this begat a feeling within me which found expression in the words, "Well, so be it."

The night seemed dreadfully long; nothing but the leaden-grey morning was visible from the small round window of my cabin, which, after rolling up to it with difficulty, I had managed to open. I saw the waves, stout gigantic women, wearing powerful crowns of silvery foam, and dancing wild dances to the mad music which thundered down from the clouds. The sea broke through the window over my bed; I quickly closed it, and tried to stand up. In vain! And thus I was obliged to endure a storm, and to be pent up by it, without the satisfaction of seeing it. The friendly doctor of the ship paid me a visit, and directed my attention to the island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, the birthplace of Helen, on account of whom the Trojan war broke out. "What

is Helen to me, my good friend—what do I care for the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus, when you know no cure for sea-sickness? ”

On the 19th of March, after a voyage of five days, we reached the Piræus at six o'clock in the evening. The storm made us twenty-four hours later in reaching the harbour. The vessel had cast anchor; a boat, rowed by two young men, received me on board, and, glad to feel the firm earth beneath my feet again, I landed before the Austrian Lloyd's office; I paid the promised fare; one of the young Greeks, however, threw the money at my feet. The clerk of the agency, having his attention attracted by the shouting of the young man, came out of the office, and asked me whether I had expressly bargained about the fare? When I answered him in the affirmative, there arose a warm dispute between him and the boatman. I listened for the first time, in the harbour of Themistocles, to the language of the Homeric heroes on its native soil. The clerk gave me back the money:—"Take it back! The young man denies having agreed to accept the stipulated sum. It is only an attempt on his part to impose upon you. The rascal says it is an honour to him to have landed such a great and wealthy gentleman for nothing. Just accept this magnanimous offer, and come in with us; he will soon come and beseech you to give him his boat-hire." So it happened.

A well-dressed Greek, who introduced himself as the proprietor of the Hotel L'Orient, and who was recommended as respectable by Lloyd's agent, received me

into a carriage, which was closed on account of the cold. He drove for an hour in the direction of Athens, through a landscape which exhibited snowy heights with the moon shining on them.

During the night we were very much disturbed by noisy neighbours. We shall afterwards have some characteristic stories to relate about them. A lively, almost uninterrupted, barking of dogs reminded me that I was nearer to those cities of the East where dogs constitute a peculiar community, since hundreds of thousands, and even more, dwell in the streets. From German associations, I was reminded of a village where dogs are the never-silent watchmen. The town also, as we drove into it in the dusk of the evening from the Piræus, gave me the impression of a small provincial town rather than of a royal residence. No walls or gate protected the entrance; small houses, here and there a heap of rubbish, did not produce a more favourable impression. The striking memorials of antiquity were concealed by the darkness.

The excitement of the five days' voyage, and the thought of being in Greece, the land beloved of the gods, and in the city of Theseus, protected by "the blue-eyed daughter of Jove," aided in keeping me from sleeping. Lying awake, I longed for the morning; at the earliest dawn I walked to the window; opposite to me shone the Acropolis in the morning light. At the foot of it lay the modern city, consisting of small houses, generally one story high, and plastered yellow, red, or blue, but seldom white. A solitary palm raised

its head over a group of houses. On the right I saw the Temple of Theseus, its yellow dim pillars glittering in the light of the sun; towards the left, on a small eminence, stood the King's white marble palace.

For a long time I gazed upon the scene, over which reposed as yet the stillness and the silence of early morn, and whose buildings unite and separate the ancient and the modern world in such a striking manner. Heroes and policemen, Christian churches and heathen temples, Plato with the white fillet, and soldiers with the Bavarian shako, passed in fantastic forms before my eyes and my imagination, like a confused masquerade.

The waiter, Pluton, came to ascertain my wishes, and when I answered him in certain scraps of ancient Greek, sadly mutilated by memory, I discovered that I neither understood him nor he me. He called another waiter, whose name was Christo, and thus, through the accidental circumstance of names, I found myself placed again midway between two worlds, the heathen and the Christian. It is, to say the least, singular that in the now Christian Athens a child bearing the name of a heathen god should be enrolled in the register of baptisms.

The early rays of the sun, which illuminated the scene with their golden light, disappeared, and it was a grey cool morning when I left the house with the intention of wandering through the streets of Athens, with no other guide than accident. I found myself, as I learned from the name at the corner, in Œolus Street, which afforded me an extensive view down its long and narrow descent to the place where it is terminated by

the Tower of the Wind. The streets, very lively with men walking up and down in them, had merchants' shops and workshops on both sides, in which industry was already active. The window of a splendid bookseller's shop arrested me for some time. I felt interested at finding, among many ancient and modern Greek works, two German ones, both of which proceed from living authors in Vienna ; one by my literary associate, Joh. Gab. Scidl, "On the Italian Currency ;" and the other by Bonitz, "On the Categories of Aristotle." The portraits of the heroes, diplomatists, and priests—in the latter both offices were sometimes united—that have become celebrated in Europe since the struggle for liberty, attracted my attention, as well as certain scenes from those freedom-inspired days so full of glory and of bloodshed. The portraits of Napoleon I., and of Frederick II., were to be seen in the midst of the Greek heroes. Mr. Nast, the German proprietor of the bookshop, when he perceived the interest which, as a stranger, I took in these objects, led me into the shop, and politely placed at my disposal every book that could be interesting to a stranger in Athens. I met with similar kindness afterwards from Mr. Botlys, a native of Vienna, and a doctor of law, who had just resigned the portfolio of Greek Minister of Justice.

The lower I descended, the more lively and striking was the movement on the streets ; yet it was different from what I had seen in the southern cities of Italy. While the latter are characterised by bustle and noise, here there was nothing but quietness and order. One

can observe that the East is already closer at hand, and the Mohammedan, so grave and so tranquil in his bearing, here ruled supreme for a long time. Dress also gives additional effect to those natural advantages of elegance and beauty, which mark the southern nations in all their movements. This nobleness of bearing is something with which the most superficial observer from the North cannot fail to be struck. The so-called national Albanian costume is not prevalent, but nowhere did our coat, ever supremely absurd with its dangling tails, appear to me so ridiculous as here. The national Greek is dressed in the *Fustanella*, a white garment drawn into hundreds of folds, which reaches from the waist to the knees. The original shape of this article of dress may still be seen on some of the inhabitants of the islands, a plain loose shirt, which is kept together by a girdle, usually of a red colour—probably the *chiton* of the ancient Greeks. On the upper part of the body is worn a blue or red tightly-fitting vest, generally embroidered, which allows the white shirt to be seen in front ; over this vest is worn a jacket, with wide open sleeves, which do not cover the arm ; a red fez, with a blue tassel, covers the usually black curly head ; blue or red gaiters, elegantly embroidered, cover the legs from the knee to the ankle ; on the feet are worn red or black shoes. The inhabitants of the islands are distinguished by black or blue pantaloons, by the fez being enveloped, turban-fashion, with a piece of cloth, and by sandals. Most of the few women that are visible are dressed in the French fashion.

A loud cry "Kyrië!" or "Sir," gives warning that the foot-passengers must give way in streets that begin to be on a level with the pavement. An open four-cornered box, resting on two lofty wheels, and drawn by a horse, rolls slowly along. Bending forward in the waggon is a beautiful boy, wearing the red Phrygian bonnet over fair hair falling down in ringlets, and driving the horse with a short whip. The pure beauty of his head is surprising; he were worthy to be seized by an eagle and borne to the feet of Olympian Jove.

We meet a number of donkeys; some of them carry in panniers, suspended on both sides, pomegranates, citrons, and greens; others, the contents of whose panniers have been sold, have their masters sitting on their backs, with their legs held aloft between the panniers, or they have bound the panniers to one side, and sit upon them as if upon a stool.

A large crowd of men interrupts our walk; we are before a coffee-house, or barber's establishment, which, as in the days of antiquity, is the retail shop for all the news of the town. The Greek removes the hair from the cheeks and the chin, and bestows especial care on his long moustaches, which give a particularly warlike appearance to his brown countenance, from which the nose and chin boldly project.

Through men elegantly dressed in the Albanian or French fashion, advances a strikingly-tall figure; his head also is adorned with a red fez, while his back is covered with a shaggy sheep-skin. His fustanella and gaiters are of white wool; on his

feet are sandals. Athwart the man's neck lies a snow-white lamb, whose four legs are bound firmly together on his breast with the left hand; in his right he carries a long staff. It is the week before Easter, and the man, marching along in silence and with noble gait, is bringing in this way the lamb for sale. I remembered having seen similar figures on ancient bas-reliefs, and was told that during Passion-week Greece slaughters and devours two hundred thousand lambs; lamb is the national Greek dish.

We arrive at a point, where *Cæolus* is intersected at right angles by *Hermes' Street*; Bavarian wit has called the latter *Shop*, the former *Puff Street*. These names, and the other streets named in honour of *Athena*, of *Euripides*, and of *Themistocles*, awoke different images and memories in my mind.

We have arrived at the end of the street, and find ourselves before the *Tower of the Wind*, for the purpose of examining, but not of describing again what hundreds of books on Greece, learned and unlearned, have already described. I shall only describe my own experience, and those persons with whom I was brought into close communication, and who were able to throw light on the intellectual and social condition of the Greek metropolis. I make this remark expressly so that those readers who expect a poetical description of the old Greek world, may not feel themselves disappointed. I hope to be able to lay before the reader the ideas which I gained upon that subject, in another form.

A man, handsomely dressed in the Albanian costume,



joined me, and politely saluting me, asked in Italian:—"You are a foreigner?" "Yes, sir." "From what country?" "From Austria." "Therefore we are friends. Then I can impart to you my miserable lot. I come from the Island of Hydra, to urge a claim for several thousand dollars on the Minister of War. Have you ever had occasion to ask anything from ministers? You will sooner find the ancient gods on Olympus, than ministers with a favourable ear. I must earnestly warn you against all ministers, and living is so dear at Athens! We are friends, since you are from Austria, are we not? Give me some assistance."

I was perfectly astonished at this request, as there was nothing in the man's bearing or dress to lead me to anticipate it; however, I did not feel disposed to satisfy every man's unsettled claims. When I signified to him as much, he replied quite hopefully:—"No matter, we still remain friends," and withdrew.

Turning to the left, I reached some quieter streets; in one of them a house was being built, and they were chiselling the slabs which serve as a facing to the walls. I looked and listened to the work. The slabs, brought into contact with the chisel, gave forth a peculiar clinking sound. Caught in the magic web which the wonderful ancient world, with its gods and myths, its annals and its arts, was weaving around me, the clinking sound made me think of the clink of Amphion's lyre, at which the stones fitted harmoniously into one another, till the impregnable walls of Thebes arose.

Bells began to ring in the distance, and like ghosts before cockcrow, the beautiful shades of the gods and heroes suddenly disappeared.

Ascending slowly, I reached a broad street, which consists of tastefully-built houses on one side, and pleasure-gardens on the other, and is called Amelia Street, in honour of the Queen. I found myself before the Royal Palace, on the side where it is seen to most advantage, with its elegant pillars. Its front looking toward the city does not produce the same artistic effect. Gigantic cactuses and plantations of trees adorn the small eminence which leads to the palace. I passed through the marble portico into the light and lofty ante-chamber, and following a small procession of men, I soon found myself in the chapel of the Queen, who was expected for divine service. It was Maundy Thursday, in Passion-week; the altar was covered with a black cloth, on which stood a white cross. Two silver candlesticks were burning before it. The walls of the chapel, of pale roseate marble, with red columns having gilt capitals, support a blue roof, which is separated into divisions by beams of white gold. Before the windows were waving blooming orange and olive trees, to which the soaring, snow-covered Lycabettus in the background, formed an icy contrast. I was shewn into a pew, and received a hymn-book. The congregation was not large. Men and women were all dressed in the modern French fashion.

At 10 o'clock the Queen made her appearance in the stall erected opposite to the altar, and divine

service began. In one corner of the chapel, to the right of the altar, stood a tolerably good little organ, before which sat a fair-haired German, with two others at his side, then seven girls and four boys. They were all dressed differently, in coloured clothes, which, together with the position assigned, apparently by accident, to the organ, detracted very much from the solemnity of the effect. It seemed as if the architect had forgotten to leave any room for an organ. Service began with the beautiful hymn :—

My heart, why art thou still so faint?  
Of what avail to bear  
The yoke of earthly care,  
Or still on things of earth be bent?

The minister then ascended the pulpit on the left of the altar, and read, what in this country has a very peculiar effect and striking appositeness, the Apostle Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. He then delivered a dull, unctuous discourse, which placed it beyond all doubt, that no tongues of fire were descending on his audience.

But I was struck with this, that when the preacher prayed for a blessing on the whole land, on the sea and the islands, on the nation and the royal couple, he could utter no prayers for that, which is the best of blessings to a woman, and for which the whole Greek nation is longing no less than the talented and graceful Queen.

Divine service was at an end, and I entered the garden, which extends behind the palace. Sloping

downwards, it contains a model plantation of almost all the trees and flowers in the world. Watered by art, everything grows rapidly and luxuriantly. We rejoice as we read that the small collection of palms is to be increased by the chivalrous gift of 200 more from the Bey of Tunis to the Queen, a small forest. Wandering through the labyrinthine paths, we found the landscape often concealed by lofty trees, but generally exposed to view, and where the enclosure of the garden was low, the landscape seemed confined to the limits of the garden. A sorrowful impression was produced on my mind by the sight of a chained eagle. The figure is often used by poets to describe an aspiring nature, which, like the royal sufferer, Prometheus,

Hanging in ether  
Languishes in chains,

fettered by "violence" and "necessity."

I was reminded of the foreign ships, which I had seen at the Piræus, that keep in check the haughty Greek nation, ever prone to insurrection. Mr. Levidis, the talented editor of the "Elpis," or "Hope," said to me afterwards, "Europe is mistaken if she thinks that the Greeks have Russian sympathies, though they are united by holding the same religious views. The Greeks are Russian because Russia is the enemy of the Turks. So deeply rooted is the hatred of the Turks in every Greek heart, that they will sympathize with every nation of the earth that draws the sword to strike the Turk."

Buried in thoughts of every kind, I reached a small artificial eminence in the elegant garden grounds. Before me arose suddenly the immortal columns of the Temple of Jupiter, and behind them, through the green clefts of the mountains, shone the azure blue ocean; on the right the ruins of the mighty Acropolis. Such a view and such a moment recompensed me amply for having left a home of incativity, for having travelled hither and crossed the stormy ocean.

For a long time I could not tear myself away from the view, and even when I did, it was only to return again and again, chained to the spot and buried in deep meditation.

In the distance arose the clang of Turkish music, and I prepared to return towards the castle. An elderly man saluted me, and walked close beside me without making any further remark. I remained standing, in order to examine a foreign plant; he did the same; I hastened onward, he overtook me; I walked more slowly to allow him to pass, he measured his pace by mine. He followed me in silence through all the windings of the garden, in which no one was to be seen but ourselves. Suddenly, behind a thick copse, he asked me what o'clock it was, as he wished to set his watch by mine. I told him I did not possess one. I began to swing my stick as if in play, and was heartily glad to reach the palace again. The man muttered some unintelligible words, which sounded like a curse, and began to talk with the sentinel at the gate of the palace.

I was attracted to Lycabettus, close at hand. The mountain rises from the plain almost in the shape of a cone. I ascended it in three quarters of an hour, and enjoyed, from George's Chapel, which stands on the summit, the ever-beautiful view of the city, the sea, the plain of Athens, and the mountains which surround it.

## CHAPTER II.

Noisy Neighbours—Greek Ideas of Honour—The Hotel L'Orient—Sympathy with the King—Byron's Physician—His Last Illness—*Post Mortem* Examination—Byron and Napoleon—The Maid of Athens—A Greek Antiquary—The Elgin Marbles—The French Occupation of 1855—Robbery of a Statue—Vandalism—Art Treasures at Naples—The Acropolis—The Land of the Barbarians—The University of Athens—Its Influence—The Symbolical Sphynxes—The Library—Degrees in Medicine—An Ancient Greek Skull—The Society of Physicians—The Crowning of Poets—Greek Poetry—State of the Drama—The Poet Zalakosta—Modern Greek—Difficulties of Authors—The Academy of Plato—Sophocles—Gottfried Müller—The Austrian Ambassador—The Escorial—Painted Statuary—A French Officer Kidnapped—An Imaginary Conspiracy—Progress—National Character—A Funeral Procession—Schools of Art and Science—Foreign Artists—A Greek Tragedy—Female Schools.

I LIVED on the second floor of the L'Orient, the best hotel at Athens. I have already described the beautiful view from my window. Inside the room I was not so much at my ease; when I lay down at night, on

my left, a man's voice began to sing over and over again the same Greek song, while, on the right, another voice kept declaiming a Greek oration. It was all very well for them, the one could not disturb the other, but as I was exposed to the fire of both, I could bear it no longer. Turning to the right, I cried, in Italian, to the orator, "Sir, your arguments are overpowering, pray spare me;" and then turning to the singer, I said, "I have learned the tune, you need not repeat it." All at once, both were silent.

Next day I had the following adventure with my two neighbours:—On returning from a walk, I found the hotel surrounded by the police. Two shots had been fired in the room occupied by my neighbour, the singer, and as his door was locked, they were obliged to break it open. On entering, they found a young man, a native of one of the Greek islands, who had arrived at the hotel some days before, and was remarkable for his quiet and almost timid bearing, working with the barrel of a pistol. He addressed the intruders with perfect composure:—"I have missed twice, and must try a third shot. Pray do not disturb me, gentlemen." It was evident that he was mad, so he was placed in confinement. When the disturbance had ceased, and I had returned to my room, an elegant, intelligent-looking young man entered, and introduced himself as my neighbour on the right, and a native of the Island of Ithaca, the ancient possession of the crafty and far-travelled Ulysses. He gave me a pamphlet in Italian, printed at Malta, "having great pleasure," he said, "in



presenting it to one, who, he understood, was a brother author; he himself was negotiating with England to obtain an appointment there; Greece was too small for his plans; his heart embraced the whole world, and, as he was labouring under temporary difficulties, would I lend him some money?"

When I gave him a small sum, he bowed, and thanked me very cordially.

"Thank God! now I can make my way. It is not worth while to pay the six weeks' board, at eight francs a-day, which I owe. You have set my soul at liberty, sir; I walk again in an ideal world!" Rather startled, I said, "But you will at least tell the landlord that you will pay him afterwards." The Ithacan smiled. "You are a poet, and know nothing of the real world. If I were to tell the landlord, he would fly into a stupid passion, and put me in prison, and still I should not be able to pay him. But give me my liberty, and I can toil, labour, make money, so that he will not lose a farthing, for know that I am a man of honour." He bowed and was off.

Next day there were no traces of him. He had written on the pamphlet, "All' eccellente Dottore Frankl per la memoria di D."

When we assembled in the handsome drawing-room of the hotel—the walls of which are adorned with scenes borrowed from the struggle for liberty—to drink coffee around the glowing fire, I entered into conversation with an interesting neighbour, Colonel Epaminondas Vasili, of the Royal Greek service. A native of

Vienna, and perfectly master of the German language, he shewed me many acts of attention, and introduced me into the Casino. We passed into an entrance hall, from which you ascend by a broad, light staircase; in a niche is placed a bust of the founder, Kalergis, whose name is well known in the recent history of the country. Polite society at Athens had no place to meet in, except a few insignificant coffee-houses, till several rooms of this house were fitted up for conversation and play. The apartments on the second story were converted into a reading-room; the principal rooms are comfortably furnished, and the walls are adorned with paintings of some of the leading events and personages of modern Greek history. A military band plays once or twice every week. Here officers and professors, government officials and merchants, natives and foreigners, meet and enjoy one another's society. I met with much kindness in this circle, and also obtained valuable information regarding the complicated political affairs of the country. I usually spent the evening here, after the fatigue of wandering through the city during the day. There was a certain restraint in the tone of society at Athens, especially among military men. Foreign vessels of war were lying at the Piræus, and the admiral was not said to possess the chivalrous and gallant character of his nation. The national feeling felt itself more and more insulted by the presence of foreign troops, and the hopes which had recently been indulged of obtaining a fresh accession of territory, were, for the moment at least, dispelled.

The King was regarded by the whole nation with sympathy and affection.

"He is become quite a Greek," said a nationalist, as if this was the highest praise he could bestow upon him. The bold, valiant Greeks are pleased with their lively, active, and virtuous queen; but all is doubt regarding the future fate of the country; none can tell who will seize the golden reins of power. There is the same uneasiness in the minds of the people as is felt by private individuals when the present is full of anxiety and the future uncertain.

One evening, Dr. Treiber, the principal medical officer of the military staff, was seated beside me in the Casino. While I felt a natural attraction to this man from his prepossessing appearance, I felt a special interest in his conversation for another reason. He was the physician of the noblest man that took part in the Greek contest; he closed the eyes of the dying Byron. Byron had no confidence in his young Italian physician, who wished to open a vein; and this was actually done by an English physician on the fourth day of his fatal illness, but it was too late. On the sixth day Dr. Treiber was invited to a consultation. Byron was still perfectly conscious. "Examine me," he said, "as much as you choose, but do not ask me many questions." When, on the seventh day, the poet's last hour was come, none were with him but Dr. Treiber and Dr. Mayer, a physician from Basle. The wish expressed by the poet in the last piece he ever wrote was accomplished; his weary heart was at rest.

Dr. Treiber said, "Let each close an eye." This was done with deep emotion and grief, for they knew that one of the lights of the world was extinguished. When the body was examined, it was found that all the organs were perfectly sound; Byron might have lived a long life. The forehead was remarkably developed, and it is particularly deserving of notice that Byron's brain and that of Napoleon, the man whom he most detested, are the heaviest that have ever been weighed.

It happened, a few days after this conversation, that I was walking with one of the professors of the University in the old town. We met a tawdriily-dressed woman, with that peculiar air which faded beauty assumes when it still wishes to attract admiration. The woman looked at us with her large, black, wild-looking eyes; her hair was grey, and carelessly arranged; a smile, which may once have been pleasant, played about her mouth. My companion said, "That is Byron's celebrated maid of Athens. He made her acquaintance during his first visit to Greece, and money is all powerful."

Armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Levidis, I waited upon the conservator of the antiquities of the kingdom, in order to procure a card of admission to the Acropolis, which is granted without charge to every applicant. I found Mr. Pittakis, a thin, little, elderly man, with fiery eyes, rather poorly dressed in the French style, working in a small room in Hermes Street, among hundreds of fragments

of marble, books, and manuscripts. Mr. Pittakis very politely provided me with the card of admission, and said, "You may enter the Acropolis at any hour or on any day; but allow me the pleasure of accompanying you on your first visit. The transport of a foreigner is the highest reward connected with my office, and I never dispense with it." On our way to the Acropolis, which we reached in half an hour, he gave me some account of his life. Intended for the church, he took up his abode at Athens, and always selected a house from which he could have the Acropolis ever before him. In his younger days, no one was allowed to enter the fortress, so that the enthusiastic youth could only gaze at the sacred ruins with longing eyes, till at length the Frenchman Fauvel procured for him the right of admission, which did not, however, protect him from rough treatment on the part of the Turkish soldiers. He clambered through every opening, examined every part, raised every stone from the ground, united, concealed, and even buried many fragments, when he was alone. Treasuring up many things in his memory, he took secret notes regarding others, as he could not dare to do this openly. When the nation rose to assert its liberty, he was obliged to flee to Corfu, where, under the protection of England, he engaged in the study of medicine, but gave most of his time to archæological researches. On his return to Athens, he spent the whole of his time, save the few hours necessary for sleep, in the Acropolis, in the service of antiquity. At first he had no salary, but at length, to keep him from

starving, he was allowed 25 dollars a-year. Mr. Pittakis says, with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day," when any accident prevents him, even for a single day, from visiting the Acropolis. He knows every stone, and discovers at once if one has been touched or moved from its place. The learned world is indebted to him for its knowledge of 2,800 inscriptions on ancient monuments. Mr. Pittakis related as a singular circumstance, that the first bomb which was fired against the Acropolis in the war of liberty, knocked off the piece of a pillar, on which the sacrilegious Elgin had cut out his name. Mr. Pittakis has kept this fragment, while the rest of the spoil may be found in the British Museum; and almost all the Art Academies of Europe, with the exception of that of Athens, have casts of those beautiful works of art, which, to perpetuate the name of the Scottish Vandal, are called "Elgin marbles." In one of the streets of Athens is a tower, with a clock, the only public one in the city, with the inscription "Comes Elgin dedicat Atheniensibus"—"et volat," added my guide. But, loftier and more imperishable, is the monument which the greatest English poet, after Shakespeare, has erected in his *Childe Harold*, and adorned with the inscription:—

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane  
On high, where Pallas lingered, loth to flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign;  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?  
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!  
England! I joy no child he was of thine!

Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;  
 Yet they could violate such saddening shrine  
 And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,  
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared.

Even the Turk, Lord Byron relates, when he saw the lower part of the building destroyed, during the removal of the Metopes, took the pipe from his mouth, and said, imploringly, "Enough." \*

The ship on which these treasures of art were carried off, foundered in the Archipelago. The removal of such treasures has not yet ceased, though it is strictly forbidden by law. Mr. Pittakis informed me that the French, during the occupation of 1855, painfully jealous of the English even in this particular, carried on illegal excavations in Pythion and Phyläon on the sacred road to Eleusis, and removed several statues and inscriptions. But even private individuals are not ashamed to rob the Greeks of their property. Some years ago a statue, in excellent preservation, was discovered in the neighbourhood of Corinth by the country people, was bought by a well-known personage,

\* The passage to which Dr. Frankl alludes is an extract from a letter of Dr. Clarke's, with which the reader is probably familiar. "When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and in moving of it, great part of the superstructure, with one of the triglyphs, was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed ; the Sudar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, *τίλας*. I was present."

and carried off in a vessel of war. Mr. Pittakis, being informed of the circumstance, considered it his duty to bring it under the notice of the Prime Minister. The latter thanked the faithful conservator, but said in a tone of sorrow:—"Shall I begin an exchange of diplomatic notes with the power to which the vessel belongs?" The Polytechnic School at Athens has a plaster cast of this statue, which is made of Parian marble, and represents an Apollo or a Horus. This cast was presented by the robber who stole the original, and ought to be placed beside Lord Elgin's clock. When I told Mr. Pittakis that I had seen this statue exhibited in a European cabinet, and offered for sale for 20,000 florins, he remarked, "Only think of the peasants selling it for 1000 drachmas—*i.e.*, 300 florins."

The Acropolis is guarded by ten invalids, and every stranger is accompanied by one of them; notwithstanding this precaution, many acts of vandalism are perpetrated. An officer of the English navy broke off the nose of a statue, but was condemned by the admiral to pay 60 dollars, and not to leave the ship for three years. A Danish architect broke off the head of a statue in bas-relief, and carried it with him to the land of Thorwaldsen.

Athens as yet has no museum, and this circumstance is favourable to the exercise of the imagination. The objects stand on the very spots where they were discovered. It always produced a painful impression on my mind to see the houses at Pompeii bare and naked, and to have to visit the objects with which



they were filled in the Museum of Naples, where they are separated from all living connection with the original locality. The Greek Government is much too unselfish to be entrusted with the guardianship of these treasures of art. When I was at Naples, every foreigner who entered the kingdom had to pay two dollars, and also the same sum on leaving, for having his passport *viséd*. This money, I was informed, was expended in new excavations, and thus not only art, but every friend of art, was a gainer, as new discoveries were continually being made. In this way, also, there was sufficient money to keep up an extensive staff of guardians.

I could not have found a more amiable *cicerone* than Mr. Pittakis. It was not merely that he knew every stone and its history; he loved them, and though he had examined and handled them thousands of times, he still had lost nothing of his enthusiastic attachment to them. "I am only an industrious and honest collector of antiquities," he said; "some day there will be artists who will arrange them, and authors who will describe them, and thus art will be enriched." When he saw me overpowered by the view of this mighty building, which even in ruins has no rival, he seized my hand and said, "You are a pious pilgrim to Hellas."

I have nothing to add to the learned antiquarian researches that have already been made, and need not repeat the numerous descriptions that have already been given by poets and travellers. The reader will pardon me if I indulge in a single passing remark; he

that has seen the Parthenon, that has wandered among the ruins scattered around like the tombstones of beauty, that has viewed the whole through the purple, golden light of mythology, and peopled it with the heroes of the ancient Hellenic world, that has gazed on the undulating plain, on the mountains beaming with light and memories of the past, on this azure blue sea, can never be altogether miserable. The sublime is henceforth a shield that will protect him against the *ennui* and the anxieties of every-day life. He that has stood on the Acropolis has become the contemporary of races and ideas that can never die.

I asked Mr. Pittakis for a small piece of marble to carry home with me, as a sign that I had been in the Holy Land, to which, he said, I was a pilgrim. He looked on the ground, and handed me a small piece which had formed part of a gutter, and bore at least some traces of the chisel. After I had received it with thanks, he took it back again, and looking at it with a sorrowful air, said :—

“Go; thou hast witnessed the lapse of thousands of years. It may be that the hand of Pericles touched thee, that his eye gazed upon thee. Thou hast survived the destruction of by-gone ages, and now thou art about to go forth to the land of the barbarians. Do not take this expression amiss, sir; you know that every country but Greece was considered barbarous.”

When I saw how painful it was for him to part with it, I did not wish to take the stone. “I have mastered my feelings—take it, take it.”

We descended in silence from the Acropolis. During my residence at Athens I visited it fourteen times. I wished to spend a night in it, but this is not allowed.

The University of Athens deserves some passing notice. It is built in the form of a square, and surrounded by several smaller buildings, which have been built in addition. When the professors and the students pass from the light, lofty rooms of the University into the marble entrance hall, they have the Acropolis immediately before them. They see the hill of Colonos, the silvery, white Academy of Plato, covered with olives, the Areopagus, the prison of Socrates, and behind these the hill to which the thirty tyrants fled, when Greece arose to assert her liberty. The young men can gaze upon all the noble scenes connected with a world that has now passed away; before them lies Hellas in Hellas, as the ancients used to call Athens; and how powerful is the influence of that old world upon ours at the present day! It has passed away, but its spirit lives in our institutions, our literature, and our modern civilization. At Athens it seems to live afresh. The professor of history at this university can walk forth with his students like the ancient Peripatetics, and as they gaze upon this undulating plain, on these hills, on the ruins of these temples, and on the blue ocean rolling in the distance, they can scarcely fail to be influenced by the sublime ideas of political wisdom prevalent in the ancient world, and to have the love of art and of country kindled in their bosoms.

All the Greeks who took part in the struggle for liberty do not yet enjoy that precious boon ; many are still living beneath the Turkish Government. The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, and all those Greeks who are scattered over Europe, are united to their brethren in Greece by similarity of religious views, of manners, and of language, and they all look to this university, and to the other humanising institutions in this country as an ideal central point. The ideas and doctrines which proceed from them, may become the intellectual ambassadors of the youthful state ; every student of the university may become a political apostle, and advocate the idea of the mighty Greece of the future. Education is the conqueror of modern times ; it is through it alone that small states can become great. This youthful university of Europe may also be regarded as an intellectual outpost, thrown out in the direction of the East. Talented professors and poets, animated by patriotism like the late Solomos, have to carve out the future destiny of Greece. The riddle, which the two marble sphynxes, lying symbolically at the gates of the university, seem to be propounding, has not yet been solved. Most of the present professors have been educated in Germany, at Munich, and the professors of medicine at Vienna. Thus Germany has had an opportunity of shewing her gratitude to a country from whose wisdom and art she herself has learned so much, whose warriors, philosophers, heroes, and poets have furnished our German youth with unrivalled models of patriotism, of wisdom,

and of enthusiasm for art, and for all that is beautiful in life.

Dr. Makkas, one of the professors of medicine, conducted me through the different rooms of the university. The library, which is situated on the first floor, contains 70,000 volumes. Most of them are German works; French, Italian, English, and, lastly, Greek works, rank next in number. Almost all of them have been presented by libraries and private individuals belonging to the different countries of Europe. The room, which is almost empty, contains casts of Socrates and Hippocrates, and a few paintings, including one of Frederick of Prussia, which are respectable as works of art. The reading-room, which is lighted from above, is a very pleasant lounging place. I was invited to be present at the ceremony of conferring the degree of doctor of medicine. There was a numerous assembly in the hall of the university; most of the ladies, like the professors, have renounced the beautiful national costume, and wore dresses in the French fashion. Two candidates were to receive their degrees. Professor Makkas, as dean, and Professor Olympios, as rector, read a biographical sketch of the two candidates, in ancient Greek, and then asked the other professors whether they considered them entitled to the degree of doctor of medicine. They replied in the affirmative by holding up their hands. The oath was then administered to the candidates; the dean conferred on them the diploma of doctor, and shook hands with them as members of the same profession. A

young doctor must attend the hospital for six months after he has received his degree, and then pass another examination, before being permitted to practise his profession.

The Pathological Museum, under the direction of Dr. Stawrinaki has been recently opened, and promises to be highly useful. I happened to mention to Mr. Stawrinaki that I was commissioned by the Royal Academy of Sciences to bring with me from the East, skulls of the different races to be found there. In grateful remembrance of his former studies at Vienna, he at once presented me with an ancient Greek skull. It had been found in an ancient grave discovered at Athens in digging the foundation of a house. The skeleton was perfectly entire, but, the moment it was touched, it mouldered to dust, all except the beautifully-formed skull, which Mr. Stawrinaki added to his private collection. I had afterwards a singular adventure in connection with this skull.

I was invited to be present at the annual election of the president of the Greek Society of Physicians and Naturalists; nine-and-twenty members were present.

On entering the room, I was informed by Dr. Röser, the president, that my fame as an author and the editor of Hippocrates had preceded me, and that I was expected to address the meeting. It was in vain that I pleaded the want of preparation. The election of the president occupied about an hour; during this interval I had time to collect my thoughts. It was with extreme diffidence that I appeared before such a learned assembly and delivered a brief address on the influence of

institutions for children on their health. My imperfect address was listened to with true Attic courtesy, and at its close the president proposed me as a member of the Society, which was carried with acclamation.

On the following day I received an invitation from Mr. Galates, the Dimarch of Athens, a handsome old man, with expressive features and snowy hair; he had heard of my discourse, and wished to consult me about the introduction of infant schools into the city.

While there is little of poetry in the bestowal of a doctor's degree at the University of Athens, there is another solemnity which was observed in the middle ages in almost all the universities of Europe, and has now been revived in the University of Athens—I mean the crowning of poets. Mr. Ragli, a merchant of Trieste, and a native of Greece, founded, in the year 1852, a prize of 1,000 drachmas for the best poem. The right of decision is vested in a committee of the members of the university, distinguished for their learning and their knowledge of art; one of their number delivers publicly a critical address on the merits of the different poems, in the Aula, on the 25th of May every year, and names the poet who has gained the prize. On the first occasion the King himself bestowed the crown of laurel on the poet Zalakosta for his epic poem "*Missolunghi*." While I was at Athens, it was no longer a secret that thirteen poems had been sent in, three of which were lyrical productions by a lady, two dramas—"Jephtha," and "The Turk and the Mariner." Among the rest, which partook more of the character

of epic poetry, "The Marriage of Alexander" was considered by far the most valuable, but the prize could not be awarded to it, as it was written in the popular Greek dialect, and one of the conditions is, that the poem must be composed in the purest Greek, such as is used in composition.

Three distinct tendencies are perceptible in modern Greek poetry. The first school imitates the ancient models, and addresses itself to the refined and educated classes. The modern school again derives its freshness and vigour from the people, and its productions are intelligible both to the learned and the unlearned. The greatest modern poet of Greece, who has been called her Dante, wrote, as we have already shewn, in the Ionic dialect. There is a middle school, which tries to preserve a *juste milieu* between the two others, and to unite the advantages of both, but it does not enjoy the full approval of either.

There can be no doubt but the songs of the robbers composed and sung among the mountains, are superior to those of the more refined poets in vigour and naturalness, in terseness and sweetness. The tendency of modern Greek poetry is distinctively lyrical and epic, and its aim is to become national. The drama is most feebly represented, and the cause of this may be found in the fact, that in Greece, where the immortal tragedies of antiquity were produced, there is no theatre. There is not a Greek female who would not consider herself dishonoured by appearing on the stage, in the same way as in ancient times none of them would have dared



to appear as a spectator. The men consider it beneath their dignity to adopt the profession of the stage, and it would appear to them ludicrous to have the great scenes in their contest for liberty represented by boys. Art is the heart's blood of every nation, and no friend of art can sympathise with this prudish trait of national character.

As yet, none but Italian opera-singers have appeared before an Athenian audience. If the operas were performed in Greek, this would be, at least, a commencement; the attraction of the Italian players would give the Greeks a taste for the drama, and their prejudices would gradually disappear. Talent for the stage would be awakened, and poets would also appear, who, instead of devoting themselves exclusively to epic poetry, as at present, would cultivate the drama. As Christina of Sweden and the King of Prussia have tried to represent ancient tragedies on the modern stage, such an anachronism would be nowhere more pardonable than at Athens, where the lapse of thousands of years has effected no change in the scenes of these dramas. The imagination of the poets of the nation would be awakened, and by borrowing subjects from modern history and the striking incidents of domestic life, a national theatre would arise. Translations of foreign dramas, those of the great masters alone excepted, should be avoided at first.

One day I received a visit from the poet Zalakosta. He was born among the mountains of Epirus, near Janina, in the year 1806, and holds the rank of cap-

tain in the Greek army. Besides the one already mentioned, another poem of his, "The Charioteers and the Robbers," gained the laurel. It begins with the words, "I pierce through the darkness of a century; I will shew the footprints of slavery on the holy and consecrated soil of Epirus. Time and death, ye destroyers of the world, ye hunters of life, open your double kingdom, and shew me your mysterious deeds—your cold graves!"

This epic poem, like all his other productions, breathes a spirit of enthusiastic attachment to his native land, and of hatred and indignation against slavery, and it is doubtless this spirit, aided by the choice of national subjects, that has gained him his popularity and his fame. It is Mr. Zalakosta's desire to be understood by the people, whose language he writes; for this reason, like Solomos, he sometimes uses the popular dialect, as in his epic poem, "The Fall of Constantinople," and "Fotos and Frosso." His bright eyes began to sparkle and his thin cheeks to assume more of the colour of youth, than could have been expected from his grey hairs, when he spoke of poetry and languages. "The Greek language, in the lapse of centuries, has lost its ancient splendour; but, though vitiated by a foreign rule, and the introduction of foreign expressions by wandering merchants, it is still the legitimate daughter of its ancient mother. The language of the peasantry, especially among the mountains, is coarser, but purer than that which is used in the towns. During their long period of slavery, the Greeks were deficient

in everything: in arms, fortresses, influence, and science, and all these things were designated by terms borrowed from the language of their rulers. But all that was beyond their power—the heaven, the earth, the sea, trees and fruits, flowers and animals—retained their ancient names. Several dialects were used, but they did not differ widely from one another. The insurrection of 1821, which broke the chains of slavery and restored us our fatherland, had also a purifying influence on our language. The language of Greece liberated is a beautiful and expressive language; freed from foreign terms, it is rich in its own resources, and adorned with the charm of antiquity. It is the language of our poets and our journalists; it was already that of our authors, when a capricious attempt was made in 1853, by the poet Panagiotis Suzzo, to revive the ancient Greek language, in a grammar composed by himself, in which all the ancient idioms and expressions were introduced; he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous, and in founding a new school. People only smiled. But as everything new, when it is boldly advocated and supported by talent, has certain attractions for the young, certain professors of the University were seized with a sort of epidemic, under the influence of which they began to write in a style which, if used in common conversation, would have made people laugh in their faces. We do not wish that the popular dialect should be used on all occasions; being the language of the heart and of the feelings, it is only fit for the minor class of poems, for songs, which can easily be set to

music. What is the use of a book, however valuable its contents may be, if the people do not understand it? This pedantic fashion will pass away, provided that the poets and journalists do not cease to follow the direction which our language has assumed since the period of our liberation, and thus gradually purify the popular dialect. The question was solved, long ago, which was the right way; but there are few intelligent people, and they do not act in unison. The new school has an illustrious name at its head, and the poet Solomos, who was a school in himself, and who earned his fame in the popular dialect, is silent."

In addition to this contest which the literature of almost every country has to pass through, there is another special disadvantage under which the poets of Greece labour; there are no booksellers to publish their poems. The poets, who were crowned, had to print their poems at their own expense, when they wished to procure for them a certain circulation. Besides, Greek society has no "soul for poetry," and if the poet wishes his productions to be read, he must distribute them gratuitously, and meets with no encouragement. Zalakosta's epic poem, "The Charioteers and the Robbers," has been translated into Italian, and ought to be translated into German. The only German poet he knows, and cordially admires, is Schiller, whose acquaintance he has made through the medium of a French translation. I advised him, if he must use a translation, to have recourse to the Italian one by Maffei, so as to obtain a better idea of our poet.

I often met Zalakosta at Athens, and he gave me the impression of a noble man, animated by the purest patriotism, the noblest humanity, and the most enthusiastic attachment to his own art. On the day of my departure, he brought me a wooden bowl, the work of a young man of Acarnania, who has a special talent for carving. Eagles and griffins are skilfully carved on the bowl in *alto-relievo*, beginning and ending with the most tasteful arabesques. "Take the bowl," said Zalakosta, warmly shaking my hand at parting; "and if you come to the Castalian spring in the course of your travels, use it, and when drinking, think of Zalakosta."

One sunny morning I left the town and walked out to the beautiful plain, to visit the grove of olives and cypresses, which contained the Academy of Plato. The olives afforded a very pleasant shade; but the voice of the nightingale was no longer to be heard, as in the days of antiquity. Here and there I could catch a glimpse of the "nomadic," Cephissus, as Sophocles calls it, glittering like a silver thread, as it flows through the district of Colonos. Graves and bushes might be seen close to some of the gardens, which were filled with vines, not yet green, which looked like black snakes writhing together. Only a few labourers, chiefly females, were employed in these gardens. I rarely met with groups, or even solitary travellers, on the road to Athens. A few donkeys, carrying women with their children before them, were led or accompanied by men. It was Sunday, and the families I met were on the

way to church. All was still, and even sad, in the landscape, save the brilliant light; the solitude which reigned over all had a certain solemnizing effect. I was approaching the ancient Hippios Colonos, the birthplace of Sophocles, where he produced all the horrors of his tragedy of "Œdipus." He has celebrated his native place in one of his finest choruses. When his son Iophon, wishing to deprive him of the management of his property, accused him of imbecility, Sophocles confined his defence to reading this chorus before his judges. The latter, charmed with the beauties of the poem, conducted him in triumph to his house.

I ascended the hill, on the top of which is a small chapel, seen from a great distance. I had a view of the land, once peopled by gods and heroes, which forms a large semi-circle, bounded by mount Parnassus, Hymettus and Lycabettus. Before me lay Athens, crowned by the Acropolis and the lofty remains of its pillars. Behind it was the blue sea, with the rocky shores of Salamis rising from its bosom. In consequence of the transparency of the atmosphere, all these places seemed close at hand.

A short distance before me rose a second hill, the white marble monument on the top of which covers the bones of Ottfried Müller. A more beautiful grave could not have been selected for this devoted student of Greek antiquities. Around it blooms the asphodel, celebrated by Homer, and sacred to the dead among the ancient Greeks, and fragrant wild thyme. The

appearance of the monument, when I approached it, produced a feeling of pain. It was covered with thousands of black spots, as if it had been used as a target, and fired at with groats. Here and there a piece of it was loose; some of the letters of the ancient Greek inscription were destroyed; and the names of many vandalic travellers cut out on it. Will not piety provide it with an enclosure?

I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance at Athens with Baron Von Walter, the Austrian Ambassador, whom I had met some years before at Naples. Though in delicate health, he delights in assembling around him all the talent of Athens, and seems to forget his sufferings in the enjoyment of their society. One evening, when we had met in his drawing-room, we got him to give us an account of his travels, which have extended over almost the whole civilised world. He told us of his ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, and of his visit to Rio Janeiro; but we were most interested in his description of the paintings in the Escorial, and with an anecdote which he related of the monk that acted as his guide. When he entered the library, he found almost all the books with their backs to the wall. When he asked his guide how he managed to find a book, the latter naively answered, "During the years that I have acted as librarian, no one has ever asked for a book." "But do you not sometimes read a little yourself?" "Never, my dear sir, I might be seduced from my faith, which, may the Holy Virgin ever preserve pure." A small mountain of books and

papers was lying in one of the rooms, protected by a covering of dust and spiders' webs. Baron Von Walter asked if he might not take something as a *souvenir*. "Certainly, sir." His hand was in luck; it drew forth the manuscript of Lopez de Vega's "Star of Seville," and the original instructions drawn up by Cardinal Ximenes for the Inquisition. He gave both away to his friends; the poet Zedlitz received the drama, and Hammer Purgstall, the orientalist, the instructions.

An interesting conversation ensued, regarding a chemical experiment made by Professor Landerer, one of the guests, which has settled a long-pending contest. The archæologists tried to prove from the brown and yellow colour of the columns of the temple at Athens, that the ancients painted polychromatically, not only the capitals, but also the columns. Faraday had already given it as his opinion that it might have proceeded from the brown tinge of iron. Landerer's recent experiment proves beyond a doubt that the colouring is caused by the oxide of iron, which exists in every kind of marble. He repeated the process, which it had taken many years to accomplish, by a simple experiment. He wetted some pieces of marble with nitric acid, and after they had been exposed for some time in the open air, they exhibited the same brown tinge as the columns of the Temple of Theseus.

When I expressed a desire to visit the marble quarry on Mount Pentelicus, which is only three leagues from Athens, and to make an excursion into the interior, I



was strongly dissuaded from the attempt, as a solitary traveller could not do so with safety. I was told that a French officer, who had visited the mountains, attended only by his servant, a short time before, was carried off by robbers, who wrote a letter to the French commandant at the Piræus, informing him that the prisoner would be released provided that a ransom of 20,000 francs was deposited at a certain place. In consequence of the excitement, which the war between Russia and Turkey occasioned in Greece, for a time neither life nor property was safe, even in the capital. When I returned from the ambassador's at a late hour, he always made his *gens d'armes* accompany me.

The deposition of the Catholic priest at the Piræus, by the Bishop of Syra, occupied the attention of society at Athens. The French ambassador imagined that he had discovered a conspiracy at Athens; that the Greeks were to murder all the Catholics on the eve of Good Friday. In order to give more weight to his assertion, he ordered the priest, an Austrian Italian, to give evidence corroborative of the charge. Padre Constantino, who had heard nothing of any hostile feeling between the Greeks and the Catholics, and had even witnessed many proofs of the friendly feelings subsisting between them, refused to confirm his official report. A short time after this, the priest was deposed by his bishop—who is naturally favourable to the power which affects to take the Catholics under its special protection—and another appointed to succeed him. In consequence of this, the Austrian Ambassador refused

to receive his more obsequious successor. If he had not been supported by Austria, the poor padre would have been left to starve.

Dr. Lindemayer, the Queen's physician, gave us an account of the natural history of the island of Eubœa, and expressed his regret that so little attention had been paid, as yet, to the cultivation of the soil and the development of the natural resources of the country. The day may not be far distant when travellers of a different class will visit Greece—men who care little for its ruins, its poetry, or its classical associations, but who have learned to extort from Nature her hidden secrets, and to bring to light the treasures which the earth conceals in her bosom. A Sardinian company recently applied to the Government for a patent for manufacturing *liqueurs* from the bulbs of the asphodel, the ancient flower of the dead, which, according to Homer, blooms even in Hades.

I happened to remark that the thirty newspapers, books, and *brochures* which appear at Athens, must be highly useful in spreading correct information regarding the country and its inhabitants; but I was reminded that their circulation does not extend beyond the kingdom itself, as they are not composed in a language generally known; and that it is the interest of those who speak and write such a language to do everything in their power to calumniate the rising institutions of the country. Progress is everywhere perceptible, and if it is not so vigorous or so rapid as the friends of civilisation would wish, the blame is to be traced

directly to those who are loudest in uttering the reproach. Greece is too small, and must extend her boundaries at least as far as England intended, when it was thought that a member of the house of Coburg would ascend the throne.

Dr. Lindemayer, a pupil of Oken's, is known by his learned contributions to the "Isis," on the ornithology of Greece; and gave much interesting information regarding the similarity of the birds mentioned by Aristotle, and those which are still to be found in Greece. The scientific world will soon be favoured with the result of his researches in natural history. He is familiar with the habits and customs of the people, and gave me some information regarding them, which my ignorance of the popular dialect would have prevented me from obtaining personally. A Greek cannot understand why one man should not enjoy the same rights as another. In heaven, no doubt, it is so, and there alone, perhaps, the Greek can be happy. Those who travel in foreign lands assume the titles of prince and count, but they seldom or ever use these titles at home. Under the Turkish Government, the Greeks knew nothing about nobility or titles of rank. Simplicity and temperance are the distinguishing features of Greek family life. I received a touching description of a funeral procession which a friend had witnessed in a Greek village. A mother was weeping and carrying her child, dressed in white, to its grave. A Greek *pope* followed, with the crucifix in his hand, which he occasionally used to accelerate the pace of a donkey

which accompanied him, bearing a load of wood. The *popes* are very poor, and most of them, like the apostles of old, practise some trade, in addition to their sacred calling. Not a smile was to be seen as this strange procession passed.

I have already shewn how poetry and science are rewarded by the University with prizes, which have been founded by patriotic Greeks. Mr. Kontostavlos, a wealthy friend of art, has also set apart 2,000 drachmas, to found prizes for the best oil-painting, and the best model in sculpture, and architecture.

The Government, also, does not fail to provide salaries and different marks of distinction, for the purpose of promoting art and the practical branches of science. A lively impulse has been imparted to these branches of knowledge by the opening of the Polytechnic School, under the able management of Kavtanzoglou, its talented director. While it is true that no artist of distinction has as yet issued from this school, the germs of talent were not wanting among the 115 pupils who were studying there in 1856.

The institution occupies the house which was formerly the seat of the Regency. The tendency, which it strives to impart to the minds of the young artists, is very properly a national one. I was particularly struck with the productions of the two brothers Vitalis. One of them represented an Arnaut standing behind a rock, and gazing on the extensive landscape, shading his eyes from the sun with his right hand, and grasping his gun with his left. The picture of the other brother is of

a more peaceful character. It is a Greek landscape, with a shepherd boy playing the flute. It reminded me of Leopold Pollak's Shepherd Boy, the engravings of which are known to everyone. I am surprised that artists make such a brief stay in Greece; few visit it, and those who do, are only passing guests. Apart from the modern history of Greece, which abounds with incidents worthy of the painter's pencil, its outward scenery abounds with material which has not yet been used. For example, at Vienna there is no public or private gallery of paintings illustrative of Greek life. I met with only one foreign painter at Athens, Mr. H. R. Pig, from Gries, in Tyrol, who has been resident there for some years. The Pope had chosen him to paint an allegorical representation of "The Triumph of the Church," and he has just finished for the Queen of Greece, the Birth, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, for a chapel near Athens. He is now painting an altar screen for the Franciscan Church at Syra, representing the Baptism of Christ.

In the museum, connected with the school, are plaster casts of the most beautiful statues and groups in the Palazzo Bourbonico, a present from the King of Naples. The British Museum, which was very liberal in sending copies of the plunder of the Acropolis to almost all the museums in Europe, has spared the Greek Museum any memorial that would have been little honourable to England, and certainly painful to Greece. The possessor of the Apollo of Ægina has not shewn the same modesty. I found a plaster cast of this statue,

with its insipid smile and stiff outlines, the work, I believe, of Pompeo Marchesi.

I visited also the girls' institution, founded by Mr. Apostolos Arsakis, a patriotic Greek physician, resident at Bucharest. Another motive, besides patriotism, led to the formation of this institution: Mr. Arsakis had sent his only son to Paris for his education, and had occasion to write a severe letter to the young man, on account of the levity of his conduct. In a moment of despair he shot himself, and the father perpetuated his memory by devoting his fortune of 350,000 drachmas to the foundation of this institution. It is a splendid building, furnished with a large staff of male and female teachers, and attended by eighty-four girls, who live in the house, and four hundred who only receive instruction. The chief instructors gave me some illustrations of the system of teaching, which were highly satisfactory.

It was delightful to witness the cleanliness and order that prevailed throughout the establishment.

## CHAPTER III.

Rangabé, the Poet and Statesman—Character of his Poetry—The Nymphs' Hill—Superstition—Greek Sabbath—Ancient Torso—The Romaica—Presentation at Court—Personal Appearance of the Queen—Conversation with the King—His Figure and Address—An Eccentric Englishman—The Queen's Country Seat—Her Active Habits—Her Skill as an Equestrian—A German Village in Greece—Misery of the Colonists—The Jews in Greece—Massacre of the Jews—Their Sympathy with the Turks—The Jewish Community at Chalcis—Its Origin—Their Present Condition—The Jews in Athens—The Duchess of Piacenza a Convert to Judaism—Her Eccentricities and Death—Eleusis—A Greek Nunnery—An Arcadian Shepherd—The Eleusinian Women—The Greek *Cuisine*—The Church of Zacharias—Mission to Nazareth—Miss Dix, the Friend of the Insane—Her Interview with the Pope—The Lunatic Asylum at Rome—A Greek Patriot—Departure from Athens.

MR. KANTAUZOGLU conducted me to the house of Alexander Rizos Rangabé, the poet, and introduced me to him. He is a little, thin man, with greyish fair hair, and clear blue eyes. At present he is Minister

for Foreign Affairs. He received me kindly, and addressed me in German.

"You come from the land of Uhland and Rückert; you are heartily welcome."

"I am delighted to meet in the real Athens, one who delighted us in the German one on the banks of the Ilm; a poet who is a minister and master of the language of Schiller; the King should ever go hand in hand with the poet."

"You cultivate the epic muse. So far as I know, no poet but yourself has celebrated the great battle with the small results in our Gulf of Lepanto."

"Still, your Excellency—"

"Call me Mr. Rangabé, since I am pleased to think that your visit is to the poet, and not to the minister."

"The Spanish poet of the 'Aurakana' devotes the entire poem to the battle."

"You love naval heroes, and have a pleasure in painting the sea. Was it grateful and friendly to you?"

"As far as Cape Matapan. But when I left Europe behind, it began to be angry. You see, I speak like the Athenians, who no longer regard themselves as Europeans."

"The former sway of the Turks introduced so many foreign customs amongst us that we might almost feel ourselves out of Europe. Do you not also, in Austria, use the word 'abroad' when you speak of Germany?"



"I am astonished at your knowledge of this ludicrous expression."

"I studied at Munich, and, while there, made the acquaintance of a good many Austrians."

"I have reason to regret my ignorance of modern Greek, which has debarred me from the knowledge of any of your works except a satire, 'The Marriage of Kutrulis,' which Sanders has rendered into German."

"I have just been told that one of my novels, 'The Prince of the Morca,' has been translated into the language of Lessing."

"Germany is indebted to you for your excellent translations of several of Goethe's and Schiller's poems."

"I found that easier, or at least it required less effort than the translation of Euripides and Homer. I ventured to translate the 'Odyssey' into hexameters, but they are not adapted to the ancient prosody, the quantities of the ancient language being sacrificed to the accent of the modern. A literary contest, which is not yet at an end, has arisen in consequence of my example having found imitators."

Mr. Rangabé took from the collection of books, which stood near his desk, two volumes of his poems, which appeared twenty years ago, under the title "Diaphora Poiemata." After writing his name, he gave them to me as a *souvenir*. "If you have a friend who understands Greek and German, introduce him, since you prefer epic poetry, to the plot and some pas-

sages of my poem, 'The Betrayer of the People.' The hero belongs to modern history; he is the monk of Montenegro, who, under Catherine II., played the *rôle* of the Czar Peter III."

"The same subject was treated in a dramatic form by the late Pladika, of Montenegro. His tragedy, with regard to which I have a characteristic letter from him, is powerfully wrought out. This fact strengthens my conviction that no subject is strictly epical or dramatic beforehand. It is the genius of the poet that decides. We know that Goethe for a long time thought of writing an epic poem on William Tell, till he handed him over to Schiller, who made him the hero of an immortal drama."

"We must endeavour in every way to rouse the national feeling, and, when roused, to keep it alive. None but a national poet can have weight, if he is only endowed with patriotic feeling; he may scoff at our heroes and our nation, like Soutzos, or he may inspire them, like Solomos, by his songs of liberty.

"With this object in view, ought you not, above all things, to have a Greek theatre?"

A servant entered, and summoned his master to Court. Our conversation was thus interrupted, but it was a subject of gratification to me to have been brought into such close contact with such a distinguished person.

One sunny afternoon I wandered, under the guidance of Professor Makkas, to the ancient site of the Museum, to Pnyx, to the prison of Socrates, to the Areopagus.

In order to enjoy the sunset, we at length ascended the Nymphs' Hill. In outward appearance and height it seems only a rock. Without trees or vegetation, it is crowned by the Observatory, a building of great architectural beauty, which Baron Von Sina erected at an expense of 300,000 drachmas, including the astronomical apparatus; another proof of that warm patriotism by which many Greeks living abroad are actuated.

The Nymphs' Hill, the use of which in ancient times is unknown, received its name from the following inscription having been found on a piece of rock near the observatory "Ἱερος Νυμφῆς Ἀεμος." Upon another piece of rock, near the middle of the hill, the words "Ἱερος Αἰος" are still legible, though with difficulty. At the foot of the hill there is a place in the rock, about six feet high and four feet broad, which is polished smooth, and shining like greyish-red porphyry, and has a seat above polished in the same way. In former days, women used to glide down from this rock in a sitting posture. The superstitious belief still exists among the populace that women may become mothers without pain, if they go secretly by night to this place and make the rock more smooth. After the memory of a nation's noble deeds has been blotted out by the lapse of centuries, the delicate threads of superstition remain interwoven with the national life and feelings.

Young maidens, suffering under the pangs of unrequited affection, still bring bouquets of flowers to the

Nymphs' Hill as an offering. The slaughter of a black cock in the prison of Socrates, for some inexplicable reason, is sufficient to ward off misfortune from a house. Here and there in Greece they still place a small coin beneath the tongues of the dead, as a gift to the boatman. Hettner, in his travels, has pointed out the resemblance between the religious ceremonies at Easter and the ancient Eleusinian mysteries.

We returned through the poorer part of the town, and though it was Sunday, we found the orthodox Greeks actively employed in buying and selling. Coming from the north, I felt most interested in the mountains of citrons and oranges exposed for sale, and in little sea monsters with strange, staring eyes. Men and women in the picturesque, parti-coloured dress of the country, the former full of energy and resolution, the latter without expression or beauty, were wandering through the narrow streets, buying and selling.

In this, the oldest part of the town, may be seen many pieces of ancient statues and capitals, built into the walls. In the court of one of the houses is the torso of a gigantic Atlantis, ending in a fish's tail. One half of the torso is buried in the ground; another part of it is lying under the refuse in the yard. With regard to this torso it is worthy of remark, that I have searched through a good many works on Athens, without finding any information about it. My attention was directed to this ancient Atlantis by Von Felsen, the talented Secretary of the Prussian Embassy.

While we were passing through a barrack, we witnessed a characteristic sight. Some Greek horsemen were dancing the Romaica in a large court. A blind beggar was playing a small violoncello with one string, the *gusle* of the Servians, and was accompanying himself with a nasal monotonous song. A better parody on old blind Homer could not have been found.

But to return to our dancers. The men joined hands and formed a wide circle. Again, I was reminded of the Servian "Colo," a circular dance. The Greeks esteem the Romaica an ancient Greek dance, although they have given it a Romaic name, as if ashamed of their mighty past. The men moved first to the right, and then to the left, in a circle, under the direction of the music of the *gusle*, with its accompaniment; they raised first one foot and then another and stamped with it on the ground. The movements were measured, slow, and without animation. The features of the dancers retained the same serious, grave expression. The dance continued for half an hour, without any variety in the movement, during which time several dancers left the circle, and were replaced by others.

While at Athens, I had the honour of being presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of Greece.

I attended at the Palace at seven o'clock P.M., where I was received by General Nagaras, the Lord Chamberlain, who was dressed in the national costume.

After a little, the folding doors were thrown open,

an adjutant invited me to enter, and I stood in the presence of the King and Queen of Greece.

The King, in the white national costume, richly embroidered with silver, with two stars on his breast, stood in the middle of the room, with the Queen on his right, about a yard behind him. She wore a dark red dress of striped silk, and a head-dress which showed almost the whole of her smoothly braided hair, and allowed it to hang down on both sides in two small plaits. Her eyes are blue and warm, like the Ionian sky, her mouth, when she smiles, "sows pearls," to borrow the language of a Greek song. She wore strings of large pearls, as if a god, descending from Olympus, had wept tears of joy on the neck of the fair but mortal queen. An agraffe of delicate workmanship shone on her breast. She held her right hand over her left upon her breast, with the glove hanging on the points of her fingers, so that the upper part of the hand was visible—a sign, as I was afterwards informed, that I ought to take off the glove from my right hand, so as to take the queen's hand in it and kiss it.

The King addressed me.

"How do you like my Athens?"

"I am surprised that, in the course of a few years, it has grown so large; I am only sorry that the numerous treasures of antiquity buried in the ground are lost for ever, unless the city be destroyed by a violent earthquake, which may Heaven avert. How sadly is the splendid Herculaneum lost by the city of Resina built over it!"

"By the law of Greece every foundation must be examined again before a house can be built on it. In this way, in the course of time, many beautiful remains of the ancient world will be brought to light."

"I am delighted to observe, among the modern buildings, that Science is as well housed as Royalty."

The King graciously bowed, and giving a different direction to the conversation, asked:—

"Have you not written a poem, the scene of which is the Gulf of Lepanto?"

"On Don Juan of Austria."

The Queen asked:—

"Have you seen the Gulf of Lepanto?"

"My travels have not led me in that direction."

"You must see the scene, which you have only beheld in imagination; also the Isthmus of Corinth, the proverb regarding which can bear no reference to you."

The Queen was playing on the Latin "*non cui libet odire Corinthum*,"—"It is not everyone, that can visit Corinth,"—while she distinguished, with delicate emphasis, between seeing with the eye, and beholding in imagination.

The King resumed the conversation.

"Is it true that you are going to the East to found a school, open to all creeds, at Jerusalem?"

"I have been entrusted with this auspicious undertaking by a lady."

The Queen observed, "The idea of founding a school in Jerusalem seems to me so beautiful; but I cannot

conceive it possible that Mohammedans will send their children to it."

"The founder wishes to give expression to her feelings of humanity, which make no distinction of creed; it will depend upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem whether they all take advantage of her benevolent act."

"What is the name of the pious founder? To what family does she belong?" asked the Queen.

"Madam Elisa Herz, of the noble family von Lämél, born at Prague, but now living for many years as a widow at Vienna."

"Is the institution for the reception of children at Vienna in a thriving condition?"

"Very much so. The first one was founded at Vienna, twenty years ago, by a writer and leader of the Jewish communion; there are now twelve in the metropolis, 400 in the Austrian empire, and new ones constantly being formed. Their chief patron is Her Majesty the Imperial Mother of Austria."

"What other pieces have you written besides 'Don Juan' and 'Colombo?'"

I named them, and begged the honour of being allowed to present them to the Queen.

The conversation, resumed by the King, was now directed to general subjects of public interest. The war in the East seemed ended, many hopes disappointed, and the King stated his views with surprising candour, and yet in such a confidential way that I must not repeat them.



The King is tall and thin, with dark eyes and hair, and a benevolent expression of countenance, which is increased by his stooping to everyone that addresses him, so as to hear better.

The Queen appears lively ; and intelligence beams from every feature of her expressive countenance. I took my leave in the usual way, highly pleased with my reception.

Dr. Lindemayer, the physician to the King, took me to see the Queen's country house.

A good many years ago, an Englishman, who had travelled over the whole world, bought an extensive property in the Attic plain, and erected on it one of those castellated buildings, that are common among the mountains of Scotland. After living in it for some time, he became weary of solitude, and in 1849 the Queen purchased the property. An hour's drive brought us to the elegant little castle, which commands an extensive prospect. On the ground floor is a spacious apartment adorned with the arms of Greece and Oldenburg, between which are statuettes of twelve members of the house of Wittelsbach. Near this apartment is the Queen's small dressing-room, wainscoted, and elegantly fitted up like a cabin. Outside is a marble balcony, commanding a charming view. The extensive courtyard was swarming with poultry of every kind, and we were entertained with excellent beer and German bread, baked in the house. No less than 40 well-tended cows might be seen in the stalls. The gardens are richly planted, and everything about them

has that air of tidiness and order which makes a garden a work of art. The Queen has already planted 2,500 olives, 3000 cypresses, and 500 fruit trees, so that the place looks like a forest of gardens, an oasis in the Attic plain. The Queen rides out to this charming property almost every day; she orders, creates, plants with her own hands, tends the flowers, looks after cellar and stall, and delights in ruling as steward. Everything must be submitted to her revisal, and already the revenues begin to exceed the expenditure.

The Queen, her physician informed me, is a lady of extraordinary activity. When she held the Regency, during the King's absence, she rose every morning at three o'clock, took a sea-bath, and laboured without interruption, save during the audiences she gave, till a late hour at night. She never slept more than three hours. The Queen is the strongest woman in Greece. Exercise on horseback is, with her, a necessity; she is subject to palpitations of the heart, when she neglects it for a few days, and she is the boldest rider in the kingdom. I saw her one day, in a brown riding-dress, mount a splendid animal, and rush down the declivity, that leads from the palace, like one of the heroines whom the Minnesingers of the middle ages celebrated in their songs.

One afternoon, along with Doctor Röser, I drove out to see the German village of Herakli. After a drive of nearly two hours on a very bad road, we reached a level square, with twenty-three mud huts

erected on it at right angles, so as to afford protection from any external foes. We found a good many of these huts closed; their inhabitants were wandering about in deep poverty, or lying in their graves without any successors to take their place. We visited a good many sick people, among others, a woman close on her confinement. There was a particular kind of medicine which she required at once, and yet it could not reach her before next day. I proposed that a boy should accompany us to Athens, so as to be able to return in a few hours.

"He cannot venture to do that," was the answer; "the boy might be exposed to danger in the dark, while returning."

After this we visited the little church, built in the Gothic style, with an altar screen representing St. Luke, the gift of a lady of Basle. We were entertained in the house of the young priest, Georgi Brindisi, with excellent Greek wine, made by the colonists. The priest, who owes his appointment to the Bishop of Syra, receives eighty drachmas a month, and lives in a very neat parsonage. He is the fifth that has officiated here, and it appeared almost incredible that the physician of the soul, the comforter in distress and death, the instructor of youth in this German colony, could neither speak nor understand one word of German. The colony originally contained thirty-six families; it has now dwindled away to twenty-three, in all, sixty souls. During the last three years there was only one marriage, and three births. The colony possesses four-

teen horses, three asses, five cows, twelve oxen, and sixty sheep; and its chief employment, and perhaps its ruin, is the cultivation of the vine. During several years the vine has been destroyed by disease, and the colonists brought to the brink of ruin. The Government, ever willing to assist, but limited in its power, has done all it could, and it is now generally admitted that it was a mistake to plant the colony in the district of Attica instead of Eleusis. Another German colony at Argos, near Nauplia, has already died out, and the one at Herakli is hurrying on to the same fate. It owes its origin to political causes, to the desire of having near the capital a German force that could be relied on, in the same way as the Pope, at Rome, has a Swiss body-guard in his pay. The colonists were chiefly German soldiers who had served their time in the Greek army, and who were rewarded with houses, lands, and implements of labour. It was a foolish experiment to entrust the future of the young colony to old soldiers, unaccustomed to labour, and unfit, from their previous habits, for that constant toil, which could alone ensure success. The whole place had a dismal, dreary look. Nothing was to be seen but pale, sunken cheeks; nothing heard save words of complaint and despair. Misfortune, for which neither the Government nor the colonists are altogether responsible, is advancing gradually but surely, like a glacier, which, seized with the desire of travelling, moves on slowly, and at every step buries the green earth beneath its tread.

My passing notice of Greece would be incomplete without some allusion to the Duchess of Piacenza; but before speaking of this lady, who made a profession of Judaism at Athens, and lived there twenty years, a few words must be said about the Jews, in Greece, in general. There is nothing to prevent the Jews from settling in Greece; before the law, they enjoy the same constitutional rights as the other citizens; still, very few of them are to be found here. They were numerous under the Turkish Government, and, because faithful to their lawful masters, they took no part with those who fought for liberty, when the latter proved victorious, they were destroyed with fire and sword. On the day of the atonement, in the year 1821, the Greeks captured Tripolitza, and massacred the whole of the Jews assembled at prayer. The Greek fought with and for the cross; the Jew could not advance with him to battle, and, even when oppressed by the Mohammedan, felt himself more closely allied with him, in religion, through their common belief in the unity of an invisible God.

Only one of the former Jewish communions in Greece survives at the present day—at Chalcis, in the island of Eubœa, because it remained longest, till the year 1833, in the possession of the Turks, and was first surrendered, when Greece was declared free and erected into a kingdom. Fugitives from Spain—according to another account which I have received from Mr. Von Hahn, consul at Syra, fugitives from Venice were the first who settled at Chalcis, 600 years ago, and

formed a communion, which now contains 300 souls. They speak Spanish and Greek. They are very poor; most of them support themselves as mechanics, or dealers in fruit; the whole community assembles in a miserable little synagogue every morning and evening; their Rabbi's name is Benjamin Cohen. They have a vote in the election of the Members of the Chamber of Deputies, and there is nothing to prevent any one of them, if possessed of sufficient education, from being chosen a member. They live on the best terms with the neighbouring Greeks, among whom they occupy a peculiar position as a colony, and nothing but their poverty prevents them from obtaining land, and directing their attention to agriculture.

Till the year 1854, there were only two Jewish families living at Athens; since that time, eight or ten from the island of Zante have settled here. As yet, they have not formed themselves into a community, and on high feast days, they have divine service in a room engaged for the occasion; when a death occurs, the body is interred in the Christian cemetery.

The Duchess of Piacenza made a great sensation at Athens. The widow of Napoleon Bonaparte's colleague in the consular office, she lived with her daughter in the Greek capital, where she continually excited the astonishment and the laughter of society, by her extremely eccentric behaviour. Even after people were accustomed to her eccentricities, and began to think less about them, she managed to attract attention again, by some startling act, by a lawsuit, or by some eccentricity,

which left it doubtful whether she was under the guidance of a sound judgment, or of some fantastic demon.

Her external appearance distinguished her from all the inhabitants of the country; she always wore a loose white dress; a white veil, scarcely restraining her grey, rebellious locks, covered a deadly pale countenance, lighted up with lively, but unsteady eyes. She bought property and lands in Athens and its environs, and began to build houses from plans drawn by herself, which she generally abandoned before they were finished, in order to commence others. She was thus involved in many lawsuits with the architects, which were usually decided against her. These modern ruins may still be seen near the ancient ruins at Athens. Once, when called upon to take an oath, she publicly professed her attachment to Judaism, and took the oath according to the form prescribed to the Jews. Mount Pentelicus, from which the marble was taken for the Acropolis, was a favourite resort of the Duchess; on it she erected three castellated buildings, the object of which no one could discover, and a "Misbeach," the name, which she borrowed from the Hebrew language to designate an altar, which she erected to the one invisible God. She repeatedly invited a minister of her religion to Athens, for the purpose of presenting him with a site for a synagogue, and with a piece of land for a burying ground; he took care, however, not to enter into closer relations with the lady, who gave often, and then repented, and recalled the gift. She wished to marry

her daughter to the well-known Mauro Michalis, and made him a gift of the produce of 3,000 olives for ninety years, which amounted to a large sum. After a year, she demanded the return of the deed of presentation, and behaved in the same way after she had made over, by a legal deed, 2,000 olives to Mr. Tricoupi, the modern classic historian of Greece. She made an agreement with a physician for ten years; after half a year, she said to him:—"Go, till I call you again." After a year she sent for him, and received him with these words:—"I dismiss you." The physician bowed, and appealed to justice, which compelled the Duchess, notwithstanding her dismissal, to pay the sum agreed on for ten years.

She undertook a journey, with her daughter, to Syria, where the latter succumbed to the climate; the deeply-afflicted mother could not separate herself from the body of her child, and placed it in a vessel filled with spirits; and thus, after riding over the fearful heights, and through the dreadful precipices of Lebanon, she brought her child back to Athens. Long and carefully did she watch over the last reliques, around which her sorrow and her affections were entwined, in one of her houses, till an accidental fire destroyed the house and the remains of her child.

When Cremieux, after he had finished his journey to Egypt, about the well-known affair of Damascus, paid a visit to Athens, she requested her Jewish countryman to draw up her will. She died in 1854, and was buried on Mount Pentelicus, where a monument is erected to



her memory. She bequeathed her house and gardens, a short distance behind the Royal Palace, to her physician, Dr. Röser, who was assiduous in his attentions to her during the last years of her life.

"In her library," Dr. Röser informed me, "was a collection of religious works of every creed. She was a decided deist, very intelligent, and read a great deal. She believed, in common with the Mohammedans, that her dogs and horses, for which she had provided in her will, would accompany her to paradise."

Before leaving Athens, I visited Eleusis, along with Mr. Berneau, Lloyd's agent. We started on the 30th of March, in the morning, provided with warm cloaks, as I had suffered very much while at Athens from the cold rainy weather. There were two things that I never saw in Greece—a permanently blue sky, and a beautiful woman. The Athenians themselves admitted the first; they had put on their summer clothes in February, and complained very much of the return of bad weather. With regard to the fair sex, they affirmed that the real national face and figure are, now, only to be found among the islands and mountains. Thus, the truly national songs of the poet, and the beauty of the women, so renowned in the days of antiquity, are retreating, as it were, before the enemy, from the plain to the free mountains. After passing the botanical garden, we came to a forest of olives, watered by the Cephissus. After this we entered a mountain defile, overgrown with stunted bushes, and this conducted us through the naked grey rocks of Mount .

Ægaleos to the Monastery of Daphni. It stands on the spot where the temple of the Pythian god was formerly erected, and reminds one still, by its name, of the beautiful Daphne, changed into a laurel while fleeing from the god.

The whole space, surrounded by a ruined wall, is built round with small cottages, which afford very pleasant, quiet, summer lodgings for families from Athens. We were received in the court-yard by a Greek nun, dressed in black, who conducted us into a little church, shaped like a cross. In the dome is the colossal bust of the Saviour, formed of mosaic, and almost entire, while the former paintings on the walls can only be recognised by certain indistinct traces. In a room on one side of the church, was a carefully collected heap of goat's dung, intended for manure, which nearly reached to the roof. The nun told us that beneath this heap were tombs, with crosses, and French *fleurs de lys*, cut out on them. These were believed to be the tombs of the dukes of Athens, who sprung from the noble French family de la Roche. The pious nuns scarcely knew that, like the ancient Greeks at the bridge of Cephissus, they were blending the humorous with the sacred, in heaping dung upon

The seed that's sown by God,  
To ripen for the day of harvest.

Small bouquets of flowers were lying on the high altar,  
and the fragrance of the wild thyme, with which the

mountains are covered, was very powerful. They gave us one of the bouquets, and accepted a small present with thanks. The road now descends, and passes a ruined building, which is thought, from its chiselled blocks, niches, and stray inscriptions, to be the Temple of Aphrodité—an opinion confirmed by the discovery of beautiful representations, in marble and bronze, of doves, the goddess's favourite bird. At length we reached the plain, which extended before us on the right, and is washed by the sea in a large semi-circle. Hemmed in by the rocks of Salamis and by the plain, the sea here looks like a large lake, whose peaceful waves could never be lashed into violence. The drive was very lonely; we met neither man nor beast. We were all the more observant of a shepherd, who suddenly appeared on our right with his flock. The shepherd wore a long dress, without a girdle, and a shaggy sheepskin over his shoulders. He carried a snow-white lamb in his arms, much in the same way as a mother carries her child. It lay on its back, with its slender limbs projecting, and apparently receiving with pleasure the caresses which he bestowed upon it. This Arcadian shepherd was surrounded by a flock of bleating goats and sheep.

We now passed, from the Attic, to the extensive Eleusinian plain, which, bounded by Mount Cithæron and Parnassus, and watered by the Cephissus and several rivulets, is one of the most fertile in Greece. Destitute of trees, it is planted with oleander bushes, which may have a very lovely appearance when in blossom; but at

present the fields were bare, and the whole landscape bore the tints of autumn. In the distance we could now see Leosina, on an extensive hill, with its tower and windmill. We reached it after a drive of four hours. Leaving the carriage, we entered on foot, as became pilgrims, into the city once splendidly adorned with temples and towers, but now represented by a miserable little village. Many of the huts are built among ancient ruins, and have outwardly the appearance of heaps of stones. The entrance is through an opening below, which also admits the light. We ascended the hill, passing through fragments of marble, broken columns and capitals; we were particularly struck with an art shield, or colossal medalion, the sculptured figures of which cannot now be distinguished; at length we reached the high ground on which the ancient cisterns were situated.

In a short time, most of the women and children of the village assembled to watch and canvass our doings. We were the heroes from afar, they the observant and sententious chorus. The women all wore a long white dress, without sleeves or girdle, which was held together with silver clasps at the breast. They wear, generally, two black stripes on the back of this dress. Over it was worn an untanned lamb's skin. Though barefooted, they followed us wherever we went, and never left us except to search for a fragment of some ancient vessel, or a coin, which they offered for sale; in this way, besides others, I became possessed of a

beautiful ancient coin, stamped with the Athenian owl.

We returned to a house which contained one room and a stable. The room, though spacious, had neither windows nor floor, and was divided into two parts by a long table, on which lay all the articles required for domestic use.

We regaled ourselves with salt fish and olives, eggs, lumps of cheese soaked in oil, and excellent white bread—only, the wine, mixed with resin in true Homeric fashion, seemed to me bitter as wormwood. My companion, being accustomed to it, enjoyed it very much, and while laughing at my bad taste, procured me some arrack manufactured from the branches of the vine, which was followed by black coffee.

Our chorus had not yet left us ; it was only squatting in silence, so as not to disturb the sacred repast. An old shepherd brought a young lamb, still alive, to roast for us. Lamb, in Greece, is extremely tender ; we have nothing equal to it in Germany, and the nearest approach to it I have ever tasted was in the Pontine Marshes, when entertained by two Calabrian robbers.

After finishing our meal, we visited the little church, dedicated to Zacharias, which is built on the spot where the Temple of Triptolemus formerly stood. The church is, at the same time, the Museum of Eleusis. Here may be seen a gigantic torso, and three mutilated statues, one of which, judging from the drapery, is probably a Ceres, a bas-relief very much damaged, an Isis with an

illegible inscription &c. However pleasant it may be for travellers to find ancient works of art on the spot where they were dug out, they would be much safer at Athens.

At last the day arrived when I had to say adieu to Athens and resume my journey to Jerusalem. Before my departure, Dr Röser entrusted me with a private mission to Nazareth, the object of which was the erection of a monument of which I shall have occasion to speak afterwards, and the King honoured me with the cross of a knight of the royal Greek order.

I left Athens at eleven o'clock, A.M., on a cold bleak day, and reached the Piræus at twelve. Here my patience was to undergo a severe ordeal. The vessel that was to convey me to Constantinople did not appear till the afternoon of the third day. The first day was spent, pleasantly enough, in the society of four young medical men, who had accompanied a friend, bound to the East, from Athens; but the great difficulty was to find accommodation during the night. Several hundreds of men, women, and children, from the country, who were waiting for the steamer in order to visit a well-known place of resort for pilgrims in the Island of Tinos, were obliged to spend the night in the open air. We improvised a sort of bed with the divans in the public room. A lady of a fair complexion and an imposing figure, who in her youth must have been possessed of considerable beauty, was one of our company, and, like the rest, was waiting despondingly for the ship. She could only speak English and a very little French, and she

must have been rather uncomfortable in the society of men who were smoking. As the landlord, from whom she asked something, did not understand her, I advanced and offered her my services.

Miss Dorothea L. Dix was a native of North America, and engaged in a peculiar mission. Her pity had been excited in behalf of those miserable beings, whose intellect has been darkened, and who are condemned to a life of incurable insanity. She had conceived a plan for the treatment of the insane, which had been suggested by her own philanthropic feelings, after earnest reflection and varied and extensive observation; she had with her, plans of asylums, drawings and designs of the different kinds of furniture, in order to submit them as models to the different European states, and thus effect a reformation in the treatment of the insane. She had just arrived from Rome, where her efforts had been attended with marked success. I quote her own words:—

“I visited the lunatic asylum, and my heart melted at the sight; I did not see men in a diseased state commiserated by their fellow-men, who spared no effort to restore them, but chained beasts, whose stalls seemed never to have been cleaned. A few days after my visit to this place of torture, I was introduced to His Holiness the Pope, who knew the object of my journey. The Pope asked me in a friendly manner, whether I had yet visited the asylum for the insane. I had the courage to answer, ‘Yes; and I am convinced that your Holiness has not yet visited it.’

“Pio Nono suddenly raised his head, and looked at me with an enquiring, attentive expression. I understood him, and told him, with a trembling voice, of the horrible, the barbarous—ay, though I trembled, I used the bold expression—of the un-christian treatment of the most unfortunate of human beings. The venerable head of Christendom listened to me to the end with fixed attention, and said briefly, when I had finished, ‘Return to me in eight days,’ and I was dismissed.

“I cannot tell you how uneasy I felt. I, a Protestant, a foreigner, had perhaps ventured too far. Although I had the inward conviction of the purity of my motives, I spent a sleepless night and a very anxious day afterwards. The intelligence reached me that two days after I was introduced to him, the Holy Father, while on a drive, suddenly stopped at the gate of the Asylum for the Insane, and remained an hour in the interior. The eighth day arrived, and, in obedience to his orders, I stood again in the Vatican in the presence of the Holy Father. With the same earnest and mild expression, Pio Nono said to me:—

“‘I have named a commission to make the necessary arrangements for the speedy erection of an asylum for the insane, which shall be conducted on principles of humanity and sound morality. If you revisit Rome, you will find your pious work accomplished; I thank you for your information. The blessing of heaven will attend you.’

“I bowed the knee with deep emotion, not before the



head of Catholic Christendom, but before the wise prince, the good man."

It was close on midnight; each of us sought a place of repose on the divans. The poor lady found herself in an unusual position. She covered her head, and spent a sleepless night in an arm-chair.

She was afterwards my fellow passenger to Constantinople, where I provided her with letters to some medical friends at Vienna, which she visited in May, 1856. I had a letter from her, in which she expressed herself highly gratified with the humane treatment of the insane in the capital of Austria.

Where now is the abode of this noble missionary—a lady who has cast aside all the ties of home and of kindred, and has traversed the whole world alone, from no other motive than the impulse of her own tender heart, to search out the most miserable of our race, and to bring them consolation and help?

Next morning came, and still no steamer. The pious pilgrims lay freezing in the open air, and the great question with us was, how to spend the time. I entered a coffee-house, and was reminded of my proximity to the East by being asked if I would smoke a *nargilè*. I accepted it. Unaccustomed to this mode of smoking, I excited the laughter of the cross-legged Greeks around me, who good-naturedly shewed me how to use the water-pipe. There were some men engaged in an animated discussion. My companion interpreted to me the most of their conversation. A man wearing a grey beard, the *fustanella*, and the *fez*,

who had taken part in the struggle for the liberation of Greece, was bitterly lamenting the presence of the French men-of-war; their masts looked like gibbets, on which Liberty was suspended, to the shame and disgrace of the fatherland. Another, a shopkeeper at Piræus, replied :—

“ Was there ever such security in the country before the visit of the French? Are they not the protectors of trade and commerce? Do they not pay us in silver and gold for our goods? Do they not plant gardens, which they assuredly cannot carry away with them? ”

The loud report of cannon suddenly interrupted the discussion. The nationalist struck his thigh with a movement of the hand, as if he had a sword by his side. We hastened to the harbour. The war steamer “ Radetzky ” lay at anchor, and saluted the men-of-war, which soon returned the salute.

It was now the third day of our detention, and still no steamer in sight. The pilgrims, though they lived sparingly, had spent the money set apart for their pilgrimage, and suffered severely from their exposure to the cold. They returned, and Lloyd’s steamer lost several hundred passengers, and we, our money and our patience. A flag hoisted on the agency house would serve as a signal that the steamer is in sight, and be easily seen at Athens by the aid of a telescope, and the traveller, from its being so near to the Piræus, might remain at Athens till the last hour.

In the afternoon, a slight smoke was visible on the

open sea. It gradually approached, and proved to be Lloyd's steamer "Europa," which was to convey us to Asia. At 8 o'clock in the evening, we left the harbour.

## CHAPTER IV.

Syra—Appearance of the Town—The Austrian Consul—The Great Eastern Question—Progress in Turkey and Greece—The Jewish Community—The Capital of Anatolia—First Impressions—Sunday at Smyrna—The Jewish Quarter—The Head Rabbi—"Kol Mebasser"—The Jewish Community—Their Past History and Misfortunes—Their Present Misery—Their Internal Government—Schools—Statistics—A Jewish Poet—The Jewish Hospital—Unleavened Bread—The Jewish Burying-Ground—The Synagogues—An Affecting Incident—Departure—Turkish Passengers—Gipsies in the East—Lesbos—Tenedos—Troy—Hero and Leander—Gallipoli—A Turkish School—First View of Constantinople—Adventure with a Skull—The Turkish Capital—Effect produced on a Stranger—Turkish Tombs and Epitaphs—Fountains—Street Life—"Serat"—The Bridge of Separation—The Rothschild of the East—The Feast of the Passover—A Jewish Family Group—Witticism of Joseph II.—The Sultan's Visit to the Mosque—His Appearance—Eunuchs—An Armenian Funeral—Description of the Sultan's New Palace.

AT 8 o'clock in the morning, we cast anchor in the Harbour of Syra. Mr. Marinich, Lloyd's agent, kindly provided me with a guide to conduct me to the house of Mr. Von Hahn, the well-known author of "Alba-

nian Studies, who holds the office of Austrian Consul at Syra.

Syra is not merely built on rocks, it seems even to be cut out of them. The streets are narrow, and pressed in between lofty, shady houses; broad, flat flags completely cover the ground, or rather the rocks of which they form a part. When we had advanced some distance into the city, we left it behind, and reached a cool, sunny height, crowned with a church and the residence of the bishop.

Beneath us, at some little distance on the left, was a green valley, from which some women were carrying water in two-handled earthen vessels, supported on the head. Here a fresh spring bubbles from the rock, in which, according to a sacred legend, the nymphs used to bathe in the days of the ancient gods.

On returning, I was hospitably received by Mr. Von Hahn. When we passed through the lofty door of the house, we found ourselves in a sort of uncovered entrance, and stepped upon a terrace; it is surrounded with a waving garden, containing all the trees of the South. In this garden were eagles and hawks, living in peace with doves; singing-birds with glowing plumage, and a beautiful steinbock. I stood, as it were, in a new world, and felt myself fascinated. It is in this place, with its magnificent sea-view, and the rocks of Delos and Naxos towering aloft in the blue horizon, that Mr. Von Hahn pursues his Homeric studies, collects Greek tales, and masters the ancient and modern world of Greek thought.

Led into a lofty airy room, I was received by my host—rather a small man, with fair hair, slightly sprinkled with grey, red moustachios, and bright, expressive eyes.

The great Eastern question soon became the subject of our conversation. He spoke hopefully both of Turkey and Greece. The great error into which Europeans usually fell, was their judging of these two countries, so different in every respect, by the European standard. Great changes have recently occurred in Turkey. The Turks themselves are sensible of these changes, and complain of them; but when they are pointed out one by one, and their good effects demonstrated, they say, "Yes, it is true." In the same way, Greece has made very considerable progress; anyone who knew the country at first, must be convinced of this.

At breakfast, which consisted partly of preserved roe and the tongue of a fish prepared in a peculiar way, a dish which I had never tasted before, I directed the conversation to the literary pursuits of my kind entertainer. I asked him why he did not collect the national Greek songs, as he had already a rich collection of national Greek tales. "National songs," said he, "are not my *specialité*, and when a man grows old, he does not like to dissipate his strength; it is better to concentrate it on one point. As to the tales, you would be struck with their extraordinary resemblance to those of Germany, and this may give rise to many bold philological combinations."

When I made some enquiries about the Jewish community in Greece, Mr. Von Hahn kindly promised to

write to his agent at Chalcis, where alone a Jewish community exists, and to give me afterwards the desired information.

We had a prosperous voyage, and on the morning of the 6th of April saw the capital of Anatolia. When we reached the extensive bay, we saw on the right a mountain, covered with white flat stones, a burying-ground, and behind it a grove of cypresses, towering aloft into the clear blue air. The lofty, dark pyramids of trees formed a beautiful contrast to the white stony forest of minarets, which, with their arched cupolas, stood prominently out from the sea of brown houses, like white fingers, shewing the Mussulman the way to heaven.

A castle, built in the middle ages, on the spot where the citadel formerly stood, overlooks the masses of houses, which are built close to the sea in the form of a large crescent, and are ever forcing their way up the green mountains. When the eye casts a glance from these heights down to the sea, it sees it covered with ships, on which the flags of almost every nation are floating; small vessels, with white sails, are entering the harbour with us, others are putting out to sea, while boats, with turbaned rowers, are flying like arrows between them.

When the eye has embraced the whole extent of this splendid city, one is disposed to believe with Pausanias, that the idea of founding it was first suggested to the great Macedonian King in a dream.

The stranger, from the North at least, as he gazes on

the scene, believes himself under the magic spell of the Arabian Nights; he meets men in all the costumes and complexions of the East; some lightly, others completely armed; women in long white robes, the face usually covered with a black veil; slowly-advancing trains of camels, mulattoes, negroes; gentlemen elegantly dressed in the French style; venerable Armenian priests, with long flowing beards; Jews, in Polish dresses; riders, mounted on asses, with splendid trappings, give a varied and lively aspect to the narrow streets. These figures and groups are merely a sketch taken at random from a colossal, ever-varying, fantastic picture. A confused Babel of sounds comes roaring and shrieking from the strange crowd. As it was Sunday, the Christians had closed their booths in the bazaar, but that only made those of the Jews and Mohammedans more lively. The closed booths were used by poor Greek Christians, who had no shops of their own, and had the strangest looking wares suspended in them. In many shops, the Turkish mechanics were busy at work; while plying their craft, they sat cross-legged and smoked the narghilé. All the narrow streets are covered with filth; here and there a roasted lamb, sweetmeats, fish, mountains of oranges and citrons, are exposed for sale.

Winding my way through all these scenes and groups, I reached the Jewish quarter, which lies between the Mohammedan and the Armenian. It is of their own free choice that they live together, in the



same way as professors of the other religions prefer occupying the same quarter.

We paid a visit to the Head Rabbi, whom we found in a miserable room, covered with torn tapestry, which formed part of a mean-looking wooden house; its only furniture consisted of a few wooden boxes, which contained the family property. The frequent fires in Smyrna, arising from almost all the houses, but especially those of the Turks, being built of wood, make the people cautious. The boxes, as soon as the signal of fire is heard in any quarter of the town, are speedily carried out and placed in safety. The Head Rabbi, a venerable figure, with a long, thick beard, was sitting, cross-legged on a low divan, among cushions. We were provided with chairs placed opposite to him, and were kindly entertained with sweet candied fruits and fresh water by the Head Rabbi's lively, courteous wife.

Three Rabbis and the Clerk of the Consistory soon entered. They kissed the head Rabbi's hand, a salutation which he returned, laying his hand on his breast and his forehead at the same time. They had already heard from Corfu of my journey to Jerusalem, and I gave each of them my address to the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem—"Kolmebasser."\* They all began to read it. I requested the head Rabbi to postpone reading it to another time, and to give me some information about the circumstances of his community, in which I felt deeply interested.

The number of the Jewish inhabitants of Smyrna is

\* Hebrew for "an announcing voice."

15,000; the original families had come from all the provinces of the Turkish dominions in Asia and Africa, and from Venice. They have existed as a religious community for 287 years, using the Spanish-Portuguese ritual, and they speak Spanish as well as Turkish. The community has been gradually overwhelmed with misfortunes, arising from different causes.

In former centuries the Jews suffered from the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, their lives and property being exposed to constant danger; when the Government became milder and more moderate, the elements threatened them with annihilation. Without mentioning former calamities, we need only refer to the great fires of 1841 and 1852, which reduced even the wealthy to poverty. The community possessed a stone building which was considered fire-proof; to it the Jews conveyed all their movable property, such as gold, silver, jewels, and other goods. The house contained property worth many millions of piastres; in an hour it was reduced to ashes. 15,000 books, among which were many valuable specimens of ancient printing, and manuscripts that can never be replaced, were destroyed in this fire. Since that time the community has been overwhelmed with a debt of 600,000 piastres, the property of widows and the poor; they owe other debts besides to wealthy individuals in Smyrna and Jerusalem, in addition to which they are very much oppressed by the native Turkish authorities.

But, besides this heavy debt, which they can never expect to pay, there is another burden, perfectly over-

whelming, which leaves them only the gloomiest prospects for the future. The community has to provide for five different kinds of poverty; in the first place, for 500 Rabbis, who devote themselves exclusively to the study of the Holy Scriptures; then for 100 poor people, once members of wealthy families; and for 400 actual beggars. Nearly 1000 orphan children are dependent on the charity of the community; the support of the hospital and the asylum for the sick and disabled, costs 10,000 piastres a year. Other expenses, such as the interment of the dead and the price of their graves, amount to 10,000 piastres, and each of the nine synagogues in Smyrna is burdened with 15,000 piastres of debt.

"Save us," said the Head Rabbi, concluding his statement; "save us. Tell them in Europe, when you return, of our misery, our hopeless despair. The Lord God of Sabaoth will be with you, and protect and guard you on the way.

The wife of the Chacham Baschi and all present said:—

"Amen."

The community is governed by four presidents—formerly there were six—who are chosen annually; these name four guardians of the poor, and a committee to watch over morals and religion. It is the duty of the latter to report all delicate affairs, whether they affect the general community or private individuals, to the court of Rabbis, over which the Chacham Baschi presides. This court, also, has charge of the

twenty-five schools for teaching the Hebrew language and the Talmud.

When I expressed my surprise that there were so many schools, the Head Rabbi said to me:—

“In this respect we have the advantage over every town in the East, and you will be equally astonished, when you reach Jerusalem, to find that there is no Talmud thora there.”

When I asked for some information about the births, marriages, and deaths, the first were estimated at 500, the second at 300. The amount of mortality could not be given, because many children and paupers die, for whose graves no payment is made. The only approach to the statistics of mortality was derived from the amount paid for graves. Ten years ago, the Turkish Governor ordered a register to be kept, but the Head Rabbi remarked with Turkish *naïveté*:—

“It was never kept, because nobody paid for it.”

When it is necessary to prove judicially a marriage, a birth, or a death, the religious tribunal, “Besdin,” summons ten men, acquainted with the fact, before it, and grounds its decision on their evidence.

Mr. Chajim Palatschi is known as an author, and gave me two of his learned works in return for my elegies “On the destruction of Jerusalem,” translated by the poet Letteris. Mr. Chajim Krisjin, the clerk of the consistory, presented me with his poem, published under the title, “Schir meliza,” and thus I had to salute him as a brother poet.

The Chacham Baschi, at my request, made two of

his servants conduct me to the hospital, to some of the synagogues, and to the cemetery.

At the entrance of the hospital, over the door, my eye fell upon a red marble tablet, with a Hebrew inscription in gold letters, to the effect that the deceased Baron Solomon von Rothschild, the fame of whose wealth was only equalled by that of his open-handed generosity, had assisted in providing the means for the erection of this refuge for human misery. The house, which stands in a dirty, narrow street, has only an earthen floor, and not a single window.

The visitor, on entering, finds himself in a spacious, square court, which is planted with trees and flowers, and produces an agreeable effect. Along the walls of the court are successive doors, leading to the cells of patients. I entered five of them, which were occupied; and one must have been accustomed to the loathsome habitations of poor suffering misery not to have started back from the entrance with horror. The cell admits no light except when the door stands open; when it is shut, in bad weather, the patient is left in total darkness. The patients lay or sat on tattered coverlets, in circumstances of the greatest neglect. The atmosphere of the cells was intolerable on account of their indescribable filth.

: When I ventured to make some allusion to this subject, they appeared not to understand me; and in this, the first Eastern city which I had visited, I was led to the conclusion, which subsequent experience tended to confirm, that the Oriental has no sense of cleanliness,

except so far as regards his own person. I cannot conceive how the doctor, who was a Greek Christian, could visit this institution daily, and yet do nothing to remove a cause sufficient in itself to reduce persons in sound health, accustomed to cleanliness and pure air, to a state of sickness.

Some women and girls were sitting in one of the larger cells, and picking maize, so as to have it clean for the baking of the passover bread. The attire of the women, the hair of the girls hanging down in twenty scattered tresses, and their hands anything but white, induced the belief that the maize was more likely to be dirtied than cleaned. I was informed by my guides that the 100 Rabbis of Smyrna take care to be present when the maize is cut down in harvest, and secure for themselves the maize that is got by treading out the ears, and the passover bread is baked with it, under their superintendence, for their own use and that of the Head Rabbi. The community itself buys unleavened bread at the bazaar.

In another room I saw preserved passover bread, which was not round and thin, as in Germany, but square, made up in thick rolls and pierced with holes. Cakes of the finest flour, kneaded with wine, are baked as fancy bread for the passover. We took a boat to reach the foot of mount Pagus, on which the cemetery of the Jews, the Mohammedans, and the Christians, is situated. We made our way through a forest of ships lying at anchor in the harbour, past the military barracks, brightly conspicuous with its red brick arch,

and, in twenty minutes, we reached the Jewish burying-ground. The dead bodies must be conveyed to it by land, a distance which takes nearly two hours from the Jewish quarter. Owing to the fearful heat of the summer sun, and the circumstance that mortification usually begins in two, at least in three hours, a walk to this burying ground is a pious, but a heavy, and, under certain circumstances, a dangerous undertaking.

The mountain looks as if it were paved, from the base to the very summit, with flat stones covering the graves. All of them are of white marble, and were shining in the light of the sun, so that the mountain in the distance seemed to be covered with snow, and sparkling with millions of snowy crystals—an eternal mountain of light.

I walked between the tombstones, which are sometimes, but not often, adorned with beautifully sculptured flowers, and gold arabesques in alto relievo. On some is a sculptured book, or an inkstand, such as the Orientals carry in their girdles, as a sign that a scribe is resting in the grave. I was surprised at observing the representation of a chair on some of the tombstones.

“Beneath this stone,” my attendants explained, “lies a youth or a maiden, who, after being betrothed, died before the celebration of the marriage.”

Neither of my attendants could explain the origin of this symbol; when I examined them, their answer was:—

“It is the custom since the earliest times.”

The cemetery is without walls, and extends around the whole of the mountain, on the summit of which is a windmill, in which the maize is ground for the passover bread. Children were playing among the graves, and a group of Turkish soldiers striking a ball.

On our return we passed the Mohammedan burying-ground, where rich monuments of white marble, adorned with turbans, and resplendent with gold and paint, peeped forth from the shade of dark green cypresses. Near the gate of the burying-ground was a wine-shop, from which might be heard the sound of revelry.

I visited two of the larger synagogues. On ascending a staircase, I entered a large, bright, lofty room. At a considerable elevation, extending round three sides of the room, are the stalls for the women, provided with narrow lattices of wood, painted in different colours. These lattices are exactly the same as those which I have frequently seen in the country synagogues of Bohemia on the first floor, behind which the women offer up their prayers without being seen. I might find a series of observations on this insignificant circumstance, shewing how hundreds of the different little customs prevalent among the Jews in the West originated in the East. Architecture, dress, monuments, mimicry, food, come under the same observation, and in these pages we shall often have occasion to allude to them.

In the centre of the synagogue, with some steps leading to it on each side, rises the *almemer*, the table on



which the *thora* is read. Around it, exactly in the same way as in our country synagogues, are coarse spiral columns with thick capitals, turned in wood, and painted in different colours. Before the ark of the covenant, which lies opposite the entrance towards the east, as the custom is in every synagogue in the world, are suspended heavy curtains of silk, on which are embroidered the arms of Judah, a lion holding in his claws the shield of David, the “magendavid,” or a crown, because “the *thora* is the crown of life.” To what Jew in the west is not all this familiar? The *ezchajim*, the silver trees of life, which adorn the *thora* rolls, and project in skilfully-wrought pomegranates, the symbols of the fruitfulness of the Holy Land? A silver hand, with the finger extended, so as to point out the words to the reader of the *thora*? Is not this custom a symbolical illustration of the miracle in Egypt, when the magicians said: “This is the finger of God?” We leave the closer examination of these archæological observations on the “Jad” to the learned.

Beneath the almemer, a pew stretches round the wall, exactly as with us. Between this and the almemer are neither seats, nor what are called “stands,”—lofty desks for the prayer-books. By this arrangement the synagogue gains in free space, and does not present such a disorderly appearance as ours, which have imitated the pews used in the churches.

In another synagogue, which was built and fitted up in the same way as the one I have described, an affecting incident was brought under my notice, and pro-

duced a powerful impression. While we were ascending the staircase, there came upon us—it were difficult to describe it otherwise—a loud wail of sorrow, a shriek expressive of the keenest suffering. Then, for a moment, all was still, after which it was repeated.

We entered the synagogue. In the whole of the large room there were only ten Rabbis, in the beautiful Oriental costume, so rich in fold and colour, engaged in silent prayer. Three women, in large, white robes, which covered the head and concealed the figure with their numerous folds, were standing before the open ark. They stood with their faces turned towards the ark; the loud wail of sorrow, the shrieking prayer, proceeded from one of them. Then they turned in the direction of the Rabbis. A matron, between two young women, was stretching out her arms, which they supported, to prevent them from sinking down. The group stood there as if it had been sculptured in white marble.

I was reminded of the prophet, when he looked down from the mountain on the battle, and prayed with outstretched arms, and the two men held up his arms so that they should not fall.

Here, in the same way, was a mother praying for the victory of life over death. She was repeating psalms in supplication for the recovery of her daughter, lying at the point of death.

I went on board the vessel at one o'clock. P.M., and found the number of passengers beginning to increase.

Most of them were Turks and Greeks, bound for Constantinople; this time there were some Turkish women. The Mussulmans were provided with pillows, carpets, and cooking-utensils, and they all took their places in the middle of the open deck; even those, that were rich did so, in order to avoid all intercourse with the Christians, and interference with their usual habits. The slaves soon improvised divans, and provided their masters with the chibouque or the narghilé. A small kitchen for the preparation of coffee was speedily in action, and Mocha, prepared in the Turkish fashion, handed round in small cups. There were also a good many goats and sheep on the deck, the number of which was sensibly diminished before we reached Constantinople; they fell beneath the knife of the Turkish cook. Moreover, we had a family of gipsies on board, who encamped in a small circle. The gipsies of the East speak Turkish and Arabic, are ignorant of music, and rarely practice fortune-telling; for the most part they live among the mountains, for the purpose of collecting herbs used in medicine, and only visit the towns for the purpose of selling plants and roots to the apothecaries. The most of the passengers were accompanied by so many friends and acquaintances, that it was difficult to find standing room on deck. Hundreds of boats, with parti-coloured pennons, were hovering round the vessel. At length we weighed anchor, and Smyrna, with its lofty mountains, its groves of cypress trees, its domes and its minarets, soon faded away in the distance.

Wearied with my exertions at Smyrna, I slept soundly the whole night, and learned in the morning that we stopped at midnight at Lesbos, now Mytilene, to embark passengers and goods. The island of Tenedos was soon in view. The small town, from the brown buildings of which a mosque, with two white minarets, peeped out, is pressed into a cleft between a fortification and a hill planted over against it, on which there are four windmills. In the background, behind the city and the two hills, is a lofty mountain, adorned with a ruinous castle, and two windmills actively at work.

After some hours we came in sight of Troy. By means of the telescope I could see the extensive ruins of some building, which the sailors pointed out as the remains of Priam's Palace. The castles of the Dardanelles soon attracted our attention. Three poets have celebrated the deed of the lover, who swam from Sestos to Abydos and perished:—Schiller, in his splendid poem, "Hero and Leander;" Grillparzer, in the sweetest of all German love dramas, "Sea and Love Waves;" and Byron, who imitated the lover's bold deed, and swam across the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes. Three other events are still more deeply imprinted on the memory. It was here that Xerxes erected his bridge; here that Alexander conveyed his army across to Asia; and here that Solyman first unfurled the crescent in Europe.

At midnight, owing to the roughness of the sea, we cast anchor in sight of the two harbours of Gallipoli.

Mr. Siderides, Lloyd's agent, requested the doctor of the ship to pay a visit to his sick brother. I embraced this opportunity of seeing the city, which, like every Turkish city, has a beautiful and imposing appearance at a distance. After our visit, we strayed through the bazaar, which was rather lively, and the narrow dirty streets, in which we were met by buffaloes yoked to two-wheeled carts, and loaded camels. We were much amused with the Greek sign of the only inn in Gallipoli:—"Here dwells a celebrated physician, who knows how to cure hunger and thirst." For the first time, I had a peep into a mosque, through a broken window; we did not dare to enter. We were attracted by the noisy shouting of children, in the neighbourhood of the mosque. We came to a small plot of garden ground, in which were a number of Turkish tombstones, which we reached by some steps. On the left, I found a large apartment, with its open portico toward the burying-ground. Inside, about 100 children were sitting cross-legged on straw mats. The teacher, a turbaned Mussulman, without laying aside his narghilé, was teaching them to read the Koran. In one corner of the apartment, which served at once as the teacher's study, dining-room, and bedroom, I observed a small open hearth, on which a large tin vessel was steaming on glowing coals. The teacher invited us to a seat, handed us the chibouque, and poured out coffee for us from the vessel. I requested the teacher to proceed with the lesson. He repeated a verse of the Koran with a nasal intonation. The children quickly struck

in, and, bending backward and forward, as the Jews always do at prayer, shrieked out the verse after him. The children, especially the girls, none of whom were more than eight years of age, looked healthy; they had red cheeks, and looked inquisitively at us with their large, round, black eyes. The eyebrows were lofty, and finely arched; the eyelashes long and thick. The lively animated expression of their features exhibited nothing of that peculiar languor, which I had often afterwards occasion to notice on every Oriental countenance.

We heard a shrill whistle. The doctor recognised the signal, warning all passengers on board. The children saluted us by placing their little hands on their foreheads, their mouths, and their hearts, and we hastened to the harbour. After a stiff pull through a heavy sea, we reached the vessel.

At four o'clock in the morning I left the saloon, and asked Captain Rassol to allow me to remain beside him on the gangway, so as to have a complete view of the great Turkish capital, as we sailed along. On the right rose the snow-covered mountains of Marmora. Ships of all sizes, and with the flags of every nation, met us, and gradually increased in number as we approached the land. The morning was cloudy, but with the telescope I could see the dark, uncertain outline of the immense city. It gradually approached, and enlarged in size, like the pictures in a magic lantern. Still, the whole of the extensive landscape had a pale tint, reminding me of the decaying power of the

prophet, and of the complexion of the Sultan when the sentence of the Russian Emperor reached him:—"He is sick, and it is time for him to die." The red streak of morning now appeared, and was reflected from the roof of a mighty dome; it alone was sparkling in the midst of a colorless sea of houses; it was the dome of Aga Sofia. The morning clouds were dispersed, and the whole scene was unfolded more distinctly before our eyes; great, picturesque, strange, immense. The eye glanced over it in all directions, and returned weary, like the dove to the ark, when it could find no rest for its foot. The imagination strove in vain to discover any law which could have regulated the erection of this wonderful chaos. It looks as if demons and genii, vying with one another, had erected and planted this huge world of palaces, cypresses, groves, domes, minarets, gardens, golden battlements, and impregnable fortresses.

The romantic feelings excited by the first view of the Turkish capital were speedily dissipated by the conduct of the custom-house officers, who had to examine my luggage. The remains of the dead are regarded as sacred by every Mussulman, and the presence of the Greek skull which I had brought from Athens made me rather uneasy about the result. The offer of money failed to produce the usual effect, as the officer naively informed me that he would first examine my luggage and then accept backshish. The examination began, and the skull, which was rolled up among my linen, speedily produced. If the officer had touched a snake,

he could not have started back with greater horror. I think I still see the expression of horror, which his countenance assumed, as he stared at me in speechless astonishment. He took counsel with his brother officials, all of whom regarded the skull with unspeakable aversion. One of them could scarcely restrain his indignation.

My position was growing rather critical, and I requested my dragoman to inform them that I was an Austrian subject, and wished the matter to be referred to the Austrian Ambassador. The dragoman advised me to say that I was an Englishman, or a Frenchman, because they, as the allies of the Sultan, were treated with much consideration at Constantinople, especially after the occupation of the Turkish capital by their forces. I repeated my request, and after it was conveyed to them, my irascible friend asked if the skull which I carried about was a trophy of victory, the original property of another individual, who had fallen by my hand. I pointed out the brown colour of the skull as a proof that its original owner could not have been our contemporary. Assuming a philosophical air, and shaking his head gravely, he answered, "It is the skull of a Mulatto. That accounts for the brown colour." I could scarcely restrain my laughter at this original remark, but anxious to bring the scene to a close, I said, "No. It is the skull of a Greek—one of a race accursed by the Koran and detested by every Turk. No sooner were these words interpreted, than the angry Mussulman shouted "Giaour," and with one blow of



his scimitar broke the poor skull into hundreds of pieces. "Good, good," said the others, with a smile of approval, while I repeated to myself, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." The official, who first discovered the skull, now courteously assisted me in arranging my luggage, and after everything was safely placed under lock and key, there was the extended hand and the words, "Effendi, backshish." Leaving the noise of Galata behind, I soon reached Pera, where I became the guest of a highly-respected merchant.

After having waited upon the Austrian Ambassador, and learned that the communication regarding the erection of the institution at Jerusalem was already in the hands of the Imperial Consul, I hastened to obtain a clearer view of the city. With this purpose in view, I sprang into a caïque, a long narrow boat, which one cannot enter without some danger, unless he contrives to place himself exactly in the middle, and thus preserve the equilibrium. There are thousands of these vessels, flying like white arrows over the blue surface of the Bosphorus. There is no staircase for embarking, and the streets of this rich and ancient city are as yet without pavement, names, or lights. The astonished stranger, when he has passed through the White Sea, enters the Golden Horn, and then turning to the right, and advancing, in two hours he is on the Black Sea. The Bosphorus seems only an immense broad stream uniting the two seas. But what a stream, and what banks! Its banks represent Europe and Asia, the two great divisions of the world, and are

covered from their summit to the very edge of the water, not with scattered palaces, towers, minarets, walls, cypresses, domes, and gardens, but with populous cities, the houses in which are strange picturesque palaces, which are sometimes seen towering aloft on the sunny mountains, or retreating into the deep valleys, dazzling at once the eye and the imagination. It is not that you see, here and there, a golden dome—a thousand of them are gleaming before you; and more than a thousand minarets, which, seen by the light of the moon, look like gigantic poplars, are reaching toward the sky. Near them, and between the domes and palaces, are their dark companions, the cypresses, tall and solemn, and reminding one of the black and white races so often seen at this central point of union between two divisions of the world. Sometimes the landscape is varied by blue creeks intersecting the mountains, and the eye and the soul are both filled with a sense of that indescribable picturesque beauty which is spread over all.

But the Bosphorus itself, on which we are sailing, is bordered by a double row of some 3,000 or 4,000 ships, on which are displayed the flags of all nations. All the winds of the world have aided in bringing them to this floating bridge between two seas, to do homage to the natural mistress of two continents, the metropolis of the Roman and Tartar Empire, of the Byzantian and Osmanish world. But how can Constantinople be described, or even an idea of it be conveyed to one who has never seen it? It resembles a gigantic kaleido-

scope; the slightest movement of the boat on which we are sailing, the quietest wave that bears us onward, brings us in sight of new scenes, of unexpected groups, and views of dazzling beauty. As I sailed through the Bosphorus, I could not but think of another queen of the sea, one of whose naval heroes, when 90 years of age, laid siege to this proud Byzantium. It was in Constantinople that I first began to understand Venice. This is the great original, the other a small, though skilful, imitation; a piece of oriental architecture conveyed to the lagoons of the Adriatic Sea.

After an hour's sail, I reached Bajukdere; I was on the shore of the Black Sea, recently occupied by the vessels of war, with which it was thought that the destiny of nations could be decided. At all events, they decided the fate of a hundred thousand men, whom they conveyed to death, and all for nothing!

No city has been so often painted and sung, both in ancient and modern times, as Constantinople. I have seen all its wonders. I entered its mosques without hindrance; I saw its hippodrome, once adorned with ten thousand statues; I descended to the bottom of the cistern with a thousand pillars; I ascended to the top of its loftiest tower. I was enchanted with the view from the mountain of Bulgurlu, and with the mixed and motley society at the Sweet Waters. I mingled in the mighty throng of its bazaar, and visited the delightful source of the Turkish baths. I witnessed the broad jokes of the Caragös, and listened to the story-tellers in the coffee-houses. I

even had the benefit of a small conflagration, got up, as they say at Naples, when there is a slight eruption of Vesuvius, "for the foreigners." I have wandered through the old seraglio and the gigantic arsenal, and spent two happy days on the Islands of the Blessed, which are now called Prince's Islands, in the society of a friend from Vienna. All this has been described a thousand times, and I need not repeat what is contained in almost every book of travels. I shall only impart to the reader a few leaves from the book of my own experience, alluding to circumstances which no other traveller has described, or which have received only a passing notice.

He, that would bear engraven on his memory the largest picture in the world, should sail through the Bosphorus, from the one sea to the other, without entering the wonderful city. All the splendour and magnificence of Constantinople vanishes at the moment you leave the ship and enter its narrow, dirty lanes, consisting of mean wooden houses, where either a mad tumult or a mournful solitude reigns, and your progress is impeded by barking dogs and rotting carcasses. A peculiar feeling is excited in the breast of a stranger wandering through these streets, when he suddenly meets with some tombstones, every one of which is adorned with a turban, standing prominent amid this busy scene of life; or when some of these monuments are standing in the peaceful garden of a house. The Mussulman delights in dwelling among his dead, and stands upon their monuments, even when engaged in

the active business of life. The marble monuments of the dead, often adorned with gold and painting, standing near the miserable wooden houses of the living, produce a strange impression.

How strikingly poetical is the elegy contained in many of their inscriptions :—

“ Though scarce arrived, I must away in haste,  
A pilgrim here, I cannot stay as guest.”

“ Every soul must satisfy death.”

“ My soul, once entered Being’s ring,  
Like nightingale, began to sing,—  
Sung for a little, then like butterfly,  
It flew aloft, and struggled to the sky.”

One of the finest inscriptions was transferred by the celebrated Orientalist, Lenau, from a burying-ground at Constantinople to his own monument :—

“ Both rich and poor, and all men must,  
Without exception, come to dust ;  
But Time and Death their power must stay  
Before that God, who lives for aye.”

One often meets unexpectedly with small marble domes, over-arched with cupolas. On peeping through the windows, there are seen sarcophagi, overhung with black, red, or green damask, with splendid gold, silver, or purple and green turbans at their heads. These are the graves of the Sultans.

The Mussulman has no aversion to the representation of death on the solitary places before the gates of his city. These graves preach to him moderation, and at the same time exhort him to enjoy life. Now let

us pass from death to life, from graves to fountains.

As regards cosmogony, the Mohammedans are decidedly Neptunists, for the Koran says:—"All living existence is of water." A fresh draught of water in the burning east is the greatest blessing on earth. In the dirtiest corners may be seen a fountain, ornamented with a beautiful enclosure, usually of white marble, and with an inscription in gold letters. Every fresh fountain tastes to the Mussulman like a draught from the river of Paradise, which, according to the Koran, God himself bestows upon the blessed, and it tastes as if they were drinking milk and honey, or crystal pearls. The fountains are often over-arched with fine marble cupolas, enclosed with gilt iron railings, and would produce the finest effect as pieces of architecture, if the indescribable filth in their vicinity did not rob them of all their charms. On some of the mausoleums, which we have described, may be seen-drinking cups, fastened with short chains to the gilt iron railings. It is the duty of the guardian of the tomb to keep these cups always full of fresh water, so that all who pass by and are thirsty may drink. These fountains and cups have been established by some pious Mussulman, from something of the same motive as the grains of wheat scattered for the pigeons on the Place de St. Marc at Venice, or the fruit seeds and water which Heinrich Frauenlob commanded to be poured into the cavities at the four corners of his flat tombstone, that the birds might take pleasure in lighting upon it, and sing upon the grave of the songster.

No one is more grateful than a thirsty person, when a cool draught is extended to him in the glowing East. It is with a mixed feeling of love and gratitude that he thinks of the dead man who, centuries before, took care to provide it.

We leave the quiet tombs and cool fountains, the shade of the cypresses and lovely almond-trees, and plunge again into the rushing stream of life that leads to Galata.

We have forced our way through the motley crowd of some hundred thousand men, who are walking, working, dragging, shrieking, and pushing along.

We meet waggons drawn by oxen, riders mounted on horses and asses, men with incredibly heavy loads, shouting water-carriers, and camels, or mules, laden with leather bags for water. No one thinks of warning another; the man that neglects to look out, both before and behind, is sure to be knocked down and trampled to death.

In corners of the street, exposed every moment to destruction, are fruits, fish, vegetables, cakes, flesh, sweetmeats, which you are invited with loud shouts to purchase. All the workmen are busy in the little, narrow shops, which stand with open doors on the sides of the streets.

Who could understand all the tongues that are clinking, gurgling, shrieking, whining, singing, chuckling, and shouting around?

We are before the wooden bridge, that leads from the lightheaded Constantinople to the orthodox Stam-

boul. It is not a countless throng, or a single nation that is pressing over it; it is a migration of nations crossing one another from two opposite continents. The best way is to cross on horseback; there is then less danger of being pushed or trodden down.

Woe to him who enters at the moment when the bridge opens at the middle to allow a large ship to pass. Then, for half-an-hour, it is not possible to advance, while the mass of men is ever increasing, and rendering it more dangerous to remain on the bridge.

The rider must now remain quiet, unless he happens to be lifted up along with his horse. The foot-passengers become the prey of the boatmen. Boats are waiting to receive the passengers; two strokes of the oars convey them to the opposite side.

But how is one to get up and down? There begins such a clanking, grappling, springing, and heaving, that really you think your life is not worth much.

I was reminded of "Serat," the bridge of separation mentioned in the Koran, which, sharp as the edge of a sword, and thin as a hair, stretches over hell. It is three thousand years in length, and the souls of the deceased are a thousand years in descending its arches before they reach the opposite side. The souls separate themselves into legions, according to their several creeds, and pray, "Save us, Lord; the flames of hell are striking against us like the waves of an angry sea. Conduct us over in safety." All the souls do not advance at the same pace—the souls of the prophets cross with the swiftness of lightning; those of



inspired men like a stormy wind ; those that have suffered death on account of their faith, fly like race-horses ; the pious go at a good trot ; the wicked and the unbelieving wheeze like asses beneath the heavy burden of their sins, lose their balance, and plunge into the flames of hell, where the waves of the stormy sea bear them away.

I spent the first evening of the Feast of the Passover with the family of Mr. Camondo, the richest Jewish merchant in the East, who is called the Rothschild of the East. A long table was covered with valuable silver flower-vases, with sparkling cups of gold, and heavy plate and vessels of the same metal. A lofty centre dish contained the three kinds of passover bread, and over it hung a cover of green damask, richly embroidered with gold. All this rich display of gold and silver was lighted up with a hundred tapers. Four generations were seated at table ; the patriarch of the house, clothed in silks of different colours, occupied a throne furnished with cushions of purple and gold. On his right were his sons ; on his left, three daughters ; opposite to him sat a goodly number of grandchildren, and a little great-granddaughter, ten years of age, asked with her childish voice the well-known question :—

“ Why is this night different from all other nights ? ”

On which the great-grandfather sang or recited with a peculiar intonation :—

“ Because we were slaves in the land of the Pharaohs, and God has led us with a strong hand to the land of liberty.”

In one corner of the large room, the floor of which

was covered with the richest carpets, was seated the mother of these children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, apart from the rest, on a splendid divan. She wore wide trousers of red satin, and a short white silk petticoat over them; on her feet were yellow slippers; round her waist was a shaded silk girdle; the upper part of her body was covered with a green satin tunic, with wide sleeves, and richly embroidered in gold. But her head-dress was the most valuable part of her costume; a white silk shawl was gracefully wound round a red fez, and adorned with pearls and precious stones of different colours. The old lady has been blind for some years, and was not seated at table, as she required special attention.

During the wonderful story of the land of Mizraim, which begins so mournfully and ends with shouts of triumph reaching to heaven, and with songs of victory, the lady bowed her pale, intelligent face, and moved it gently from side to side, and the precious stones on her head sparkled and glittered like thousands of dewdrops shining in a rainbow.

When the last longing verse was sung, "In future years we shall be in Jerusalem," I felt a movement of joy at the thought that this blessing should be mine this year, in a few weeks.

Behind the table was the entrance to another room, covered with still more valuable carpets, where chibouques were prepared for the ladies and gentlemen; each of these was richly tipped with amber, and surrounded with sparkling diamonds.

Mr. Camondo, who had received, a short time before this, the cross of the Austrian order of Francis Joseph, related to me the incident, in consequence of which he became an Austrian subject. Mr. Camondo's grandfather was about to be executed, so that his immense wealth might be confiscated. He fled for protection to the house of the Austrian Ambassador, who enabled him to escape to Vienna. Here he was introduced to the Emperor Joseph II.; he fell on his knees and touched the ground with his forehead before the monarch, and implored his protection. Joseph II. ordered him to stand up, as he waited his decision in a kneeling posture, and graciously granted his request. Mr. Camondo threw himself on his knees again, and touched the ground with his forehead; then he seized on the Emperor's robe, and by accident kissed that part of it where he wore his purse. The Emperor laughed, and said to the suppliant, through the Court interpreter:—"You should rather kiss your own purse, there is more money in it, than in mine."

At a late hour after midnight, two armed servants of the house conducted me home with large lanterns. There was but little security enjoyed in the capital; during my stay, I often heard of murders and attempts at murder; the assassins are frequently natives of Malta, who are dreaded as a most dangerous class, and, being under the protection of England, can rarely be punished.

The Sultan visits a mosque every Friday; it is usually known, on the previous day, which one is to receive the

honour. I secured a good place at eleven o'clock, near the new palace.

Such a motley crowd, both in complexion and dress, can rarely be seen. The new mosque, which the Sultan was to visit to-day, is built close to the shore of the Bosphorus; in front of it is a large place, which is bounded on the side opposite to the shore by the barren side of a hill. This was covered by women and children, in blue, red, green, yellow, violet, or black robes. The women were closely veiled, and, as they sat there waiting for the Sultan, in all their rich variety of costume, they looked like a rainbow resting on the mountain. It were vain to attempt to describe the mixed and motley crowd upon the place; every division of the globe seemed to have furnished its contingent. The eye became weary as it gazed on negroes and Moors, armed to the teeth, mulattoes, mendicant friars, English, French, and Turkish soldiers; dervishes, in lofty, yellow, round caps; Indians, with black peaked hats; Greeks in the dazzling white fustanella; Jews, in flowing, wide, Oriental robes; ragged porters, half-naked sailors, and hundreds of other figures; here and there a horseman was trying to advance, camels were halting with their loads, and numbers of dogs lying quietly in the midst of the crowd; half-naked slaves were pressing through the crowd with large tin vessels, and pouring water into cups for the refreshment of their mistresses, who were attended by their female slaves, carrying their children. These slaves wore their veils carelessly, so that their faces were often seen, but their

mistresses were so closely veiled that none of their features could be distinguished. The crowd, which may have amounted to 10,000 souls, was divided by a broad street, lined on both sides with Turkish soldiers; the Sultan had to pass through the midst of them. I observed, in an elegant, low-built carriage, the finely-formed head of a lady, whose face was covered by the most transparent of veils; her forehead sparkled with diamonds, and she wore a blue silk dress. This lady, about seventeen years of age, is one of the Sultan's favourite wives. Beside her, sat a beautiful child, about three years of age, and opposite to her, two ladies in white dresses. Two negro eunuchs, richly clad and splendidly armed, stood behind the carriage.

At length the Sultan approached, the band began to play, and the immense multitude was still as death. He wore a long, blue mantle, that reached to his ankles, and rode at a slow pace on an iron-grey horse, holding the reins in his white-gloved hands. The mantle was fastened at the neck by a large diamond clasp. His face is deadly pale, his nose rather long, his black eyes soft and mild; his head is covered with a red fez, ornamented with a diamond star. Impassible in his bearing, apparently almost unconscious of the presence of the crowd on which his eye is fixed, the Lord of the Faithful passes on, silent and solemn, like an apparition.

Usually the Sultan gives an elegantly-written prayer, as an alms, to the mosque which he visits. He is a proficient in the art of penmanship, and the most

distinguished pupil of the Austrian renegade, Michael Latas, who is now raised to the rank of a Serdar, a prince, and a field-marshal, and known to the world by the name of Omer Pasha.

Having been introduced by the present Turkish Ambassador at Naples to Mr. Sester, the Sultan's head gardener, I rode out one day to Ortacoi, along with a young friend, to pay him a visit. We hired horses at Pera, and our guide was a mulatto boy, named Achmet, whose simple dress consisted of a piece of cloth round the loins, a fez, and red slippers, and who ran beside or before us, shouting almost incessantly, "Give place, ye mortals; a man beloved of God is coming. Give place, ye mortals." He kept up the same pace the whole way, apparently without any exertion. When we had left the city some distance behind, we met a company of richly-dressed negroes, mounted on white horses, with splendid trappings. They were elderly men, without any traces of a beard—eunuchs in the Sultan's harem. It was far more pleasant to meet a troop of cavalry, with the men carrying lances, like our Uhlans, on which red standards were fluttering. On a solitary spot, soldiers were being drilled, and the exercise was accompanied with a strange noise. The recruits accompanied every movement with a simultaneous shout, a sort of barbarous song, by which they regulated every movement according to the orders they received.

At length we reached a lonely eminence, covered with the tombstones of an open Armenian burying-

ground. We were obliged to halt, so as to allow an Armenian funeral procession to pass. Twelve boys in black capes and red fezzes carried long, burning tapers. Twelve priests followed, in long black robes, having their heads covered with black caps, and their faces with black veils. Their hair, as long as a woman's, covered their shoulders. The corpse, dressed in a shroud of mingled white and black, was carried behind the priests, with the face uncovered. The bier was so covered with garlands of laurel and of flowers, that it seemed to be composed of them. Two boys, similar to those already described, followed the corpse with burning tapers; then a procession of mourners, none of whom were females. The procession advanced in solemn silence, and the face of the corpse, on which the burning rays of the sun were striking, was not a pleasant sight.

On arriving before the stately gate of a lonely house, we committed our horses to the care of Achmet, and entered an open space, richly planted, in which two open staircases led to a stone house, built with much taste. Owing to the frequent fires at Constantinople, when a house is mentioned, the usual question is, "Is it of stone." This excellent house was erected for the Sultan, with whom Mr. Sester is a special favourite. He received us without rising, on account of the great weakness under which he is still labouring, from two attempts, arising from jealousy, that have been made by the other court officials to poison him. After some conversation on the state of the country, we were hos-

pitably entertained in the Eastern fashion, and had an opportunity at the same time of tasting some of the best of our Rhenish wines. Mr. Sester then shewed me the Sultan's new palace, an unusual favour, which few have enjoyed, and which is not likely to be extended to others, as the Sultan is to take possession of it in a few weeks. We entered an extensive court, enclosed with a gilt iron railing, and after ascending a broad staircase, reached a lofty hall, supported by pillars, the dome of which was covered with ruby glass, and gave forth a red, dazzling light. It required some time before the eye became accustomed to the enchanting sight. The pillars, the capitals, the walls, two large open staircases, leading to the different apartments, the floor, all were of shining white marble, and looked transparent, as if they had been cut out of rubies by the genii, in subterranean mines.

So powerful is the glare of light in this hall, or rather in this purple temple, that it soon becomes painful, and we were obliged involuntarily to close our eyes.

The throne-chamber is a splendid oblong square, nobly overarched by a roof resting on pillars. At a considerable height are galleries, extending round the four sides. In the centre hangs the immense glass lustre, which excited the astonishment of all who were present at the Paris Exhibition. The usual reception-room, and the Sultan's study, which you enter by plastered doors, seem to be of white marble, but, on



closer examination, are found to be of less expensive stucco. The floor is Mosaic work, composed of pieces of marble of different colours, but little of it will be seen, as it will be covered with rich carpets. Near lofty mirrors are large glass candelabra, intended for burning gas.

The smoking kiosque is built like a colossal lantern, and commands a splendid view on every side. The slight walls between the crystal windows are resplendent with marble and gold. Landscape paintings, worthless as works of art, are introduced into the fields of frieze. In the centre of this kiosque, from the porcelain floor, rises a lofty crystal fountain, which sends up its sparkling pillars of water, which descend in all directions, in hundreds of arches, like a weeping willow of liquid silver.

The Sultan's bath-room seemed to us the most sumptuous and tasteful apartment in the whole palace. Two lofty rooms, which receive a magic light from above, are entirely overlaid, floor, walls, and roof, with Egyptian alabaster, which reflects the light from its variegated, white-veined surface, with peculiar effect. Like all the Turks, he uses a vapour-bath, and in the room, where it is placed, is a small window, by which the servants hand in to the Sultan, silver cups, with cold water, fragrant oils, linen, and all the other requisites of bathing.

We descended a staircase, and reached a spacious hall, supported by low thick-set pillars. It is the place of *réunion* for the eunuchs and slaves of the harem.

We entered many rooms and small chambers, which were covered with beautiful carpets, and fitted up for the reception of women. There was nothing here remarkable for its splendour; on the contrary, the disagreeable obscurity formed a striking contrast to the well-lighted rooms above. The wooden furniture in all the rooms and apartments of the palace was strangely out of keeping with the rich display of marble, alabaster, gold, and painting. There was no costly wood, no skilful carving, no rich stuffs to be seen, and a wealthy merchant in Vienna would be ashamed of such furniture as was found in the throne-chamber and elsewhere. The sums that have been expended for these articles must have been enormous, and they ought to have been of the best description possible. The whole palace costs 200 millions of piastres, and it is asserted that at least one-half of this sum has been appropriated as "backshish" by the different contractors. The change of contractors is blamed as the reason why this building, imposing only from its immense size, belongs to no particular style of architecture. The renaissance style is predominant throughout, and it has not been selected without a cause, since it is not at all opposed to Turkish taste, with its tinsel glare, its stiff outlines, and its strained artistic effect, and, when employed on a large scale, produces an imposing effect.

The Sultan often makes his appearance at the palace, and takes pleasure in watching the progress of the work, which is too slow to satisfy his impatience.

He often spends whole hours here, examines the work, and introduces many changes.

I was now informed, with a smile, that I was about to see the most secret part of all. We entered an apartment, which was overcrowded with broad, luxurious divans of every shape, with low tables and footstools. The divans were covered with purple, the floor with carpets of every colour. Here the Sultan enjoys the society of his wives in the evening circle; here may be heard the sound of the tambourine and bells, and the melody of song; here one may witness the mazy dance, imbibe the intoxicating fumes of fragrant odours, and be dazzled with the eyes and diamonds of the inmates of the harem; here is the mirror, in which the delights of the Mohammedan Paradise are dimly reflected.

The Sultan's sleeping apartment is separated from this room by a small corridor. Near the entrance, on the left, may be seen swelling mattresses, lying immediately upon the floor, in the form of a large square, and covered with the finest tapestry and damask. At some distance above this camp bed is a plain canopy, with golden tassels. The wall, by which the whole is supported, is covered with red velvet and gold, and marked with the Tugra, the Sultan's intricate signature. The palace is built immediately upon the Bosphorus, from which it is separated only by a front garden, enclosed with gilt iron railing, containing two ponds. It took a quarter of an hour to pass from the one end to the other. The eye cannot embrace the whole

building, unless it be viewed from the Bosphorus, and then its great architectural defect is at once apparent. The height of the building is not at all proportionate to its immense length.

## CHAPTER V.

Omer Pasha—His Early History—His Recent Marriage—His Former Wives—Interview with him—His House—Müchlis Pasha—Omer Pasha's Views on Education—His Personal Appearance—His Portrait—The Hat Humayoum—More Liberty in Turkey than in England—the Parliament in the Way—The Turkish Soldiers—My Last Interview with Omer Pasha—The Jewish Community—Statistics of Population—Employment of the Jews—Their Internal Government—Colleges of Rabbis—The Chacham Baschi—Nature of his Office—The Revenues of the Jewish Community—Its Expenditure—"Aricha"—Jewish Benevolent Institutions—First Jewish Synagogue—Their Expulsion under Theodosius—The Synagogues of the Sephardim—A Jewish Juggler—Jewish Artifice—A Pious Fraud—The Karaites—Their Synagogue and Mode of Worship—A House of Mourning—Observance of the Sabbath—Number of Karaite Families—Jewish Burying Ground—Advantage of being buried in Asia—The Story of the Bloody Head—A Learned Rabbi—The Stone of the Angels.

CIRCUMSTANCES connected with the recent war have rendered the name of Omer Pasha—a man remarkable for his singular career—well known throughout Europe.

Michael Latas, who began life as an Austrian cadet, and was condemned by a court-martial in 1828 as a deserter, has now, for twenty years, been Commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies; Serdur—*i.e.*, prince and pasha of three tails.

On my arrival at Constantinople, Omer Pasha had just contracted a new marriage with Emine—a name which signifies security—a girl of fourteen years of age, the daughter of the wealthy Hafis Pasha, who lost the battle of Nisib, and thus brought little honour to the blades, which, as an armourer, he had forged before his elevation. This marriage was very much discussed among the Christians resident at Constantinople, and universally condemned. It was well known that the father did not consent to bestow his daughter upon an elderly man till the Sultan expressed a desire to that effect. Moreover, the fate of his wives, who are still alive, one a Turk, another a Greek, and another a Saxon from Transylvania, is well known; still, no one can doubt that Omer Pasha is an orthodox Mussulman; and what is condemned by our European code of morality can detract nothing from the respect that is paid to him by every Mussulman. I had the honour of being introduced to him by his physician, a native of Bohemia. He has a house in the suburb opposite Galata. On entering by a gate, I found myself on a sloping lawn, which was just being converted into a garden. An extensive building of one story stood on the rising ground; the windows of the left wing, where the harem is situated, were

covered with blinds. In an antechamber of the right wing, where officers, servants, and slaves of different complexions and costumes were lounging and smoking, I mounted a broad staircase, adorned with plants in full blossom, and reached the Pasha's billiard-room. I then entered the drawing-room, which, though large and airy, had no other furniture than divans, extending along the four walls. Omer Pasha was seated in the corner of a divan; before him, at the window, stood Müchlis Pasha, formerly known as Kutschkowski, when an officer in the Prussian service, who had come to Constantinople to instruct the Turkish officers, and without renouncing his faith, been made General, and Pasha. Two elderly Turkish officers, probably guests, were seated on a divan opposite the Pasha. At our entrance, Omer Pasha stood up, and gave me his hand:—

“Welcome, doctor.”

He motioned us to be seated; two richly-dressed servants entered; one handed the chibouque, splendidly adorned with amber and diamonds, the other, coffee in gold cups. A blue silk napkin, bordered with silver fringe, reached from his shoulders to his ankles.

“You are from Vienna, and are going to Jerusalem as a pilgrim?”

“Not as a mere spectator; I am going to establish a school there.”

“That is right. Deeds approve a man. I have never liked wandering monks. Is the school for Jews alone, or for all persuasions?”

"I doubt if others will take advantage of it."

"The Turks *shall* send their children to it; their future depends upon education."

"Perhaps it may prove the ruin of a nation which as yet enjoys only a limited amount of liberty."

"You express the opinion of the civilised nations of Europe, but, like them, you are mistaken."

The Pasha now turned to the Turkish officers, and conversed with them. I was thus enabled to examine him more closely. He is about the middle height, and slender, with grey hair and beard, and clear, piercing eyes. The cheek-bones are rather prominent, for his long, thin face. The Croat expression of his features cannot be mistaken; while his German, in other respects perfect, is marked by the Slavic accent. He was dressed as a Turkish officer. His dark brown military coat was open, and shewed a light blue silk vest. His head was covered with a red fez. His right hand kept playing with the beads of a black rosary, which was adorned with silver tassels. After directing the attention of the officers to some horses which had been brought to the door, and discussing their good points, he again turned to me:—

"Who is the lady that employed you to establish this school at Jerusalem?"

I mentioned her name and family; playing upon both, he replied:—

"This is a noble heart."\*

When the conversation had taken another turn, I



remarked that I had at once recognised the Pasha, from the portraits of him exhibited in all the windows of Vienna.

"That is from the Sultan's picture, but I consider a daguerrotype taken at Pesth, a better likeness. What is the news at Vienna?"

"The Hat Humayoum\* has caused much excitement and astonishment."

"Why should this particular indulgence do so? There have been already others of the same sort."

"Because the European Powers express a wish, to which the Sultan at once gives effect; the religious equality of all confessions. While England—excuse me if I express the general feeling—is in a manner forcing this measure on a half-civilized state, she herself shuts out from her own parliament those, who, on every principle of justice, have a right to admission. People doubt if it be possible to carry the Hat Humayoum into execution."

"I see no obstacle; we have more liberty in Turkey than in England—we are almost republican; every individual is possessed of self-action and freedom of choice. When the Sultan's signature is attached to an order, never fear but his ministers will execute it. In England, the parliament is always in the way."

"People are apprehensive that these reforms are shaking the foundation of religion, and must soon involve the state in ruin."

\* The edict issued by the Sultan, which extended the enjoyment of the same civil and religious rights to all his subjects. T.

“Assuredly not; the Turk is profoundly religious, but no longer fanatical. The priests have no power, and everything yields to a determined will.”

I did not like to express my belief, which could not have been well received, that it is not a strong will that rules at present, and that the Sultan Mahmud, who now holds the reins of power, has not a steady hand.

The Marshal observed :—

“You seem to conceal something. You are speaking to a soldier, who likes to hear a man’s real sentiments.”

I replied that everyone gave Abdul Medschid credit for having the best heart in his dominions.

“And you mean that the heart does not govern men. But a monarch without a heart is the misery of every nation, and it is only a genial spirit that knows, through sympathy, to interpret the movements of the heart; despotism, moreover, will soon be at an end in the world. It is universally believed that the Turkish soldier is only obedient to despotic power. The Turk is brave, because he believes that nothing can happen to him which is not foreordained, and that none can elude the will of God. The Turkish soldiers love their officers, even when they are Christians. Is it not so, General?”

Müchlis Pasha silently assented.

“The soldiers have repeatedly shewn, under your command, what they can do, when properly led.”

Omer Pasha bowed.

“I will give you letters to the governors of Beyroot, Damascus, and Jerusalem. The Bedouins are now

wilder than ever, and always more dangerous in summer. I advise you to cross Lebanon to Damascus, and to return by Baalbec to Beyroot. The coasts are safer, and you will see Sidon, Tyre, and St. Jean d'Acre."

He ordered the letters to be written, and gave me his hand.

"I am delighted to have made your acquaintance. Come back to-morrow."

I returned next day at the appointed hour, and met Omer Pasha in the antechamber.

"Ah! doctor," turning to his secretary; "are the letters ready?"

The secretary handed them over. Omer Pasha took his seal, which was attached to a gold chain round his neck, wet it, and pressed it on the letters, instead of signing them.

"Guard your head from the Syrian sun." He waved his hand, sprang upon his horse, and rode off, with a splendid suite, in the direction of Scutari.

According to the books of assessment, the Jewish community at Constantinople contains 38,400 Turkish Jews; 14,800 men, 23,600 women, without including the subjects of foreign powers. They are scattered over the whole city, but are chiefly to be found in the suburbs; 6,000 at Balat, 4,000 at Chasköi, 15,000 at Peri Pasha, 15,000 at Ortacöi, and a thousand at Kusghundschi. There are 100 marriages, 500 births, and 350 deaths every year. They support themselves as house proprietors, merchants, agents of exchange, small traders, brokers, factors, porters, boatmen, dealers

in glass and silver plate and firewood, manufacturers of cigars, and so on.

A great many of them are employed in manual labour of different kinds: 100 masons, 150 glaziers, 400 nailers, 1,000 tin-smiths, 2 proprietors of hot-houses, 150 manufacturers of mirrors, 2 manufacturers of cotton thread, 100 manufacturers of silk lace, 500 manufacturers of gold and silk lace, 180 dyers of cloth and silk, 100 shoemakers, 500 tailors, 100 furriers, 50 embroiderers in gold and silver, 150 gold and silver-smiths, 1 polisher of jewels, 200 enchasers of rubies and emeralds, 900 fishermen, 100 *restaurateurs*, 550 pastry cooks, 100 sugar-bakers, 200 distillers of brandy, 50 tobacco-cutters, 100 gunsmiths, 300 manufacturers of weights and measures, 1 engineer, 1,000 bookbinders, 20 clerks, 500 physicians, 40 surgeons, 700 barbers, 50 apothecaries, 500 musicians, and 10 rope-dancers.

The community is under the government of the priesthood, in the strictest sense of the term, since the Rabbis, along with the tax-paying members of the community, over whom they exercise great influence, elect the presidents, of whom there are seven, who hold office for life. When one dies, the surviving presidents elect his successor. The community has two Besdin, or colleges, of Rabbis, the one situated at the suburb of Chasköi, the other at Balat. Each of these two Besdin is presided over by a Head Rabbi, one of whom bears the title Chacham Baschi of Nischan, so named from the order, with which he is invested by the government on his accession to his high office. He has the

management of the political affairs of the community. The Government treats with him in every matter, that concerns the Jews throughout the extensive Turkish empire. It is his duty to announce every order to them, and to see that it is executed. Chacham Chani is the name of the palace which he occupies, and to which a prison is attached. He has the power to punish offenders by depriving them of their liberty. In his council chamber the most important affairs are debated, and reports prepared to be submitted to the Government. In his office, where a register is kept of all the Turkish Jews of the metropolis, and of their places of abode, passports are prepared for those who wish to travel; they must also bring a certificate from the president, or Chacham, of that part of the city where they live, to shew that they are not in arrears with the taxes due to the community, and that they are not labouring under the suspicion of any crime or offence. The passport is, then, at once approved by the Turkish Government, without any other form. In the same way, the sale and purchase of houses, gardens, or lands are concluded in his office, and simply confirmed by the Government.

The Chacham of Nischan has full power to regulate the taxes paid by the Jews throughout the whole empire, in doing which he is aided by the Rabbis of the Jewish community, whom he has the right to appoint and to depose. When any of the chief communities—for example, those of Smyrna, Salonica, Jerusalem, &c.,—elect a Rabbi, they must give notice of their choice

to the Chacham of Nischan at Constantinople. If he has confidence in the party chosen, he recommends him to the Government, who approve of him and invest him also with the insignia of the Order of Nischan, if the community in return pays an annual tax of 30,000 piastres. The poverty of the communities induces them, in most cases, to dispense with this honour. The new Rabbi is entrusted with a seal by the Government, which keeps a similar one as a check, and gives one to the Chacham Baschi at Constantinople. Those invested with the order, or merely with the seal, enjoy the advantage of communicating their wishes or proposals to the Chacham of Nischan at Constantinople, whose duty it is to bring them immediately under the notice of the Government.

The colleague of the Chacham of Nischan manages the religious affairs of the community. Intimation must be given to him of every betrothal, and if the parties betrothed do not wish to fulfil their engagements, they must submit the reasons to him, and effect is given to them only when he recognises their validity. He dissolves marriages and oaths, and punishes those who have transgressed in any way the religious or ceremonial law. There is no appeal against his decision.

At the time when I was there, Mr. Abraham Samuel Cohen acted as Chacham of Nischan, and Mr. Moses Fresco as Head Rabbi of the Besdin. These two officials were assisted in the discharge of their duties by the Presidents, along with whom they fix the taxes payable to the Government and to the community.

The "Batidinim," or sub-presidents, chosen by them for the different parts of the city, aid them by their more intimate acquaintance with the different individuals and their resources, and form at once an ecclesiastical and civil court.

The revenues of the community are derived from the following sources :—

1. The "Gabela," a duty on every *oka* of meat—the *oka* contains  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Austrian pounds—of 25 para, about 4 kreuzer (farthings); on 1 *oka* of cheese, 20; on 10 *oka* of wine, 5; on 1 *oka* of brandy, 10 para; the whole of which is paid by the consumer.

2. When a girl is betrothed, she pays  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of her dowry during her betrothal; when she is married, the bridegroom pays 1 per cent. of the dowry.

3. When a Jew sells a house, a garden, or a field to another, the buyer must pay to the community 1 per cent. and the seller  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the purchase-money. When a Jew sells his possessions to a Mohammedan or Christian, he has to pay 2 per cent.

4. When a man or a woman dies and leaves no children, the distant relation who becomes heir to the property, must pay 10 per cent. on the whole of it.

We have not ascertained the exact amount of the expenditure or of the revenue of the community; still, both are very considerable, and the former arises from the following circumstances :—

1. The community pays the taxes of all Rabbis born and educated at Jerusalem.

2. The community supports the two Head Rabbis,

and the six Rabbis who compose the Besdin ; three secretaries, one of whom conducts the Turkish, and the other two the Hebrew correspondence ; three collectors of taxes, inspectors of meat, banks, wine and raki ; two officers, three jailors, and two cavasses, who walk with silver verges before the Chacham Baschi when he pays visits.

3. The community supports the *talmud thora* schools, and the scholars of the Jeschibot, each of whom costs from 1,000 to 1,500 piastres yearly. This amounts to a considerable sum.

4. The smaller expenses are from 20,000 to 30,000 piastres.

When the expenditure exceeds the revenue, the deficit is made up by the imposition of an extraordinary tax, called "aricha." The Head Rabbis and presidents choose several trustworthy men, who make an estimate of the means possessed by the different members of the community, and regulate the taxes accordingly, during four years. But before entering on their office, they must take an oath before the Besdin to act conscientiously and to the best of their knowledge. When one of the tax-payers dies during the first year, his heirs must pay the taxes during the three following years, the same as if he were alive. When any one removes to Jerusalem, he is regarded as dead.

The "aricha," which affected only the rich, has latterly been abolished through the influence of one of the richest members. Those who were known to possess only 10,000 piastres, were exempt from the aricha.



We do not know in what way any deficit in the revenue is now made up. Is it by increasing the tax on articles of consumption, which is always so oppressive to the poor?

With regard to the benevolent institutions, we may briefly remark that the community is without a hospital, though the Sultan, several years ago, presented to them and the Karaites a very beautiful site for the erection of a hospital. A considerable tax was imposed upon the community, and yet it led to nothing but the erection of four walls, which will soon be converted into modern ruins. The Karaites, on the other hand, completed theirs, which is in a thriving condition, and a great blessing. The Sultan, fully expecting that the hospital would be erected, set aside 150 oka of meat for its daily use. The community receives the money and distributes it among the poor at the Passover and the Feast of Tabernacles.

Sick paupers are visited in each of the suburbs inhabited by Jews, by a medical man hired for that purpose, and receive medicine gratuitously. When they are destitute of blankets and linen, the Chacham of the district gives intimation of this to the president of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, who immediately supplies all that is required. The Ladies' Society provides dowries for poor girls when they are married, supports women when confined, pays for nurses when the mothers cannot nurse their children, and if a mother dies, they undertake the education of the child. The Society provides employment for poor women, and

usually employs them in spinning thread. In order to cover these expenses, the ladies of the society collect money at the marriage festivals of the rich, or on other festive occasions, and during their so-called visits, when ten or twelve of them invite themselves to the house of one of their friends and spend the day with her.

Every Friday night, two men, hired for that purpose, the one a Jew, the other a Mohammedan, visit the houses of the poor, which contain sick persons, often three or four times every night, to ask if they require fire, or wish the lamp to be extinguished.

During the earlier period of the Byzantine empire, the Jews already possessed a synagogue, on the Place of the Coppersmith, a hand-craft practised by themselves. The foundation of it was laid during the reign of Constantine, and it stood for 132 years. When the Jews were expelled, during the reign of Theodosius the Great, their synagogue was converted into a church dedicated to the Virgin, in the same way as the synagogue at Vienna was converted into a church, dedicated to St. Leopold, on a similar occasion.

The Sephardim have at least four synagogues; they are not supported by the community, but by the voluntary offerings of the members, who reside in the district where the synagogue is situated. I saw several of them; they are all in the form of an oblong square, are lofty, and lighted by side windows. There is a certain display of luxury in the synagogue, "Achrida," founded by Menachem Parchi and Ezra Hakohen, in the year 5469; the walls are covered with

paintings, representing palaces with landscapes. The *almemer* is in the form of a ship, with the wooden work, as well as the doors, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Over the *almemer* is a golden star and crescent.

According to a red marble slab, which has just been discovered beneath some old rubbish, the synagogue "Jambul" was founded by Jacob Jarsch, who was probably from Jambul, in honour of his deceased father, in the year 5469.

The synagogue "Alemanos," which is 200 years old, is built of wood, while the Kolel "Major" one is of stone. I visited these five synagogues, together with the German and Polish ones in Galata. The two last are in no respect different from ours in the west.

In all that concerns the synagogues, we shall confine ourselves to those of the Oriental Jews, regarding which we have received information, beginning with the "Ezchajim." The synagogue Ezchajim is very ancient. No one knows when it was founded. When it had fallen into a ruinous condition, and the community wished to restore it, they could not obtain permission from the authorities. It then was brought about by a singular accident, that the Sultan took especial delight in the feats of a Jewish juggler, who had the boldness to beseech him to allow the synagogue to be restored. The Sultan granted his request; but the presidents of the community, Mr. Sabatai Lewi, Mr. Chajim Alancua, and Mr. Baruch Hakohen, laughed at the juggler, when he brought them the news. But when he swore by the Lord God that he spoke the truth, they went to

the Supreme Porte, and received the joyful intelligence that they might build.

The Turkish engineers soon came and measured the ground, as the new synagogue was not to be built one inch larger or smaller than the old one. The Jews began to build, and exceeded the allotted space; then the engineers suddenly appeared again on a Sabbath; but this time they were accompanied by soldiers. That basest of men, an informer, in order to ingratiate himself with the Government, had betrayed the Jews, who were now clearly in the wrong. The soldiers destroyed the building, and carried off the presidents of the community, and cast them into a dank, dark dungeon.

Some days after this, the juggler again exhibited his skill in the presence of the Sultan, and when he had put him into good humour, he related to him the sad occurrence. The Sultan at once ordered the presidents to be set at liberty, and the building to be erected without hindrance, according to a plan which the Jews themselves submitted to him. The synagogue was consecrated in the year 5586, during the reign of Sultan Mahmud. The name of the juggler has been preserved in grateful remembrance; he was called Jussuf di Leon, but was known also as Ukabas, and his name is solemnly mentioned in the synagogue Ez-chajim, on the night before the day of atonement, with those of the men who are esteemed worthy of eternal remembrance.

A synagogue was erected for the community of the



In the year 5586, two pious men, Jischak Halewi and Rafael Cordovero, commenced the erection of a synagogue in Dackchamami, near the suburb Kusghundschik. As these two men, however, dared not hope to obtain a firman for such a building, they pretended to build a kiosk near the house of Jischak Halewi. When the object of the building was betrayed, one day certain officers of the Government made their appearance, destroyed it, and threw the two men into prison; 6,000 piastres had to be paid before they were set at liberty. Their pious but imprudent feelings did not allow them to stop short; after four years, they began again to build, without permission. A noble apartment was completed, and the officers of Government again made their appearance; but it could not be proved that the apartment was intended for a place of worship.

After some months, Mr. Jischak Halewi fell ill, and ordered himself to be carried to the newly-built apartment, where he soon after died.

Then, the Jewish custom, which enjoins prayers to be offered up during the period of mourning in the apartment where a person dies, was observed in this case; and since that time to the present day, the room has been consecrated to divine service.

A few years before, the building, which was falling into decay, was restored by the pious and wealthy Benzonana.

There are other two synagogues, which have no traditions of special interest connected with them, or,

at least, they were not brought under my notice. In the suburb Kuru Tscheschme, one was built by that "distinguished" man Jizchak Chatim, in the year 5600, and another in the suburb Arnaudkoi, by Samuel de Trevis, in the year 5604.

I betook myself one Sabbath to the synagogue Bene Hamikra, which belongs to the Karaites. I had to remove my shoes in the hall at the entrance, which was over-crowded, with young men, praying. When the Karaites enter a holy place, they remove their shoes, because the teacher Moses took off his, on Mount Horeb, when the voice of the Lord called to him from the thorn bush that this was holy ground. In the synagogue, a fine large quadrangular building, sat old men in the Oriental costume, with crossed legs, on green and yellow carpets, along the walls, with groups of boys around many of them, whom they were instructing. The perfect cleanliness of this synagogue formed a pleasing contrast to that of the Sephardim. Everyone wore a *talit*, which, however, cannot be covered by the mantle of prayer, because it is only two spans in breadth, and is worn over the neck, with its two ends hanging down in front over the breast. Blue and white tassels of thread are attached to white cords at the four ends. Everyone, while engaged in prayer, has the white cord, to which they are attached, wound round his little finger. The part of the *talit* on the neck is of different colours, and beautifully embroidered.

When I asked my neighbour why the hall at the entrance was so overcrowded, while the synagogue was

almost empty, he imparted to me a peculiar piece of information :—

“Those without are unclean, because they have come into contact with a dead body which was buried yesterday ; others have defiled themselves in a different way, and have not dared to take a purifying bath, because it is the Sabbath.”

A handsome boy, about twelve years of age, in a green silk caftan, with a red fez and yellow slippers, walked up to the elevated table, covered with a beautiful carpet, which was brought into the middle of the synagogue. He fell down on his knees, and, like a Mussulman at prayer, touched the pavement with his forehead, then stood up, and sung, with a beautiful, clear voice, a song of praise to God ; the congregation sang the concluding verse as a chorus. The boy sang a similar song between the customary bending of the knees and the head, after the *thora*—a book of parchment—there are no rolls among the Karaites—was read.

“A song of praise from the lips of children,” observed my neighbour, “rises to the Lord of the universe with the sweetest savour.”

After divine service, I wished to see the books of the *thora*, which are kept in the holy ark towards the east, but I was informed that this is not allowed on the Sabbath ; none would dare to take out any other book but that, from which the lesson for the week is read. The principal members of the congregation—the same honour was conferred on me, as a stranger—entered



the chamber of a mourner; the rest of the men remained at the entrance and before the door, notwithstanding a heavy shower of rain. We sat on low divans, extending along the walls, the Chacham and two teachers, in the middle of the room, before a small table; opposite to them were twelve boys, to whom one of the teachers explained the *parascha* of the day, in Hebrew, while the other translated a chapter of the prophet Hosea into Turkish. After this, a psalm was sung by all who were present, and a consolatory address to the mourning master of the house delivered by the Chacham.

After the discourse, which I scarcely understood, but which moved all to tears and cries of sorrow, a servant handed round a large silver bowl full of roasted ground coffee, with a large intermixture of sugar. Everyone of those who were present filled a spoon with dry coffee, and ate it without touching the lips with a spoon. Another servant then supplied everyone with a glass of water.

The Karaites abstain from everything warm on the Sabbath, as they are prohibited from kindling a fire in their houses, even as a matter of faith, and because, adhering strictly to the words of the Bible, they do not seethe a lamb in the milk of its mother; they apply the same rules to fowls, &c. They neither eat nor drink in the company of Jews. A Chacham said to me quite confidentially:—

“It is a great misfortune that the Jews dare not eat with the Mohammedans and Christians, and with those—

who belong to other religions. All persecution should have an end, and men should love one another as brothers. I have been informed that the Jews in England, France, and Germany have received a great deal of freedom in consequence of their eating with Christians. But it is better before God to be oppressed and to be miserable. Before Him we shall be free for ever, and stay here only for a short time. Messiah must soon come."

The number of the Karaites in Constantinople amounts to about fifty families, with from 200 to 250 souls. They were formerly united to the Sephardisch Jews, at least so far as regards taxes and the *gabala*.

An ancient burying-place is situated on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, near Kusghundschik, to which we have alluded on our journey to Külöli. It is overcrowded with graves and tombstones, because the belief is prevalent that those who are buried in Asia, the quarter of the globe in which the Holy Land is situated, rise immediately from their graves on the day of the last judgment. Those who are buried out of Palestine, or at least out of Asia, have to break through the rocky ribs of the earth, by the path of torment, before they reach the sacred land of their fathers.

He that has resolved to go to Jerusalem as a pilgrim, or to die there, and has been prevented from carrying his pious intentions into execution, must be buried in the soil of Asia.

With this burying-place is connected the story of a bloody head. The Pasha of Bagdad rose in rebellion

against the Sultan. He shut himself up in his territories, and caused a rigid search to be made for every stranger, because he was afraid that a firman, pronouncing sentence of death against him, might be introduced. The Sultan, being involved in a foreign war, had no forces to despatch against the rebellious Pasha, who wished to become independent. In order to reach him, therefore, he was obliged to have recourse to a stratagem. Thair Pasha was despatched, and ordered not to return without bringing the head of the rebel along with him. Before entering the territories of the Pasha, he bought a load of water-melons, one of which he skilfully divided, scooped out its contents, and concealed the firman in the cavity. Thus he arrived at the city as a poor seller of melons, and watched for an opportunity to approach the Pasha, and deliver the firman to him in the presence of the Court.

At this time a Jew, of the name of Jecheskiel Gabai was living at Bagdad, and held the office of banker to the Pasha. He was a man of learning, an able linguist, a skilful diplomatist, and—a traitor. Thair Pasha contrived to make his acquaintance, and after he had described the pleasures of Constantinople, the Sultan's Court, and the facilities which it afforded for attaining to a high rank, the ambitious Jew asked in what way this could be accomplished. Thair Pasha discovered himself, and promised him all kinds of power and splendour, if he could only place the firman in the hands of the Pasha of Bagdad before witnesses. "Nothing can be easier than that," was the base man's answer.

On the following day, at the hour when visits are usually made, Jecheskiel Gabai, dressed more splendidly than usual, and wearing a yatagan, with a sparkling blade of Damascus, entered the divan of the Pasha of Bagdad, who received him graciously. But Jecheskiel Gabai handed over the firman, and struck off the head of his benefactor.

All right-thinking people must feel that such a horrible deed deserves to be avenged. The executioner proceeds to Constantinople, and the promises made to him, as the reward of his crime, are exceeded by the riches and splendour that are heaped upon him. His power, his influence are immense; one word from him is enough to make a slave a pasha, or a pasha a corpse. When the Jews are oppressed by the government officials, and this brought under the notice of Jecheskiel Gabai, they are at once deposed or executed. His influence is only equalled by his wealth, which at length excites the avarice of Sultan Mahmud. As he is afraid to seize him in the capital, which is devoted to his interests, he banishes him to Adalja. His eldest son, Schalom, follows him.

On the third day after his arrival at Adalja, the Pasha sends for him, and shews him the Sultan's order for his execution. His head is struck off, on the stairs of the palace, in presence of his son, who is cast into prison.

The decapitated head was brought to the Sultan in a silver dish, and publicly exposed during two days, at the end of which the Jews bought it for a large sum of money, and buried it at Kusghundschik.

After some years, the son was set at liberty, but nothing was left of his father's wealth, and he died in poverty. A descendant of the all-powerful and wealthy Jecheskiel Gabai is now a beadle, in the employment of the community, at Constantinople.

The descendants of Carmona, distinguished for his talent and his irreproachable character, who was assassinated, in the same way, on account of his wealth, are more fortunate. They receive an annual pension of 3,000 piastres from Abdul Medschid.

There is another burying-place in the suburb Ortakoi, which, unlike that at Kusghundschik, has no bloody story connected with it. Among the thousands, who are buried here, may be mentioned the celebrated Rabbi, Chajim Alfanderi, author of the well-known work "Eschdad." Here rests also the Raf Naphtali Cohen, Head Rabbi of Frankfort, who died on the way to Jerusalem. He built, and gave the name of Aschkenasisch to a Bessemederesch, near the synagogue, at Ortakoi, and, before his death, gave orders that he should be buried in its vicinity, otherwise, as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, he would have been buried at Kusghundschik. As there are no Aschkenasim at Constantinople, the community afterwards wished to introduce the Sephardisch ritual into the Aschkenasisch Bessemederesch. The leader of their devotions died immediately after the first prayer, which he chaunted in the Sephardisch fashion; which the community regard as a punishment, for having acted contrary to the wishes of the founder.

There is a place called Igrikapi in the suburb of Balat, which contains the oldest Jewish burying-place at Constantinople, which has not been used for a long time, on account of its being distant and overcrowded. The celebrated Raf Capsali, and Eliau Misrachim, who enjoyed such a high reputation that the Sultan Suleiman appointed him judge of the Jews and Turks, are interred here. The latter enriched Rabbinical lore by his work "Reem," and by a commentary on the Raschi. There is a large circle in this burying-place, which is surrounded by large, moss-covered stones, in which, tradition tells us, "those murdered by the Sultan" are interred. Here, as elsewhere, the shadows of legends and traditions are playing around the tombstones. One tombstone, with four pillars at the corners, occupies such a position that they rise into the air, like the feet of a dish that has been overturned. This stone has often been raised and secured firmly in its place. Next morning has always found it overturned. No one knows who is buried beneath. The tombstone of a pious Rabbi exhibits, on the white marble, the impression of two hands, as if they had been pressed on white clay. The stone bears the name "la piedra de los Malachim," the stone of the angels, who raise him up, when the Rabbi wishes to rise to God, and let him sink down again, when he returns to his grave.

## CHAPTER VI.

Superstitions of the Oriental Jews—A Spirit Feast—The Brusche—The Transformed Child—"Thou for me, I for thee"—"Chalebi"—Anathema against the "Chalebi"—A Tale of Mystery—Visit to the Head Rabbi—His Appearance—Conversation with Him—Education Among the Jews—Humanity of the Turkish Government Toward the Jews—Easter Bread—A Christian who Wishes to Become a Jew—His Strange History—The Allied Forces and the Turkish Dogs—A Jewish Husband Falls in Love with his own Wife—Friday Evening among the Jews—A Jewish School—The Palace of Belisarius—A Colony of Jewish Beggars—A Jewish Beauty—A Jewish Family of Musicians—A Jewish Song—Brussa—The Earthquake of 1855—Sufferings of the Jews—Condition of the Jews at Brussa—Their Synagogues and Office-Bearers—The Jews of Salonica—Their Origin—State of Education amongst them—Their Ignorance of the Turkish Language—Insecurity of Property—Early Marriages among the Jews—Jewish Women—Agriculture Neglected—The Cause of this Neglect—Synagogues—Krypto-Hebrews—Their Peculiar Rites—Foreign Jews—Election of Rabbis—Rabbinical Courts—Jewish Population of Salonica—Learned Jews at Salonica—Difference Between the Jews and other Turkish Subjects—State of Civilization—Conclusion.

**WE** are about to enter a realm of mysteries, in which spirits and demons, that delight in hovering around

graves, spend the night like shadows, and enter into strange communion with men.

Superstition marks the different steps in the progress of civilization among a people; points out the delusive paths into which the imagination is led by its connection with their religion and their manners; and expresses that longing which all men feel for another—an eternal world. A spectre is often the outward expression of the inward conscience of the people; the terror excited by supernatural tales is the reflex act of the soul, caused by the moral repugnance which it feels to a bloody deed. He that knows the superstitions, the legends, and the traditions of a people, knows more about them than the most industrious collector of dry records. We shall give some account of the opinions prevalent among the Oriental Jews with regard to spirits.

#### A SPIRIT FEAST.

Spirits are propagated in the same way as men; they delight in forming alliances with the women of this earth, and it is not an unusual thing for a young man to marry a female spirit. The celebrated cabalist, Jehuda Bivas, of Corfu, explained that the Schedim, the evil spirits, have no power in the West, especially in the towns where a king dwells. In the East they have power only over those who summon them.

There are times when spirits require a house to celebrate a marriage, or perhaps a feast. They give notice of this to the occupants of the house, which they usually select in solitary places, by causing stones to be



hurled against it by invisible hands, and by making the walls wet. The dishes are swept away from the people while they are eating, and the wine in the glasses begins to be agitated, till at length it flows over. On the Sabbath, little stones fall into the oil in the lamps, so that they burn badly. The eggs, which are to be fried for breakfast, are found beneath the sleeping cat, or beneath a bitch, as if they wished to hatch them.

It once happened that a man obstinately persisted in refusing the use of his house to these mysterious guests. One day, it was observed, he fell down suddenly, and lay in such a way as to produce the impression that he was preparing himself beforehand for the bastinadoing in store for him; then he began to roar dreadfully, and to exclaim against the fearfully painful blows which he received; he was pricked also with knives, and yet no blood followed, and no injury was inflicted on his health. He was now convinced that he must offer no resistance, and caused the whole of his house to be swept clean, and all the vessels to be scoured white, because spirits, when they do not find a house prepared for their feasts in this way, do a great deal of damage, but leave everything uninjured, if they are welcomed with order and cleanliness.

When men happen to pass such a house late at night, and alone, they hear a strange music—the rapid tread of dancers—a wonderful kind of music—and laughter, that resembles the screaming of cats.

#### THE BRUSCHE.

The brusche appears under the form of a well-known

old woman; she throws earth from graves into the ears of mothers, who become deaf; then she takes the child from the mother, strangles it, and lays it back on her breast again.

Once, a brusche was caught in the very act; the husband of the woman, who was confined, seized her by the hair, and ordered the oven to be heated, intending to throw her in. She cried, and swore that she would never attempt again to do any harm to his family. While he held her fast, she appeared to him sometimes like a besom; sometimes like a pitcher; and sometimes like a cat. When the oven was glowing hot, and he grasped her more firmly with the intention of burning her alive, she swore by the sacred name of God, that she would never again injure any man on earth; he believed this oath, and released her, and she has kept the oath.

The brusche follows an irresistible impulse, and she can only be cured by fishing a sharp pebble from a well, and rubbing her teeth with it till they are blunt, and the flesh round them pale, from the loss of blood, like that of a corpse.

#### THE TRANSFORMED CHILD.

At a late hour at night, a pious Rabbi sat by the glimmering light of a lamp, deeply buried in his Talmudic researches. In the same room lay his young and beautiful wife, asleep, and holding in her arms a ruddy, healthy child. At times the Rabbi looked up from his folios, and gazed upon the group which constituted all

his happiness, and listened to the low breathing of those who were the only objects of his affection; then he would plunge again into the deep stream of thought, and his intellect was overflowed with its secret intoxication.

Suddenly, he heard something like a crash of thunder, which made his very soul quake, and along with the peal of thunder he saw a flaming rod, which flashed for a moment, and then disappeared. Though the peal of thunder filled him with terror, the appearance of the light filled him with mingled feelings of joy and surprise.

A short time elapsed after the peal had ceased, and the burning rod been extinguished, and the Rabbi was still listening, motionless, to see whether the same thing would be repeated. As all remained quiet, he rose up to look at his wife and child, and there a horrible sight struck his view. In the arms of the sleeping mother lay the child, also asleep, but its ruddy, blooming cheeks were sunken, its beautifully-formed brow was pushed back, its mouth was distended, and its expression repulsive, as it had more the appearance of an ugly dog than of a human being.

The Rabbi, beside himself, awoke his wife; and when she opened her eyes and saw the monster in her arms, she gave a fearful shriek and cast it from her.

The following morning the Rabbi buried his child, which died the same night without uttering a sound.

“THOU FOR ME; I FOR THEE.”

In the suburb of Chasköi there lived a poor girl, of

fourteen years of age, who supported herself by weaving and dyeing head-dresses.

A year had elapsed since her betrothal, and she worked all the more diligently, so as to have something to spare for her *trousseau*.

One night, she awoke; the moon was shining so brightly that she thought it must be day. She jumped out of bed and hastened to the shore of the Bosphorus to wash the cloth which she had already woven, so as to prepare it for being dyed.

While she was busily engaged, all at once a beautiful youth stood beside her, who had approached without being perceived. He asked, with a soft, insinuating voice :—

“What art thou doing here at this hour?”

The girl now observed, what had escaped her notice before, that it was not day, and that the light of the moon had deceived her.

Still continuing her labour, she answered :—

“I am a maker of head-dresses, and I am now washing them before I dye them.”

The youth dropped two English pieces of gold at her feet, and disappeared before the girl could say anything, she knew not where. The following night, deceived by the light of the moon, she returned to the shore of the Bosphorus, and there remembered, for the first time, the incident of the previous night, when she saw the youth appear and disappear. He seemed to be waiting for her, for, as she drew near, he advanced to meet her, and placed golden bracelets on her finely-moulded arms, and said :—

“Thou for me; I for thee.”

The girl was very much startled, and when she was about to speak to the youth, he had again disappeared.

Several months passed away; the girl was busy weaving and dyeing head-dresses. When she was sweeping the room in which she lived, she happened to find an English piece of gold, of the same coinage as those which the youth had given her in the clear moonlight, and from that time she could only think of him and his strange words:—

“Thou for me, I for thee.”

With the gold she gradually provided the whole of her handsome *trousseau*.

The beautiful youth did not appear again, though she often went by night to the shore of the Bosphorus. One day he suddenly entered her apartment, and offered her flour, in a silver dish, to bake sweet cakes for him. She said:—

“I will do whatever my lord commands his slave to do.”

She began immediately to pour wine on the flour, to mix it with eggs and sugar, and to knead the dough. She did not observe that the youth had disappeared; but, when the cakes were fired and quite ready for use, he stood before her again, as if he had never left her.

The day of the betrothed girl's marriage at length arrived, and, as is usual on such occasions, before the wedding night, her relations carried a nicely-painted wooden box, containing the *trousseau* of the bride, to the house of the bridegroom. When the marriage feast

was ended, she went to the trunk to change her clothes ; she found it quite empty. On this her relations made a great lamentation, and the bridegroom wept. But the young wife comforted them all by saying :—

“He will give me some more pieces of gold to enable me to buy new clothes.”

All cried out in astonishment—

“Who ? ”

“He,” she quietly answered.

While all, suspecting that something must be wrong, were pressing her to say who “He” might be, she answered in the unintelligible words :—

“Thou for me, I for thee.”

The relations hurried immediately to the Besdin, and submitted this very curious case to the Rabbis. The latter perceived at once that a demon had chosen the girl for his wife, and separated the newly-married pair on the day of their marriage.

#### CHALEBI.

Chalebi is the old traditional head-dress of the Jewish women ; its ugliness is only equalled by the difficulty of describing it. Imagine a ball of linen rags, about the size of an ostrich's egg, tightly compressed, and placed on the crown of the head of the woman who is about to be adorned with the Chalebi. Then a female attendant holds this ball in its place, while another winds a shawl over it in curious folds. Thus the Chalebi rises aloft like a tower, and carefully conceals the hair of the wearer ; it not only detracts from the personal appear-

ance of those who wear it, but also exposes them to the derision of the Mohammedans, by shewing that they are Jewesses.

Redschid Pasha signified, when the Chacham of Nischan paid him his official visit, that it would be agreeable to him if the women reformed their style of dress, and laid aside the Chalebi. On this the Chacham Baschi ordered the Chalebi to be prohibited in the synagogues. The old women shed tears, and lamented, as if they were about to lose a favourite child, and persisted in wearing the Chalebi. Then the Chacham Baschi gave forth an anathema against it, and the souls of the old women were overwhelmed with a feeling of profound sorrow, as they saw in this innovation the pre-sage of the ruin and decay of the sacred Jewish religion, in the same way as the old Polish Jews, when the young men laid aside the long black caftan, and impiously cropped their long unshorn locks.

But there is a tale of mystery connected with the Chalebi.

Soon after the anathema had been hurled at the heads of the aged women, one night, a female, concealed by a grey veil, made her appearance at a place of embarkation on the Bosphorus, and stepped into a caïque. When the boatman asked her where he should row, her answer was "Row on." Having arrived at a landing-place, he ceased rowing, and asked her if she would land. "Row on" was her only answer, and this occurred several times. It struck the boatman that his boat passed through the water as lightly as if there had

been no one in it. At length they arrived at the landing-place at Chasköi, where most of the Jews reside. The woman with the grey veil stepped from the caïque to the land, and said to the boatman:—

“Know that I am the cholera, and that I have come to punish the Jews, because their women have laid aside the Chalebi.”

Then followed a fearful outbreak of cholera at Chasköi.

One morning, in company with Mr. Benoit Brunswig, I found my way to Artakoi, with the intention of waiting upon the Head Rabbi of the Turkish empire, to whom I was already in some measure known through my “kol mebasser.”

A servant conducted us into a spacious apartment, and invited us to await the arrival of his master. Three Jews, in the Oriental costume, and a man dressed in the French style, entered along with us.

The Chacham Baschi, a venerable old man, with snow-white hair and white, bushy eyebrows, wearing a white *talare* and a silk turban of different colours, entered the room, preceded by two servants, and seated himself in the corner of the divan. He motioned us to be seated at his left hand, and then saluted us with a silent movement of the hand. A servant brought preserved fruits, and, as it was the feast of Easter, after the usual inclination of the body before the master of the house, we had to express the wish, “moadim bessimcha,” “a happy feast.”

After this brief prayer, uttered half aloud, we



partook of what was offered to us. Another servant brought water in silver cups; a third, coffee; a fourth, the *chibouque*.

At length the ceremony of reception was concluded, and the Chacham addressed me.

"You come from the capital of the German Sultan, whom may God and His hosts protect."

"I come to pay my respects to you, and to beseech you to support my undertaking at Jerusalem, if such is your pleasure."

"It is my duty to do so. You have heard what our powerful Sultan, whom may God and His Hosts protect, has done for us Jews! We are no longer the oppressed and despised ones of the earth. But it is his desire that we should be civilized; he has ordered schools to be established, and we will prove our gratitude by obedience. It is a proof of God's love, that He has given you grace to proceed to the holy city, and to establish a school. I and my pious colleague will use our influence in your behalf, and in behalf of the object which you are about to accomplish in the name of a 'great' lady. My secretary will have the honour of delivering the letters to you."

"What effect, '*su mercet*,' 'your grace,' did the proclamation of the Hat Humayoum produce upon the Jewish population of the Turkish empire? We, in the West, have twice experienced the same favour; in the year 1782, and at Purim, the feast of deliverance, in the year 1849."

"I have learned that you, in the West, understand

better what is meant by exemption from slavery, and the equality of all men, without distinction of religion. The Jews of the East must first learn this, and then begin to extend their knowledge. When the great law was passed, believers rejoiced that the stigma was removed from the servants of the true and only God ; and unbelievers rejoiced, because all restraint was withdrawn, and they were left to the freedom of their own wills. But there are many who believe that the holy ordinances of religion are endangered by it, and fear that it may sink into decay, and lose all its *eclat*, as among the Franks. But the chief ground of their apprehension arises from the Jews being now obliged to serve in the army. The descendants of the heroes of God, and of the Maccabees, are not afraid to meet death in the battle-field ; but they know that, as soldiers, they must violate many of the precepts of our holy faith."

Mr. Brunswig observed that the Turkish Government is extremely humane, as they have appointed a butcher for the special use of the sixteen Jewish students, who have been admitted into the medical school, so as that none of the regulations regarding different kinds of food may be violated. A Chacham resides with the young men, and directs their religious services. The son of the Chacham Chajim has already completed his studies at this school, and has now received the appointment of hospital surgeon at Aleppo, with an annual salary of 24,000 piastres.

The Chacham Baschi replied :—

"May God bless the Sultan, our all-powerful Lord. May the Lord preserve the crown to his descendants for ever. All kinds of golden fruit are ripening under his mild reign. And now the lustre of our religion will be conspicuous for the first time, because every man will do willingly what the world has hitherto compelled him to do."

The Chacham Baschi closed the conversation by shutting his eyes and saying to himself:—

"Schema Jisrael, Adonai elohenu, Adonai echad."  
—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God."

The three men who had entered with us, and had stood respectfully at the door of the room listening to the conversation, uttered, at the same time, "Amen."

The Chacham Baschi signed to them to advance, and asked them what was their pleasure.

They approached and kissed the hem of his robe. After that, each of them drew from his caftan an Easter loaf, and the eldest spoke, while all of them held out the bread.

"Your Grace, is it your desire that the poor of the community should be poisoned? Do our rich brethren, then, find us too numerous? Are we the sons of dogs, that they should throw us mouldy bread, which brings sickness to our children, and death to our old men?"

The Chacham Baschi took the bread which they held out to him, examined it, and said, "Your complaint is just. The bread is bad. The number of the poor is great, and we must therefore begin to bake the Easter bread at an early period. Our magazines are

damp, and the bread gets mouldy. I will introduce another regulation, as the present only serves to enrich the bakers, but I can give you no other assistance."

"Help us, your Grace ; we are starving with hunger."

"I can relieve you three, but not all. I will share my bread with you."

He ordered one of the servants, whom he summoned by clapping his hands, to supply the three men with as much Easter bread as they would require during the two last days of the feast.

The man dressed in the Jewish style, who was seated beside us on the divan, now requested permission to speak.

"Speak, we are brothers."

He began to give an account of his strange and singular life.

"I am a Spaniard by birth. My parents treated me with the greatest affection and care. My father, who was a mason, caused me to be instructed in the usual branches of learning, and especially in mathematics and arithmetic, as he wished that I should be of the same trade as himself. I had to accompany him regularly every Sunday to church, but he never asked me to pray, and though he shewed no opposition, it seemed to him a matter of indifference what I learned from the teachers of Christianity. He sought every opportunity to impress my mind with the belief of a God, and, above all, to teach me this primary principle, that all men, who are moral and upright, have an equal claim to the affection of their fellow-men, though they

may differ from them in matters of faith. 'Men,' he used to say, 'should strive to imitate God in this respect.' When I had grown a strong, vigorous lad, he took me with him every day to the place where he was employed in building; and, profiting by his instructions, I soon mastered his trade.

"I loved my parents, especially my excellent mother, with a feeling of devotion that bordered on enthusiasm. There was a particular day, once every year, which my father spent at home in fasting and prayer. On this day, he sought to avoid all sort of conversation; and all my childish caresses, in which he delighted at other times, were repulsed with sternness. When I had reached my twentieth year, and was now a skilful workman, this day arrived. He spent it in the usual way, and invited me the following morning, as we were both proceeding to our work with apron and trowel, to accompany him to a solitary place near the city. We walked together in silence, till we reached a shady tree, beneath which my father stopped; I followed his example.

"He thus addressed me, in a voice of deep emotion. 'My dear son, I am about to impart to you an important secret. Collect yourself, and listen to me in silence. It will pierce your heart, and rob me of your affection, my only joy in life. I and your mother, whom you honour with filial reverence, are not your parents. You are the son of a Jew.'

"He stopped short; a violent struggle seemed to be going on in his breast, and my heart ceased to beat.

‘Listen, my dear friend, for you are still dear to me, though perhaps you will hate me when I proceed with what I must relate to you in order to save my immortal soul. I knew your father, I honoured him as my benefactor and my friend. He professed to be a Christian; I was the only one who knew that he offered up his prayers daily in a secret cellar in his house, after the manner of his fathers. I one day discovered this by accident, but he was not afraid; he merely said, “I know you are my friend.”

“We lived in houses quite close to one another; one day I sat with him at table, as frequently happened, and as the fiery wine of the country mingled with my hot blood, a violent quarrel arose between us. He, who never indulged in any excess, remained cool, and called me in mockery a drunken Christian. I dashed the glass to pieces, so that the red wine flowed over the white cover of the table, sprang to my feet, and, goaded on by a devilish impulse, rushed into the darkness of the night.

“Towards morning, the officers of justice came and arrested your father and mother. It was I who betrayed my benefactor; and being overwhelmed already with remorse and despair, I had not the courage to witness their arrest. The officers withdrew, with your parents, but afterwards returned, and carried off all their wealth.

“You would have shared the fate of your parents, but you happened to be asleep in your cradle, in a dark corner of the room, and escaped their notice. I knew

the dark passages, which led from your father's house to mine. I passed through it with faltering step, like a midnight thief, lifted you from your cradle, without waking you, and carried you to my house.

"I said to my faithful wife, 'I undertake to bring up one who shall be the avenger of my deed.'"

"My father could not proceed farther, he threw himself on his face, and clutched the ground with his fingers.

"I felt as if I should die, and after a long pause I ventured to inquire, in broken language, what was the fate of my parents. In my soul I believe there was a deeper feeling of pain for those whom I esteemed to be my parents, than for those to whom I owed my birth.

"The man started up from the ground, drew a dagger from his girdle, and cried, 'Kill me, since it was through me that they died miserably in prison, betrayed by their friend, robbed by the betrayer of their child, their dearest object on earth. Kill me, and rescue my soul from the pains of hell. I wish to expiate my deed, which God has cursed, but which the church praised and wished to reward. Woe is me!'

"I hurled the dagger from me, and tried to comfort him with words of love. I told him that if he had sinned against my parents, he had loaded me with all the benefits of existence. There was only one thing that I could not understand—why he should entrust me with a secret that could only make us both miserable.

"Have I not robbed you of your earthly father?

Shall I also rob you of your heavenly one, Jehovah, the God of your fathers?’

“When I told him that I did not understand him, he thus sorrowfully addressed me:—

“‘You do not understand me? You must leave this country, and be a Jew again, as your fathers were. Otherwise, I shall have robbed your parents, not only of their child’s affection, but also of his soul, for all eternity.’

“Illustrious Rabbi! I will no longer trespass on your patience and that of your guests. I tore myself with the deepest sorrow from my foster-parents, and travelled across the Pyrenees to France, and earned for myself—for I would accept nothing from my poor parents—in the different towns which I visited, enough to support myself, and to enable me to extend my travels. I ask for no alms, illustrious Rabbi. My hands are strong, my heart is sound. I wish to become a Jew.”

Overpowered with inward emotion, he had already risen to his feet, and now approached the venerable Chacham, and knelt down before him and kissed his hand. The Chacham raised him from the ground, and, as he stood up himself, his lofty figure and his noble countenance, furrowed with thought, made him look like the prophet Moses, when inspired, as he said:—

“I shall assemble the Besdin to-morrow.”

One day, I was invited by Mr. Brunswig, the director and teacher of the admirable school which Mr.



Albert Cohen has established at Constantinople, to his house at Chasköi.

We visited several synagogues, and returned to the house at a late hour. A medical student, a Turk, and Mr. Brunswig's sabbath assistant, walked before us with a paper-lantern, which not only served to shew us the way, but also to keep off the numerous wild dogs that swarm in the streets. Their number was diminished by several thousands during the late war, when the English and French soldiers frequently passed through, or were stationed in the metropolis. The Turks are very much displeased at this unsalaried sanatory police having been decimated. The dogs perform the same office in the streets of Constantinople, as the dolphins in the Bosphorus. What a parody upon the race of dolphins, one of which bore the poet Arion over the waves!

We sat down to supper. I had requested my amiable host to treat me to a strictly Oriental meal, which was prepared by his grey-headed porter, Matathas, with the aid of his wife, Maseltof, which means, good luck. The old woman had the courage still to wear the proscribed Chalebi on her head in this solitary house, and, at the kind request of her master, she unrolled it before my eyes, and thus I mastered all the secret windings and folds of this orthodox head-dress.

"Have you heard, sir, of the remarkable event that occurred yesterday?" she asked Mr. Brunswig.

"No, my good old woman! tell us all about it."

Maseltof was very much flattered at receiving this order from her master, who usually stands on the defensive, when threatened with her silly stories, but permitted her to speak on this occasion, so as to afford me an opportunity of hearing from one of the populace an account of a wonderful event that had just occurred.

“You know, sir, the young, newly-married couple”—she gave their names and address—“both are young and beautiful. God himself must have been pleased with them; but all at once the young wife ceased to please her husband. He signified to the parents of both, his desire to be separated from her, but, as he could assign no reason for his repugnance, their relations agreed that they must remain three months together. One day, before the expiry of this period, the day before yesterday in fact, the sorrowful young wife betook herself, with a female friend, to the bath. While the latter, after the bath, was winding the Chalebi round her head again, something fell from it to the ground. Your friend—you know her, sir, (she repeated her name)—saw at once that a Schet, an evil spirit, who had become enamoured of the young wife, had a hand in the matter, and, by some magic spell, had turned away the heart of her husband. She gave the young wife a little salutary advice, and burned the piece of parchment. When the wife returned home, her husband addressed her in the most endearing terms, and could not understand why his wife appeared to him all of a sudden so beautiful and graceful. To-

morrow they express their joy by a great feast, and you, sir, as I have already learned, will be one of the guests."

We expressed our surprise at this remarkable story, and the good Maseltof was more pleased with the credit we seemed to attach to it, than with the well-merited praise which we bestowed upon her cookery.

While we were eating, and listening to the story, the rising ground on the other side of the valley behind the house, had been lighted up, and looked like a burning mountain. As it was Friday evening, the Jews had lighted thousands of glass lamps, and at times the words of their evening hymn, borne on the wind, reached our ears.

"Schalem aleikum," "welcome, ye angels of the Lord, who enter the house along with the Sabbath." And when we listened, after the conclusion of our meal, we could hear them singing the well-known verses in praise of housewives:—

"A virtuous woman is worth pearls."

Next morning, we paid a visit to Mr. Mosche Fresco, the Chacham Baschi, who provided me with a letter of introduction for Jerusalem, which was of considerable importance, because he represented the institution, which was about to be established, as highly useful and strictly consistent with all the rules of our religion. I devoted the next day to visiting the school, which is under the direction of Mr. Brunswig. I was pleasantly surprised at the order and perfect cleanliness prevalent

throughout, especially at the latter, which one rarely meets with in the East. The boys were skilfully instructed in the usual Hebrew branches of knowledge; they exhibited also considerable knowledge of geography and natural history. Their pronunciation of French was perfect. It is matter of regret that their parents often remove them from school after six months, when they have only learned a little French, and employ them in selling matches in the streets, or in acting as very indifferent interpreters. The system and energy of the director are a sufficient guarantee that they would make considerable progress in knowledge, if they were allowed to remain several years at school. This school, however, may become a nursery of teachers for the East, a subject of the greatest importance. The Oriental Jew has seldom much confidence in his European brother; he respects his learning, but suspects his orthodoxy. Before the European can get access to him, he must change his views, his habits, his manners, and his language.

Those, who are interested in the extension of civilisation and science among the members of the Jewish community in the East, should bestow their attention upon this school at Constantinople, and give it their sympathy and support. It has already proved highly useful—and may it soon become a school in the true sense of the term, from which shall go forth the apostles of enlightenment, of sound morality, and of a pure faith.

We visited, in Chasköi, the ruins known as “the

Palace of Belisarius." It is an extensive building, on a rising ground ; ancient walls, studded here and there with pieces of marble, gigantic arches, supported by cracked columns, and threatening instant destruction, present rather a melancholy appearance. The architraves of an open passage are hanging in such a dangerous position, that no one would venture to pass beneath them. The crumbling walls of the courtyard and corridors form part of the walls of certain dark chambers, which are lighted only by the doors which open into the court. Down below, in subterraneous passages, high above, and on all sides, are situated or suspended hundreds of these domiciles or cells. You reach them by wooden staircases—by a ladder—the fragment of a pillar—or you ascend by a ruinous staircase of marble. The poorest Jewish families in Constantinople have found a place of refuge here, and converted the deserted palace into a rookery.

When we entered the courtyard, all the inhabitants—chiefly wretched women and children—rushed to their doors, and began to beg and to dun us for alms, with piercing cries. We were naturally reminded of the blind warrior, who built this palace centuries ago, and of his misery as he addressed the passers by with "Give an obolus to Belisarius."

Among the women, there was one singularly, strikingly beautiful. While the rest were clinging to our clothes and shrieking for alms, there stood a young woman at the door of her cell, who did not beg ; her lofty figure was dressed in a bright-blue tattered

robe, secured at the waist by a parti-coloured girdle ; her bust, which might have been cut out of marble, was imperfectly covered by a yellow silk chemise ; a piece of yellow cloth, a small stripe of embroidered woollen, was worn over one of her shoulders. Her brownish hair was covered by a white veil, worn like a turban, with the ends, which were spangled in imitation of gold, hanging loosely on each side of the head. Her head belonged to that style of beauty which is marked by sublime repose. She looked as if a statue of this once noble palace had been overlooked, and still stood forth in all its original beauty, with only its drapery slightly injured by the lapse of time. She was the only beautiful woman that I saw in the East. She leaned against the doorpost, and looked at the importunate beggars in stern silence ; she herself, a queen in tatters !

Our attention was attracted by a strange kind of music, proceeding from one of the rooms. We entered, and found ourselves in the house of a family of poor musicians. The room, which served at once as parlour, bed-room, and kitchen, and which was scarcely four yards square, was occupied by an old man, a young wife, and seven children. The husband played the violin, the wife beat a tambourine adorned with bells, a boy tortured a clarinet till it uttered the most piercing shrieks, and the rest of the children sang, at intervals, a long verse, drawled out with a nasal twang.

When we entered, the music suddenly ceased. The poor musician, true to the laws of hospitality, treated us

to coffee, from a tin vessel, with its sides in a state of collapse, which stood on some charcoal in a corner of the room. We seated ourselves on the stones before the door, and offered our host some of our cigarettes, to which his wife and children helped themselves at the same time. I asked the man if he knew any new songs.

“You have come to a king in the realm of song.”

We laughed at this haughty Spanish answer, and ordered him to sing. He sang a song, just out, the production of some unknown poet, the subject of which is the Jews of the place, shewing how they have violated all that is old and highly-prized, have cast aside their piety and their reverence for the Supreme Being, and been rendered apostate and Godless by the Tansimat and Hat Humayoum.

The town of Brussa was destroyed by the last earthquake, which occurred in the year 1855, and reduced the inhabitants to a state of misery. The Jews were the greatest sufferers, and they had recourse to their fellow worshippers at Vienna for assistance. A collection was at once made, and attended with the best results, and when I had resolved on my journey to the East, the pleasant duty of conveying this aid to the sufferers was confided to me.

But I was denied this pleasure, though I could have reached Brussa in two days; my necessary detention there would have made me miss the vessel which was to convey me to Beyroot, and I should have lost a fortnight. It was with a feeling of sorrow that I gave up

all thoughts of witnessing the sight of a great city, suddenly reduced to ruins, and of ascending the lofty Olympus of Asia.

I resolved, however, to take the necessary steps for conveying the money to the Jewish inhabitants of Brussa, without hindrance, and for this purpose called upon Mr. Emanuel Falkeisen, the Austrian consular agent, who is stationed at Brussa, but who was now residing at the village of Kadikoi, his house having been destroyed by the earthquake. I crossed the Bosphorus and landed in a ruinous village. A recent fire had reduced most of the houses to ashes, and it presented a mournful appearance. Mr. Falkeisen undertook the troublesome task of distributing the money, in the most friendly manner, and contrived at the same time to make the contribution from Vienna a permanent blessing, by effecting with part of it the restoration of the institution for the education of the young, which had been destroyed. I received a letter from Mr. Falkeisen to this effect, and another from the presidents of the Jewish community at Brussa, in which, in the strongest language, and with thousands of blessings, they thank "the compassionate, noble Jewish community at Vienna, whose benevolence is celebrated throughout the whole world," for this extraordinary act of kindness; and recognise the able and kind manner in which the Imperial consular agent managed the distribution. The statistics, which I received regarding the Jews at Brussa, may be introduced here. The communication begins with the words "You care for



and inquire about our circumstances, noble sir ! May heaven bestow as large a share of its affection upon you, as you show sympathy for the poor ! There are 376 families of us at Brussa, with a population of 1542 souls. We had three synagogues and a school ; the former are now in ruins, the latter, God Almighty be praised ! is restored by the aid which you have brought. They were called " Kal Kodesch-godel," " Ezchajim," and " Girusch ;" the last was the oldest synagogue ; it was built by our forefathers when expelled from Spain, and received the name of " Girusch " as a memorial of the mournful destiny of the exiled.

" We console ourselves with the destruction of Zion ; what can deserve to stand when Zion is fallen ? It shall be built up again, and shine forth in its former splendour !

" We had 204 houses ; forty-six have been completely destroyed by the earthquake, and 158 so injured, that unless they be immediately repaired, they must fall down.

" Only eight members of our community possess vineyards, which produce the rosy red and white wines, that are celebrated throughout the whole of the East.

" The number of hand-craftsmen is large ; there are 243 masters ; many are employed in spinning and weaving the celebrated silks of Brussa ; many are silk-winders, manufacturers of lace tassels and buttons. A considerable number are tinsmiths, tailors, and shoemakers. A few are merchants, and 133 men earn their bread as porters.

"The community, may God help and bless it! has twelve Chachamim, with Mr. Rafael Jacob Halewi at their head, as Chief Rabbi; and four presidents, whose names are Nissim Samuel Aschkenasi, Jussuf Halewi, Jeschua Hakowen, and Daniel Catalan.

"From the Chachamim are chosen every year five Dajanim, who form the Besdin; two of them are deputies.

"It contains also a president of the Chewra Kadischa, the Burial Society, and it is the duty of two of them, to give secret assistance to those members of the community, who are ashamed to accept of alms openly. Two, collect money for benevolent objects, and for the support of the poor at Jerusalem. Lastly, there are some presidents of the synagogues; altogether their number amounts to fifteen.

"I, Abraham di Schilton, son of Rabbi Elijau Jussuf di Schilton, the slave of his Lord, communicate this to thee, God bless thee!"

Starting with the desire to obtain the fullest information possible regarding the Jews in the East, and to present a complete picture of their social and moral condition, in pursuance of this object, I addressed myself to two physicians, one of whom lives at Aleppo, the other at Salonica.

I was unfortunately disappointed with regard to Aleppo, which rendered the comprehensive communication from Salonica all the more welcome, a communication which is not only valuable in itself, but derives additional importance from the fact that it is not con-

fined to the narrow circle of one town, but contains general observations regarding all the Jews in the East, and proceeds from a native, an Oriental Jew.

By means of Mr. Filek, an *attaché* to the consular agency at Salonica, whose acquaintance I had made during the voyage to Greece, I addressed a series of questions to Dr. Allatini, of Salonica, who, in the most friendly manner, furnished me with the following statement in reply. In compliance with his request, I insert a translation of this communication, which was written in the Italian language.

The Israelites of Salonica are, for the most part, of Spanish descent; they left the land of their birth in the year 1492, the victims of the cruel edict, which proclaimed their expulsion, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Most of them retired to the East; a small number of them settled at Salonica.

Sultan Bajazit, the son of Mehemet, who was reigning at this time, promised them full freedom of worship. Moreover, Jewish families had already taken up their abode at Salonica, in consequence of the security which they enjoyed.

The surest proof of their Spanish descent is the general use of the Spanish language amongst them, which is spoken with an accent peculiar to the Jews, and very much corrupted, as no study is bestowed upon it. Their mode of writing it is still more corrupt, so that it affords them little assistance in commercial affairs. The Jewish youth are not accustomed to any kind of study; the most that the boys

learn is Hebrew, but it also is acquired with a very bad accent, and in such an antiquated way, that most of them learn little else than the mechanical reading of the daily prayers. They only learn as much arithmetic as is indispensably necessary for the management of their affairs. It is an extremely rare case for a Jew to think of reading a book, unless he be an aspirant to the office of Rabbi.

It is all the more to be regretted, that the instruction of the Jewish youth is confined within such narrow limits, not only here, but throughout the whole of the East, inasmuch as the Jews themselves make no effort to master the Turkish language. Thus, they are never in a position to enter into direct communication with the great mass of the population, and are always regarded, in the land of their birth, as a race that is merely tolerated and despised. Scarcely has the young Israelite passed from childhood to youth, than he rushes into the whirlpool of public life. Most of them devote themselves to commerce. Very few of them are mechanics, and the few, that have learned trades, are very bad workmen. Many lounge about idly in the streets, trusting to accident for support, and thus soon lapse into a state of mendicity. When the Jew is endowed with more than ordinary intelligence, he soon contrives, notwithstanding the defects in his early training, to acquire wealth here by his activity in business.

It is a singular circumstance among the trading classes in the East, no matter to what religion they may belong, that fortunes are never transmitted to

families by inheritance. The cause of this deplorable state of things is to be found in the small amount of security which is enjoyed under the Turkish law, and in the despotic government. Individual families are plundered by the great ; and communities by the pashas. Repeated outbreaks of pestilence, and frequent fires, augment the misery of the poor inhabitants. Always when ready to put forth their energies again, they are visited by some fresh disaster.

The charter of the *Gül Hane* has tended in some measure to ameliorate this deplorable state of affairs ; already efforts are made in some Jewish families to secure their property to their future heirs. Still, these cases are so very exceptional, that the majority, who belong to the necessitous classes, live in the same miserable condition as before.

Another circumstance, and perhaps the principal cause why the Levantine Jews are never able to make any certain provision for their children, is to be found in the fact that their children marry at a very early age. Young lads marry at 17 or 18, girls at 13 or 14 years of age. In this way, families are very numerous, and one can easily conceive in what a miserable condition a man often is at his thirtieth year, who must not only support his own family, some 10 or 12 in number, but receive into his house his sons who are already married, but not yet in a position to provide for their wives and children. Oppressed by such heavy cares, the Jewish merchant never enters into any new enterprise, or embarks on a journey ; he

labours merely for the daily sum, that suffices for the wants of his numerous family.

The women are unaccustomed to any kind of intercourse with society, and to every species of labour. Married young, they are too soon overburdened with domestic cares, worn out, often prematurely old and sick. Of late years, women of the poorer class may be seen employed in weaving silk.

The laws of the Turkish empire secure to its Jewish subjects the possession of immovable property, and it may be said with certainty, that every Jewish family is the proprietor of their own house. Yet their dwellings are so crowded together, that their health suffers in consequence, and they have always suffered most during the prevalence of any epidemic.

There are no husbandmen or gardeners amongst them; the reason of this may be, that the Israelites always feel the necessity of living close together, and of not being dispersed over the country.

A solitary village in our province contains the remains of a synagogue and of a Jewish burying-ground, though for years no Jew has been resident in this village. A chronicle relates, that the Jews, terrified by the great oppression to which they were subjected, gradually removed to Salonica. A few years ago, a Jew, who possessed landed property, was not in a position to superintend or to manage it. We hope that it will now be otherwise, but we regard the practice of agriculture by Jews, as difficult, if not impossible.

The Israelites of Salonica use the Spanish ritual in their devotions; they have twenty-seven synagogues, the largest of which bears the name of Talmud Thora. But it must be observed, that there are still two synagogues, which use the Italian and German rituals, and, judging by the date of their erection, these are the oldest.

There are no Karaites, or other sects, but many Krypto Hebrews, followers of Sabatai Zewi; they are named Mimim in the land of "Mamini," because they are professedly attached to Mohammedanism. They form a peculiar caste, and are equally distinct from the Jews and the Turks. They practise openly the rites of Islamism; still, they themselves confess that they form a peculiar sect. The Government does not recognise them as such, and treats them as Mussulmans, and admits them to the enjoyment of the same rights.

This sect again is divided into three different communities, which mutually hate and despise one another, in a manner which it is difficult to account for.

They only intermarry with one another, and each sect with its own members; they never contract marriages with real Mohammedans. The misery of early marriages, to which we have already alluded, is most clearly perceptible among them; the race is visibly dying out; scrofula, rickets, and all kinds of hereditary diseases are prevalent amongst them.

Two of these sects are distinguished by their names; they call themselves Cavaglieros and Cognos, probably after their founders. It is known that one of these

two sects continues to read the Jewish books, but professes great respect for the book of Zoar.

I cannot say much about the peculiar customs of the *Minim*, because they strictly conceal their religious mysteries, and, from fear that they may be surprised into the disclosure of any of them, they abstain from wine to such an extent, that they never drink water from a vessel, when they suspect that it may possibly have contained some spirituous liquor. They never answer any question regarding their circumstances or forms of worship. It is asserted that a *Min*, who, some years ago, had betrayed one of their secrets, was put to death by his sect.

Besides the Jews, who are Turkish subjects, there are many from other lands, who have placed themselves under the protection of their different consuls. The greater number of these foreign Jews are known here by the name of Franks. They differ little in their manners and customs from those born in the country, and only a few families send their children to France or Italy to be educated. There are tutors in some families, but such cases are extremely rare.

All the leading members of the community have a vote in the election of the Rabbis. The oldest and most learned Rabbi, who has given proofs of his religious knowledge, is usually elected. A preference is usually shewn for those, whose forefathers were Rabbis of distinction. When several, from their knowledge and influence, have an equal claim, four or five Head Rabbis



are often chosen, the oldest of whom has the pre-eminence, while the duties of the office are transferred to the one best qualified. The community asks and receives in the name of the eldest, through the Head Rabbi at Constantinople, the right of investiture from the Turkish Porte, in virtue of which the newly-elected Rabbi is recognised as spiritual head of the Israelites at Salonica.

His jurisdiction only extends to the Jews of this city and to the communities of Seres Beolila and Donau Scopia, and, more recently, Larissa, Tricala, and Janina, have been included in it. The authority of the Head Rabbi is very extensive; he has the right to pronounce sentence of punishment on both the soul and the body, if he has given previous intimation to the authorities, who carry it into execution. The Head Rabbi receives no fees from the community; his position, therefore, is not very splendid, so that he cannot support the external dignity of his office. He has no particular voice in the government of the community, but, in compensation, he presides over it and over all the Rabbinical courts of justice, and all difficult and intricate questions must be submitted to him.

There are four Rabbinical courts :—

One for watching over and protecting the interests of widows and orphans.

One for deciding differences in civil and commercial affairs.

One for the management of immovable property; this institution is perfectly useless, as the authorities

alone draw up the title-deeds, and in cases of dispute the decisions of the Rabbis have no effect.

Lastly, one for religious questions and matters of conscience.

Besides these four institutions, there are others of less importance, which attend to the ordinances of religion ; disputes between husband and wife ; the inspection of meat exposed for sale, &c.

Besides these ecclesiastical courts, there is another, composed of five presidents, who are chosen annually, and who transact all kinds of business with the Government, and give counsel on local and general affairs, under the presidency of the Head Rabbi.

There is no book of taxes kept by the Government of the community. The one which is submitted to the Turkish Government is not correct, as the Jews, from their dread of oppression, always conceal their numbers. It cannot therefore be stated with certainty whether there are more or less than 3,500 families, with 16,000 Jewish subjects of Turkey, in Salonica. They have hitherto been looked upon by the Ottoman Government as merely a mass of men from whom a certain tax had to be raised, and for the payment of which the Israelitish community was held responsible.

Every three years, a committee of four or five men is chosen, whose duty it is to regulate the taxes to be levied on the members of the Jewish community, according to their means. If the tax is too high for the means of a family, the complainant must confirm this by an oath ; such a case, however, rarely occurs.

The community levies a tax chiefly on articles of consumption, as meat, wine, and other comestibles; it derives also certain fees from marriages, births, deaths, and legacies. While it takes advantage of these, it tries to levy direct taxes on individuals as little as possible, and the collection of these is always very unpopular.

The poll-tax was formerly levied by the Government, which, in return, paid for the support of the Rabbis, of the different office-bearers, and of the poor and sick. This regulation was a very good one, inasmuch as the office-bearers and *employés* of the community were more independent of it, and treated with greater respect. Still there resulted an immense expenditure, from want of order, and ill-kept books, which could neither be checked nor punished. Since the alteration in the system of expenditure and the abolition of the former regulation, certain individuals represent the mass on whom the taxes are leviable.

There is a fixed tax on immovable property; every proprietor, whether he be a Greek, a Turk, or a Jew, escapes as a landed proprietor, while the Jewish community is responsible to the Government, for the present, and for all future time. This responsibility rests upon a previous liability, which amounted to 50,000 francs. When the system of taxes was changed, the community tried to get this ancient liability examined afresh, and thus to ameliorate their own condition; but this attempt met with little favour, and the community now owes a sum of 100,000 francs to some private individuals.

The feeling of benevolence is active enough. A

great deal is done for the sick and the poor, but yet, even in this, there is a great want of system. The distribution of alms is very unjust, and idleness often meets with a larger amount of support than real helpless poverty.

With regard to learned men at Salonica, without alluding to those of past celebrity, I must mention in terms of laudation Rabbi Ascher Covo, who is now alive. He is a man of irreproachable character, and his biblical and talmudical knowledge is at once profound and extensive. He is surrounded with prudent and learned men, is anxious to introduce new regulations consistent with the requirements of the community, and is supported in his endeavours by another worthy Rabbi, Mr. Abraham Gattegno, who holds the office of president, in the court for widows and orphans.

There is not a single man who cultivates literature or poetry, and it is matter of regret that we possess neither historical works nor chronicles. It is affirmed that there are many documents, as well as manuscripts, scattered about, from which more minute information might be derived; but I have never seen any of them.

After this statement of the circumstances of the Jews at Salonica, it only remains for me to answer a few of your questions:—

Whether the Jews alone have fallen into such moral degradation, and what difference is perceptible between them and the Turkish and Greek communities?

What are the causes that have brought about and still keep them in their present deplorable condition?

What steps are necessary to effect an improvement?

In general, the Turk has not advanced with the spirit of the times more than the Jew. I speak here of the whole nation, and not of isolated individuals; so that, so far as concerns moral progress, there is no perceptible difference between them.

A short time ago, the Greek *raja* was in the same deplorable condition; but the Greek revolution had a beneficial effect on the Christians of the Turkish empire. The proximity of Greece is of the greatest advantage to the young men desirous of learning, who are sent there for their education. The Greeks, scattered over the whole of Europe, have found a central point of union, and support their brethren, who are subject to the Turkish Government. They send money for the erection of schools, they encourage and aid their co-religionists, and, within twenty years, can point to splendid results. The Greeks, born in this country, travel, acquire knowledge in foreign lands, and then introduce improvements at home, erect schools, and thus make progress in civilisation. In point of intellect, the Greek is superior both to the Jew and the Turk.

The chief cause of the miserable condition of the Jews, is to be found in the hostile spirit of the prevalent religion, and the hatred of the Government. There has been a change in this feeling of late years. The recent regulations have been conceived in a generous and liberal spirit; still, there will be great

negligence in carrying them into execution, as events already prove. The Jew stands isolated and unsupported; his existence is confined to the circle of his own family; he does not feel the necessity of learning anything, while, if he remains ignorant, he is surrounded on all sides with difficulties which discourage him.

Besides these causes, I find that the Jews, chiefly Franks, who find their way here, possess only a superficial civilisation. They propagate among the masses the belief, that schools, instruction, reforms, are a desecration of religion, and thus there has arisen, if not a feeling of hatred against western improvements, at least a feeling of distrust, and a great amount of indifference.

The improved circumstances of the Jews of Salonica within a recent date, as well as their extensive business, have induced the necessity of imparting a higher education to the young men. Although the parents are very indifferent about the education of their children, and very parsimonious in meeting the necessary expense, the advantages of an improved education are already evident. The children are far in advance of their parents in the transaction of business, and in their knowledge of religion. They shew that men may cast aside superstitious customs without becoming atheists. They are treated with consideration, and even the Rabbis are not unkindly disposed to them.

The line of demarcation, which formerly separated the native from the foreign Jews, has grown less clearly defined of late years, and though the foreign

Jews are not obliged to contribute to the expenses of the community, they have themselves set aside a sum for the relief of the poor.

The Head Rabbi of Constantinople, encouraged by the presence of Baron Rothschild, published rules for schools, and improvements for the metropolis and the provinces. Constantinople has already a French Israelitish school, which owes its existence to Mr. Albert Cohen, and meets all the requirements of that great city.

The Imperial Hat Humayoum has bestowed equal civil rights on all religious sects, and good results are already evident. The desire for schools is becoming perceptible, the system of instruction in Hebrew has been much improved, and the youth will soon be instructed in the Turkish as well as the French language.

Other cities in the empire will, I hope, not remain behind; and thus we may indulge the expectation that we have made a great step in advance.

Still, it is necessary to strengthen and encourage the desire of knowledge which has been thus fortunately excited. What a splendid example has been presented by the families Montefiore and Rothschild; what activity and self-denial by Mr. Albert Cohen and you, in furnishing your contribution in the name of Madam Herz Lämél! How anxious Mr. Philippsen was to stir up the Jews to benevolent undertakings for the benefit of the holy city by means of his journal! It is not the fault of the unfortunate Israelites of the East,

as we have here shown, that they have fallen so low. To enable them to work their way out of their present miserable state of degradation, they require material and moral support, so that this depressed race may no longer be heard saying, "We cannot, because we have not the means." I do not mean that they must be assisted with alms ; moral support is much more necessary ; contributions for the general good, instead of benefits conferred on particular individuals.

It were desirable, also, that travellers of talent and energy should direct their attention to us—examine into our circumstances—encourage the Rabbis, and give an impulse to the population.

In reply to your questions, I have described the sufferings of my brethren, and pointed out the sources from which assistance may flow to them. Perhaps you may succeed some day in bringing about a reform among our co-religionists. I authorise and request you to publish my report in the journals, or in any other way which you may deem most suitable for attaining the object which you have in view.



## CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Constantinople—Scene on Deck—Baschi Bozüks—Their Commander—Mytilene—A Turk in Difficulties—Cos—Rhodes—Appearance of the Town—The Colossus, the Property of a Jew—La Strada dei Cavalieri—The Church of St. John—Jews—Destruction of Rhodes by Fire—Cyprus—The Jews in Cyprus—The Jewish Duke of Cyprus—Paphos—Larucca—The Church and Monastery of the Franciscans—Their Position in Cyprus—Living Footstools—Citium—The Monastery of St. George—An Annual Fair—Black Christians—The Jews in Candia—Their Origin—Their Employment—Destruction of Canea in 1856—First View of Lebanon—Beyroot—The President of the Jewish Community—Jewish Women—Their Dress—Night Scene at Beyroot—The Synagogue—Lusting after the Fleshpots—The Jewish Community—Sisters of Mercy—A Jewish Polygamist—Early Marriages—The Jewish Burying-ground—Revolting Barbarity—The Jewish Community on Mount Lebanon—The Emir Beschir—A Jewish Horseman—Coffee-house in the Desert—Romantic View of Lebanon—Mountain Scenery—The Residence of the Prince—The Prince's Son-in-Law—El sit Ammun—El sit Allia—El sit Mais—Conversation with the Princess—A Blind Prince—Slavery in the East—The Black Hand of Destiny—Religion of the Family—The Prince's Stud—The Young Princess, my Patient—Her Romantic Story—Departure.

I EMBARKED for Smyrna on the 29th of April, at three o'clock, and we weighed anchor at four. We sailed

through the Golden Horn, past the old Seraglio, into the White Sea. I stood on the poop to get a last glimpse of the splendid picture, whose bold fantastic outlines I could never sufficiently admire. It was two hours and a half before the last traces of it had faded away, and could no longer be seen with my small telescope. It was already dusk before we passed Gallipoli.

With the first dawn of morning I ascended the deck, the second division of which was overcrowded with orientals of both sexes. All were lying about on carpets and pillows. The women, many of them with children, were in separate divisions, formed of bales of goods, or boxes. Poor Turks and slaves were lying on the bare planks of the deck, or the most that any of them had under their heads was a piece of an old carpet. All the races, colours, and costumes of the earth seemed to have their representatives here, and their appearance was at once picturesque and original. Near these groups, were piles of arms, pipes, cooking utensils, pots, pitchers, &c.

It rarely happens that the Turks take their passage in the first cabin, partly because they are unwilling to incur the expense, and believe themselves less exposed to danger, when they travel with the sea and the sky spread out before them. In fine weather, from the freer ventilation, they have a decided advantage over those cooped up in the cabin. Lastly, they never eat with those of another faith. Their servants or slaves prepare their simple meal, which consists of rice, cheese, eggs, olives, and coffee. During a voyage of

eight days, I did not see one of the hundreds, who were on board, eat meat.

A peculiar appearance was presented by a striking group of 300 Baschi Bozuks, who were returning home from the campaign in the Crimea. In the midst of them, supported by lofty pillows, which were covered with a fancy carpet, lay their commander, a lofty figure, with brown, Egyptian features. The glittering order of the crescent, and the officer's cross of the French legion of honour, were visible on the warrior's breast, on his left lay his scimeter and his pistols, inlaid with silver.

All were yet sleeping, and strange dreams may have been passing through their souls. When they set out under the command of their heroic leader, there were 3,000 brave young men, and now only 300 were returning home.

The hour was struck as usual on the ship's bell. The officer was the first who awoke. He seized one of his pistols, and discharged it. Those lying around him at once sprang up.

The sun was just rising. The men drew water from the sea, performed their usual ablutions, and turning their faces towards Mecca, knelt down and touched the deck five times with their foreheads. Their commander did the same, after his black slave had spread out a valuable carpet before him.

At nine o'clock in the morning, we passed through the Dardanelles, and soon after through the Sporades, those beautiful islands of the Archipelago. We saw

the woody Imbros, the ancient Samothrace, Lemnos, the ancient forge of Vulcan, and Tenedos, celebrated in the Trojan war.

After noon, we reached Mytilene; the steamer was in sight of the town. Rising from the sea, and extending over the surrounding hills, it presented a delightful appearance. Built of white stone, it rises glittering from a forest of olive, orange, and citron trees. The hill on the right is fortified by a castle, with broad battlements. From its square white tower, rises a lofty cypress, like a captive giant, whose only solace is the beautiful landscape. On the left, rising from the sea to considerable heights, are green hills; sometimes singly, and sometimes in groups, were country houses, every one of which has a flat-roofed tower, which is reached by a staircase on the outside. From the town itself are glittering the two white minarets of a finely-domed mosque. And all these splendid gardens and houses, towers and cypresses, castle and minarets, are overlooked by a mountain crest, covered with a forest of dark green pines.

We had only half an hour, during the landing and embarking of goods, to enjoy this splendid view. An incident amused the whole ship's company, though they sympathised with the old man, who was the principal actor. A Turk had hired a boat to convey him to our vessel, with the intention of accompanying us to Cyprus. He ascended the ship's ladder with some difficulty, as he carried an elegant saddle on his shoulder, and in his hands a pillow, a carpet, and a

chibouque. He was scarcely on board when the signal of departure was given, the engine began to work, and the chimney poured forth its volumes of smoke. Then our new arrival began to shout aloud to stop her, as his riding-horse, which he intended to sell at Cyprus, was being conveyed to the steamer in a boat. We saw a boat, with a horse in it, leaving the harbour, and four rowers straining every nerve to overtake us, but it was too late. The man shouted in the confusion of his sorrow :—

“Why is not my horse rather in the ship, and I in the harbour ? ”

He dropped the pillow, carpet, and chibouque from his hands, and taking the saddle from his neck, he held it aloft, and cried and wept, “Allah, allah ! ”

He looked like a man whose child had been struck dead by lightning, holding it aloft, and asking God why He had laid His hand so heavily upon him.

We reached the harbour of Smyrna at three o'clock in the morning, and spent the day with our friends ashore, till four o'clock in the afternoon, when we re-embarked. On the fourth day of our voyage, we passed Samos, the birthplace of the “ox-eyed” goddess.

We sailed through the most beautiful sea. Sometimes wide creeks were presented to our view, which seemed in the distance to be blocked up by walls of rock ; when we reached them, a small channel, which we had not observed before, conducted us through new groups of islands. The eye and the imagination were equally employed in the most pleasant manner.

The motion of the sea was calm as that of a placid stream. We were approaching Cos.

An extensive plain, covered with gardens, and hills in the background, planted with olives to their rocky summits, which form the crest of the island—such was the appearance presented by Cos. The captain expressed his regret at not being able to allow us to land, but he was afraid that he should not reach Rhodes at the right hour.

Early next morning, we found ourselves opposite to the far-famed Rhodes. Towers, castles, bastions, gardens, ruins, here and there a palm tree, ships, with Turkish, Greek, and Ionian flags, presented a novel and splendid spectacle. We had only two hours to remain on the island, and hastened to examine the town. We had a long walk round its walls beneath the oppressive beams of a vertical sun. He seemed bent on avenging the removal from the earth of the Colossus, which was dedicated to him. It is now 1186 years since 900 camels, belonging to a Jew of Emesa, carried off the metal, of which it was composed, from the sand, in which it had been concealed during nine centuries. The Colossus had only stood fifty-six years, when it was overturned by an earthquake.

During our walk, we came to a burying-place. A palm threw its friendly shadow over the graves, on which numbers of red poppies were growing, the symbols of eternal sleep. They may remind the Mussulman of the happy dreams produced by the intoxication of opium, and incite him with their red lips to

the enjoyment of the pleasures of this earthly existence. After some difficulty and a good deal of running, "*Hic Rhodus, hic salta*," we reached the Strada dei Cavalieri. Ascending gradually, it is composed on both sides of massive buildings of stone, which look more like castles than private dwellings. Beautiful gates open into strongly-arched halls, and heavy stone staircases lead through dark passages to balconies and terraces. Most of these houses were uninhabited; those which were occupied had the windows covered by rude venetians, to protect the women of the harem from the gaze of the passengers. The arms of some of their former possessors, whose family names still survive in Europe, were cut out in stone on some of these palaces, which were built like fortresses.

Part of the pavement of the street, on which the spurs of the knights of Rhodes once clanked, still remains. We slowly ascended the street, which solitude seemed to have selected as its favourite abode, and reached a picturesque, ruinous portico, which crowned the upper part of the long, broad street, like a triumphal arch. We pass through it, and before us, on the left, stands the beautifully-built church of St. John. We can only see the interior through one of the windows. Now converted into a mosque, it is still distinguished for its splendid columns, which a barbarous taste has covered with plaster, but which are evidently of marble, as may be seen at those parts where the lime has fallen off.

The hospital of the knights is a magazine for grain,

and the palace of the Grand Master is a heap of ruins.

There are 500 Jews in the town, but almost nothing is known in Europe regarding their condition and circumstances.

We left the harbour at eight o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of May, 1856, and, soon after our departure, Rhodes was destroyed by fire. An immense powder-magazine, which dated from the times of the Knights of St. John, and had been overlooked or forgotten by the Turks, suddenly caught fire. The thundering crash of the explosion, the violent shaking of the earth, and the dashing foam of the ocean, made the inhabitants believe that it was another earthquake, such as had occurred some years before. Like a boiling volcano, it shot into the air showers of stones, pillars, and trees, which in their descent destroyed many houses and people. The population of the town poured forth into the streets, which were covered with darkness, caused by the clouds of dust, and only illuminated at times by the glowing meteors which flew over them. Every man stood still in the place where he happened to be, waiting for death or the last judgment. It continued for several minutes, and seemed to be the end of the world.

The suffocating dust and smoke gradually passed away. The shrieks of terror ceased; there was only heard at intervals the crash of falling houses. The town was a heap of ruins.

The street of the knights, the arch of triumph, the



church, and hundreds of other buildings, palaces, and mosques are no more.

At five o'clock the following morning I hastened upon deck. I found a cloudless sky and the rays of the glorious sun reflected in the countless waves of the peaceful ocean. On our left lay barren and solitary Cyprus, stretching away into the distance, and covered with hills, which sometimes rose to the height of mountains. We were sailing along the unwooded, unfruitful side of the island. The ancient poets praised the island, the favourite abode of Anadyomene, the goddess of beauty, who here rose from the ocean, as "the fruitful, the rich, the blooming, the delightful, the beloved, the pleasant, the sacred, the blessed, the godly." They compared its shape to that of a shield, a fleece, a dolphin.

Fragrant oil, fiery wine, sweet incense, with all the fruits of the south, enhanced the value of its fruitful soil. The Greeks were indebted to this island, not only for the golden Aphrodite, but also for their wisest law-giver and their strictest teacher of virtue. Both were banished from the island, the former, by the tyrants who ruled over it; the latter, by the depraved morals of its effeminate inhabitants. After many tragical events, since the days of mythology, Cyprus was presented by Julius Cæsar to Arsinoë, by Antony to Cleopatra, and by Queen Catherine Cornaro to the Republic of Venice.

The island also played a part in the history of the Jews, who still retain its original Phœnician name,

Chettim. They laid it waste during the insurrection against Trajan. During the reign of the Sultan Selim, it was bestowed, as a second dukedom, on his favourite, the Jew, John von Miquez, whom he had already created Duke of Naxos. Miquez had insinuated himself into the Sultan's good graces, when he was only heir presumptive to the throne, by obliging loans of money and presents of Cyprian wine. Hammer-Purgstall relates that the Prince, being under the influence of the pleasant sensations of partial intoxication, and feeling grateful for the thousands of pieces of gold that he had touched, promised to bestow upon the Jew the island which produced such sweet and fiery wine.

At eleven o'clock we were opposite to Paphos, where the goddess was worshipped under the form of a cone that had fallen from heaven. Over Paphos rises the Olympus of the ancients, which Euripides introduces as the abode of Aphrodite and the Muses. The goddess of beauty had a temple on the summit, from which women were excluded, and where only males were offered to her in sacrifice.

Between Paphos and Olympus are pressed those hills and sunny valleys which produce opium and the celebrated Cyprian wine, known as "*Vino della Com-manderia*," a name which proves that the Templars once had a footing here.

At eight o'clock in the evening, we cast anchor before Larneca. We found ourselves in the morning in an extensive harbour, in which there were only a few

small ships. We rowed on shore and called upon Dr. Antonio Valsamaki, who took us to see the church of the Franciscans, which was just finished—a handsome, well-ventilated building. In the vestibule is a marble bust of the builder, a monk, who, though not an architect, drew up the plan, and was successful in carrying it into execution.

The monastery, built in addition to the church, was not yet finished. The lay brother remarked, in a confidential tone, mingled with sadness:—

“There is much wanting yet; even the kitchen.” He smiled frankly, when I ventured to add:—

“Even the library.”

The prior, a native of Tyrol, had just started for Rome. We received a friendly reception from his representative, who entertained us with coffee and candied fruits.

“We are very lonely here,” he remarked, in a sorrowful tone.

“The profession of a monk must ever be so.”

“Not in the East. Here, we are spiritual soldiers, who have to defend ourselves, and to conquer. We are more like the ecclesiastical knights, to whom this island once belonged, than our brethren of Europe, who live lives of calm meditation. Even here, there is the battle of sects, each of which has a different protector; here, as in Syria and the Holy Land, we are outflanked by the French; they found schools, hospitals, asylums, and all this apparently from feelings of

philanthropy, without any *arrière pensée*, while the English mission is quite as active, and does not conceal that its object is the overthrow of Catholicism. Mid-way between them stand we poor Franciscans, like abandoned posts, left by the Frankish queen. We have only the Word, and there is such a large number of poor, who wish for aid and support. We live here on a highly-favoured island, and the spiritual seed would bring forth excellent fruit, if we had not a Mohammedan Government, and, what may surprise you, if there were not so many heathenish memories and ancient superstitions still surviving in the hearts of the Christians."

We ascended with him to the dome of the church, where we had a view of the whole city—flat-roofed houses, all built of stone—paneless windows—narrow streets, full of dust and dirt; here and there may be seen a palm tree, a cypress, or a clump of olive trees, growing between the houses. From every terrace there is a view of the sea and the mountains. The side opposite to the sea is a dusty, treeless flat.

After calling upon the Greek and Swedish consuls, we returned to the house of Dr. Valsamaki, and were introduced to his wife, a native of the island, of great personal attractions. After partaking of the national breakfast, we resolved to visit the Monastery of St. George, which is only half a league from the town, so as to have an opportunity of seeing the peasantry at a fair. The lady put on a white veil, which covered the whole body, except the face, with its ample folds. A

black female slave led up to the door a small Cyprian horse, and knelt down with her hands resting on the ground. The lady placed her foot on this living footstool and leaped into the saddle. I was reminded of the period when the tyrants of the island surrounded themselves with secret spies and public examiners, who sat in judgment on the most respectable persons, when they were denounced by the basest of men. The wives of these tyrants, again, had two kinds of women in their service, flatterers and footstools. The latter performed the same office as Madam Valsamaki's slave. We mounted three other horses, and rode by the side of our fair companion, whose beautiful dress formed a striking contrast to the French ones which we wore.

We soon reached the ancient Citium, the birth-place of Zeno, and the doctor pointed out to me the ancient ruins, which are partially concealed from having been used for the erection of the modern houses, in which were to be seen, here and there, pillars, capitals, and pieces of marble. Leaving the town, we entered a dusty plain, through which peasants in the most fanciful dresses were passing. We were struck with the appearance of the square open waggons resting on rude wheels, and drawn by one horse. These waggons were often drawn by an ox, and we were reminded of the ancient Greek proverb, "He is more stupid than a Cyprian ox." Occasionally, the picturesque form of a camel was presented to our view.

In front of the monastery was squatted a group of beggars of both sexes, who exhibited their revolting dis-

eases and deformities in the hope of exciting sympathy. They never ceased praying and begging in a whining tone.

My host remarked to me :—

“ You will be met by similar forms, in the shape of lepers, at Jerusalem, before the Zion Gate.”

We entered the extensive court of the monastery, and found ourselves in the midst of the noise and bustle of an annual fair. Near a clump of olive-trees in the court, a butcher had suspended his meat on the branches of the tree of peace. Before a smoking fire of charcoal, was seated a haughty, turbaned Mohammedan, frying dough in oil, which a boy kneaded into long, thin sausages and handed to him; another boy sprinkled these delicacies with kermes, and offered them for sale. A Greek had knives and daggers, hammers and saws, exposed on a carpet. Yellow and red slippers, on another stall, met with the readiest sale. Every kind of household utensil was exposed for sale.

Still more picturesque were the forms, that shouted and pushed their way through the hundreds of stalls—dervishes and Christian popes, negroes and mulattoes, gipsies and women in the splendid Greek costume, Arab-Christians, venerable Mussulmans. The women had all very expressive features, dark, fiery eyes, coarsely sensual lips. From being previously accustomed to the fair complexions of Europe, we were particularly struck with the dark tint of their features.

On one side of the court was a lofty, airy hall, where those who wished for repose and shade could regale them-

selves with coffee, the chibouque, oranges, lemonade, wine, bread, almonds, cubebs, &c. This large hall had no ceiling to conceal the roof, which was rudely built of wood. All the rooms, that we had seen at Larneca, were in the same style.

On the other side of the court was the church dedicated to St. George. We were dazzled by the figure of the valiant slayer of the dragon, wrought in silver, opposite to an altar richly adorned with gold. All around, strings of blown ostrich's eggs were suspended like colossal pearls. Native offerings of all kinds covered the walls—crutches, expressive of some cripple's gratitude, wax candles adorned with flowers, eyes of heliotropes and opals, hands of ivory, feet of silver.

The Greek monks were walking about, sometimes conversing with the devout, muttering prayers or taking part in the monotonous snuffling, which proceeded from behind the altar.

This was the first time that I saw black Christians, who, kneeling before the altar, offered up their devotions, with a small carpet spread out beneath their knees, in the Mohammedan fashion. When I expressed my surprise at seeing so many blacks at Cyprus and Rhodes, it was explained to me that most of them were emancipated slaves, who, being once accustomed to a higher civilisation, no longer wished to return to Africa, and settled in both islands, on account of the mild climate. The mortality among them is great, especially among the children, of whom, at an average, 90 per cent. die.

After spending several hours here, we returned to

Larneca, and, after saying farewell to our kind friends, were conveyed on board by the first officer. The anchor was weighed, we started from Cyprus, and saw, after sunset, the lofty peak of Olympus illuminated with gold, and the star of the Cyprian goddess, large and bright, rising in the west.

We were not long enough at Rhodes and Cyprus to obtain much information regarding the condition of the Jews in these two islands. At an after period, I learned, by accident, some particulars about the Jews of the island of Candia, which they call Jemid, and as we are not far from that island, we may insert them here.

In Canea, the capital of the island, which the Jews call Chanja, are 70 families, or 400 souls. They are recent immigrants from Janina, Nartha, Salonica, Smyrna. Most of the original Jewish inhabitants left, when they were deprived of all their property by an earthquake in the year 1848, for that land from which their fathers were delivered and led forth by the prophet. The present inhabitants of Canea belong to the Sephardisch community. There are no Aschkenasim among them, but occasionally they are visited by a few, who are watchmakers, stone-cutters, and goldsmiths. All speak Greek and Turkish, and very few are acquainted with Arabic. There are 100 Jewish families scattered over the island.

Among the Jews at Canea there are 10 handicraftsmen, silk-dressers, lace-makers, 10 smiths, glaziers, tailors, and 6 merchants, who deal in oil and soap. Many are notaries, interpreters, or agents. They do



not cultivate the soil, as they are not allowed to possess land; those in the country are pedlars, and pay professional visits to all parts of the island.

The Jews of Canea formerly possessed two fine synagogues, a school, and eight dwelling-houses, and many of them were in comfortable circumstances.

At 3 o'clock A.M. on the 12th of October, 1856, the island was visited by a violent earthquake, which, in a few minutes, reduced the town of Canea to ruins. At the same time a fire broke out, and destroyed what the earthquake had spared. Many lives were lost; among the Jews, only one man and two women perished.

The Chacham of the Jewish community of Canea, Mr. Chajim Capeluto, is now wandering as a delegate through Europe, to collect assistance among his fellow-worshippers. May his journey be crowned with success.

I was prevented from sleeping by the thought that to-morrow I should tread the Syrian soil. I went on deck, while it was still dark, and nothing visible but the white, silvery wake of the vessel. Gradually a white streak appeared in the distant horizon, it assumed a reddish tinge, and grew more and more distinct in its outlines, as the clouds rolled away. The captain came up and asked me, "What do you think of Lebanon?" The clouds and the mountain were blended into one in such a way at sunrise, that I thought it was nothing but the clouds playing in light and shade. But my attention being now excited, I could distinguish the violet-coloured peaks of the mountain, which were

covered with snow, while the green country at the base was covered with palm-trees.

My astonishment was increased, when I looked in the direction opposite to the mountain. Sloping down the side of a hill, and stretching out into the sea, lay the ancient Berytus. The eye is first attracted by the picturesque, half-ruinous fortifications; then the town, glittering with cupolas and minarets, between gardens of almond and olive-trees, cypresses and pines, rises before the view. Here and there a glowing terrace is fanned by a gigantic palm-tree, the sharp outlines of which are clearly defined in the blue, cloudless sky. A sweet fragrance is exhaled from the land. Behind the city, above and over it, are sparkling hills of red gold; it is the desert.

The sea and the desert, like two gigantic monsters, are besieging and pressing hard upon this city, "the fortunate Julia" of the Romans. The sea is rushing on, with its stormy roar, the desert is advancing with slow but steady pace, and probably in a thousand years one of them will be the victor, or both may swallow up the town at the same time. The snow-covered mountains of Lebanon look down coolly and calmly on this contest, and men rejoice and are happy in the enjoyment of the beauty and blessings of existence.

But where elsewhere are sea and desert, glaciers and palm-trees, to be found in such close proximity? And all this wonderful spectacle is comprehended by the eye at one glance.

I was hospitably entertained at Beyroot by Mr.

Alfanderi, a native of Venice, who is treated with great respect as President of the Jewish Sephardisch community.

Nothing could be more graceful or friendly than the reception which I received, when the gentleman and lady of the house, their married sons and daughters, assembled in the evening in an open hall, and the large glass lanterns shed their flickering light on the groups reclining on the divans. The turbans of the women, made of fancy silk, were sparkling with diamonds and pearls; their long hair, falling down smoothly over their shoulders, was interwoven with dark blue silken cords and gold spangles. The wife of the younger son of the house, who was called Sultana, was by far the most beautiful of all, as she sat with her soft, dark eyes, and listened with interest to the conversation of the guest; or when she, a mother of fifteen years, held her beautiful, fair-haired child in her arms. A large terrace was spread out before us; it was not roofed, and the stars shone down from the dusky sky, with their trembling light. When there was a lull in the conversation, we could hear the roar of the breakers, which, though concealed by the darkness, were close at hand. Coffee and chibouques were handed round at intervals by two female servants.

Long after midnight, all shook hands with me, and we retired to our bedrooms, which were only separated from the terrace by heavy curtains. From my windows I could see the ocean over the flat-roofed buildings, and fragrant groves of orange and citron

trees that intervened. I extinguished the lamp, and stood gazing for a long time at the sea, illuminated by the rays of the moon, at the flags of the ships fluttering in the breeze, at the watch-fires flickering on some of the vessels, while the sound of strange music was borne over the noisy waves.

On the Sabbath, I visited the synagogue, which produced a more favourable impression than I had been led to expect from the filthy passage that led to it. Only two houses belong to the community, one of which is occupied by the Chacham, Aron Jedid, while the other is let. The community has no other property ; all the expenses are defrayed by the pious contributions of those who are invited to read the *thora*. The Chacham receives no salary ; when he is worn out with his duties in the synagogue and the school, he, the spiritual head of the community, is allowed to support himself as a commission-agent. The butcher, again, receives a fixed salary of 2,400 piastres. It will be seen from this, that it is the same in the East as among large communities in the West, the flesh is more prized than the spirit. This may be the last expression of the well-known longing for the flesh-pots. In a low room, in the synagogue, is a talmud thora school, where about seventy children learn to read and to write, and to translate the bible and the prophets. The Chacham has the only copy of the Old Testament to be found among the community. A teacher receives 85 piastres, which are collected from different families in very small sums. My host, who

conducted me through the school, informed me, with a proud feeling of self-approval, that he had performed on all the children, already many hundreds in number, the rite by which they were admitted into the Jewish Church.

The community consists of eighty families, or about 500 souls; all are of Syrian origin. There are none of Aschkenasisch, and only two of Spanish descent. They all speak Arabic and Hebrew; only ten families know Italian; none are acquainted with French. Most of them are merchants and porters; there are only six hand-craftsmen, of whom five are copper-smiths and one a shoemaker. The community has no hospital; the sick, who cannot be tended at home, have recourse for aid to the sisters of mercy. There they partake of the same food as the other inmates; but when they recover, they are as strict as before in the use of different meats; for they usually become quite changed in their character and manners. When an English missionary, some years ago, cast his golden net into the dwellings of the poor, he did not catch a single soul.

I was very much surprised to meet with a double marriage among the Jews at Beyroot. Mr. Jontof Men lived with his wife for eighteen years without having any children; then he had a daughter; after which he was seized with a strong desire to have a son. In the East, when a daughter is born, the friends of the family assemble at the house to express their sympathy, and to comfort the mother with future hope. Mr.

Men had a right, after an unfruitful marriage of twelve years, to take another wife; his first wife could not prevent this; she could only insist on another establishment being provided for the second wife. The first Mrs. Men, touched with her husband's affection in waiting six years longer than he was obliged to do by law, laid aside every feeling of jealousy, and received the second Mrs. Men, a much younger woman, into her own house.

"One day," said my host's elder son, "there came to our town a pious Jew, from Poland, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He was poor, and had several children, among others a strikingly beautiful daughter, of sixteen, with whom my father was very much taken, and he resolved to give her to me as my wife. I was then twelve and a-half years old, and began to weep bitterly when my father informed me of his intention. This, however, did not dissuade him from his purpose; he paid the pious Pole the dowry for my bride, and we were married. After four years, our marriage proved fruitful, and I love my wife as much as if I had chosen her myself at a later period in life. Still, I am inclined to think that my father was wrong; but he is the wiser of the two, and may the blessing of God rest on his old age. My younger brother was twelve years of age when my father made him marry a girl of ten."

The community has no written documents or chronicles. In the hope of learning some particulars regarding their ancestors, or distinguished members of the community, I one day accompanied Mr. Alfanderi

to the burying-ground, to examine this book of remembrance, printed on pages of stone. We left the town by the road that leads to Damascus, and reached a small enclosed space, behind lofty hedges of cactus, covered with several hundreds of flat grave-stones, with inscriptions upon them. The most ancient was placed there four hundred years ago, but many stones of a still greater antiquity are buried beneath those which are visible. The dead are always interred within two hours after their death.

There is something horrible and revolting in the way in which a woman is buried when she dies *enceinte*. My companion is too respectable a man to leave any room for doubt regarding the truthfulness of his communication; the fact is in every sense a striking proof of the barbarity of religious fanaticism, and, though my pen falters as I write, it is too important to be omitted.

When the body of the woman has been washed, and covered with a linen shroud, the women who have washed it try to ascertain if the child be alive. If such is the case, they beat the womb of the corpse till all is perfectly still. To bury a living being appears to the Jewish mind just as great a sin as to open a dead body, which is regarded as a shameful desecration of the dead.

Mr. Alfanderi told me of a Jewish community on Mount Lebanon, at Dar al Kamar, eight leagues from Beyroot. He himself had never visited the community, but he had obtained some information regarding it from

people who came from that place to Beyroot. The community contains 50 families, or 300 souls, and has a synagogue. The men employ themselves in agriculture and the rearing of horses; some are porters, and only a few of them shopkeepers.

They live on good terms with the neighbouring inhabitants, the Druses, the Maronites, the Metualis, and handle the musket when a hostile tribe has to be encountered. They are all Syrians by birth, and can be distinguished from them neither by appearance nor by language, but only by those religious customs, which are peculiar to the Jews.

I was desirous of making the acquaintance of the Emir Beschir, of the celebrated family Schehab, which, for nearly two hundred years, has ruled over and restrained the wild mountain tribes with almost regal authority. Mr. Von Wegbecker, the Austrian Consul-General, had the kindness to introduce me to the prince, and to give me two janissaries to conduct me to him.

I resolved to start for Sibué, the residence of the Prince, at seven o'clock a.m. The two janissaries, dressed in the Oriental costume, and armed to the teeth, rode before on their Turkish saddles; I followed them on a small white Arab horse, and Mr. Ibraim Alfanderi had the kindness to accompany me as my interpreter. To give me a proof of his skilful horsemanship, he placed a gold coin between his right knee and the saddle, and assured me that he would not lose it during the ride of three leagues which we had to



perform. He kept his word, and was very proud when I repeatedly praised his steady seat.

We rode through the narrow, lonely streets of the town, passed through the gate, and soon reached the narrow path, enclosed with lofty walls of cactuses, and covered with red sand, drifted from the desert of Beyroot. The lofty walls of cactuses looked as if the green waves of the sea had been divided, and stood up like walls on the right side and on the left, to allow us to walk over the sandy bed of the ocean with dry feet.

When we had made our exit from this hollow, we found ourselves on a red sandy plain, which is covered with a forest of pines. On our right rose, like downs, the hilly waves of the desert, which are several leagues in circumference, and have a reddish glare beneath the rays of the sun. They are always advancing nearer and nearer to the town, and swallow up every year a stripe of the fragrant, green gardens, which surround the houses. The Emir Fakar-eddin adopted the idea of planting this forest, which is many leagues in extent, as a wall, with hundreds of thousands of lofty slender pillars, to check the advance of the desert. We rode round this forest and enjoyed its shade, though to the traveller from the north it has not the same fresh appearance as his own forests. Every stem rises straight up, a few yards from the rest. There is not a single blade of grass on the ground, or a single bush to break the sameness of the sandy desert. An Arab had improvised a small coffee-shop beneath one of these pines; a fire of charcoal, and a straw mattress, supported

by three sticks, to protect him from the rays of the sun. He invited us to rest ourselves. We accepted his invitation the more readily, from the praises which he bestowed on his fresh water, which had been brought from Beyroot, and was already tepid from the heat of the morning sun.

Having emerged from the forest, we had a striking view of the heights of Lebanon. At the foot of masses of rock, where one would only have expected to find stony defiles, might be seen green valleys, which had the appearance of floating oases. On solitary peaks of colossal rock, monasteries are erected, while villages and castellated buildings are perched on the edge of precipices. These mountain ridges gradually decrease in height, till they are lost in the extensive plain which we had traversed. The roar of the ocean, close at hand, but invisible, and the rustling of the tops of hundreds of thousands of pines, produce a strange impression on the soul, while the sand of the desert, drifted on the wind, floats like golden clouds over our heads. Occasionally we are met by a train of heavily-laden camels, by a son of the mountain riding a spirited horse, or by women, in white veils, mounted on donkeys, and we not only believe that we have been translated to a world of strange enchantments, we really are so.

The plain is richly wooded with dark olive and bright mulberry trees, to which the stream, that meanders through it, imparts a livelier green. In the midst of them are fig and carob trees, which give the whole landscape the appearance of a fruitful garden. Here

and there may be seen a clump of cypresses, or a solitary palm. The rhythm of the Oriental couplet harmonises with the feelings of the soul.

“ Earn grateful thanks, like palms, by fruit of gold.  
If not, be like the cypress, tall and bold ! ”

When the eye was refreshed with this paradise, it directed its gaze again to the lofty mountains of Lebanon, which sparkled in the transparent trembling light of the sun, like pure massive gold and silver, and impressed their clear, bold outlines on the bright sky.

As we approached the mountain, the path became more difficult, and demanded all our skill as horsemen. We crossed the stream several times before we reached Hadet, the first village, which is situated on a rocky hill, and surrounded with cactuses, with a small church and monastery in the centre. On the flat roofs of the houses might be seen women, who quickly veiled themselves on our approach, employed in spreading out grain and branches of the palm tree, or in drying newly-made earthen vessels; men in white turbans and flowing parti-coloured robes saluted us aloud, or with a silent movement of the hand to the forehead and the heart. We rode up to the village of Balba, which presented the same appearance, over steep naked masses of rock.

After a ride of two hours, we reached Sibné, the residence of the prince. There is nothing at all striking in the exterior of the building. It is a large stone

building, with flat roofs of different heights. The windows are narrow, arched above, without panes of glass, and some of them closed with wooden shutters. There are no traces of any systematic plan, and yet there is nothing disagreeable in what may be called the picturesque style of the building, which is often to be seen in the Saracen or Syrian houses, and gives evidence of the genial, humorous fancy of the architect.

We entered the large court of an extensive and irregular building, and it would be difficult and scarcely worth while to describe the terraces, the staircases, the shapeless, paneless windows, and the walls projecting or retreating at the caprice of the builder. Several Arab servants came up and took charge of our horses, while one of my janissaries said to the oldest of them, who seemed to be superior to the others, in the pompous, exaggerated style of the East:—

“An illustrious person from the West will salute the Prince of Lebanon.”

The prince's son-in-law, a young man of diminutive size, with bright, friendly eyes, and a red moustache, descended the staircase of the castle, welcomed me in excellent French, and invited me to enter a cool hall, which opened into the court. One servant provided us with pipes, a second with *eau sucrée*, flavoured with roses, a third with black coffee. The last carried on his shoulder a white towel, embroidered with gold flowers, which, after receiving our cups, he gave us to wipe our mouths and hands with. The conversation

with the "Maronite prince," as he once designated himself, was courteous and lively, and much the same as it might have been in a drawing-room in Europe, under the same circumstances.

The dragoman now announced that the family of the prince was ready to receive me. The prince saluted me with the Oriental movement of the hand, and led the way. We passed through the extensive court and entered another by a vaulted passage, where an open staircase conducted us to a terrace, from which we passed through a cool, white-washed ante-chamber into the drawing-room. It had not at all an elegant appearance; the floor was covered with a straw mattress; the low divans along the walls were covered with fancy chintz, and the doors and windows were made of soft, unvarnished wood. The last, however, commanded a view of the finest landscape in the world, to which we shall afterwards allude.

The Princess, el sil Ammun, was sitting cross-legged in a corner of the room. She was not a stout, but a strong-built woman, with painted cheeks and eyes, the lively expression of which was enhanced by the paint. Her head was covered with a red fez, with gold tassels, round which was wound a piece of fancy silk, adorned with a wreath of pearls. A small sun and moon of diamonds were suspended from this wreath over the brow. She wore a blue silk tunic, which did not conceal the breast; in a girdle of parti-coloured silk sparkled the diamond hilt of a dagger, and to it also were attached three small silver boxes, which contained

amulets. She wore, on her bare arms, bracelets of gold, set with diamonds.

On her right, almost in the same dress, but without the dagger, sat the eldest daughter of the house, *el sil Allia*, the wife of the prince who had received us. Her hair flowed at random over her heavy, unintellectual countenance; while the younger daughter, *el sil Méis*, who sat on her mother's left, had black silk lace, on which glistened the smallest of gold coins, interwoven with her long, black hair. All the three were smoking the *narghilé*. I seated myself in silence on the divan, opposite to the ladies, and was provided with the *narghilé*. The dragoman knelt down between me and the ladies. The silence remained unbroken, it being considered a breach of etiquette to commence a conversation before you have refreshed yourself with coffee. Nothing was to be heard but the gurgling of the clouds of tobacco in the tubes of the *narghilé*. Coffee was handed round in fine porcelain cups, which stood in silver saucers, set with diamonds, and the princess now addressed her first question to me through the interpreter.

"Art thou in health?"

"I praise God that I am."

"Was thy journey prosperous?"

"Sea and storm have been gentle with me."

"Thou comest from Austria?"

"I left it two months ago."

"We have seen the Prince of Austria"—she meant the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian—"in our house on

the mountain. How is he? It was a great honour to us to salute him. We are told that he will return. But then he must bring his wife with him."

"He is not yet married."

"But he must marry; he is growing old. Hast thou learned whether he was satisfied with the reception we gave him?"

Before I could answer, the door opened, and the prince, who has been blind for years, slowly entered, under the guidance of a servant, dressed in pure white. He is of diminutive stature, but strongly built. His face is oval, and his strongly-marked features conceal his great age (he is about eighty years old.) His nose is rather short, and his coarse lips are covered by a grey moustache. He was dressed, after the Turkish fashion, in brown cloth.

The princess and her daughters stood up when he entered; we followed their example. The servant led the old man to a seat beside the princess, and placed a cushion, embroidered with flowers, behind his head. After a moment's pause he addressed to me the same questions as the princess, through the interpreter. Then a slight pause ensued, during which a small, round table, about two feet high, was placed in the middle of the room. Upon it were placed different kinds of sweetmeats, in silver cups, candied fruits, and glasses of different liqueurs. The young princess stood up, and pierced one of the fruits with a small silver fork, and applying her right hand to her heart and her forehead, she gave me the sweet-

meat, and continued to do so till I had tasted all the fruits.

The Prince put the question to me through the interpreter, whether I could cure sick eyes, and requested me to examine his. I did so carefully.

He asked:—"Shall I ever be able to see again?"

I found myself in a difficulty, as I could give him no hope, and I was trying to devise some evasive answer.

"You do not wish to repeat," he said, "what I have often heard already. I shall not see the world again."

"Look inward upon thine own immortal soul. This, at least, thou canst do. Pass in review the deeds of an active life."

"All that is smoke, which has passed away."

"Does no one write thy history, thy wars and victories, thy valour and thy fame?"

"There lives on my mountain a man, Tanus Schidiak, who knows all that has happened since the creation of the world. Perhaps he may have written something about my deeds, for I have lived like an eagle on Lebanon."

"Are there no poets to celebrate thy fame?"

"There are such among the mountains."

"Are their songs not preserved?"

"To what purpose? The mountains hear them."

"But when the echo dies away?"

"Can the deed die away before God? Though man may no longer know it, yet God has not forgotten it."

I was much struck with the remark. I was not yet



accustomed to the wisdom and sublime ideas which, in the East, often proceed from persons without education, and, in this respect, different from the Prince, and assume almost the dignity and the rhythm of prophecy.

The prince rose up with the words, "See that thou art well entertained in my house," and left the room. All stood up again.

The conversation was now carried on in Arabic by the ladies and Mr. Ibraim; hundreds of inquisitive questions were asked by the princess regarding me. The daughters still remained silent. To my surprise, the young princess repeatedly knelt down and supplied the breast to a fine healthy child, on which she bestowed many caresses while she fed it. The brown female servants remained in a kneeling posture, with their hands pressed against their loins, till the mother, after many affectionate kisses, restored the child to them.

During the whole time of the visit, the male and female servants, who were handsomely dressed in the Oriental costume, remained barefooted, as they laid aside their slippers at the door every time they had occasion to enter the room, till they had done their work. They listened to the conversation that passed between their mistresses and their guests, occasionally took part in it, and received the same attention as if they had been their equals, when they made any remark. And yet they were all slaves. Where in the West is such a privilege accorded to servants, who are free? I was often struck with the confidential relation

of mutual dependence that subsists between masters and slaves in the East, where barbarism is said to be predominant, and it always produced a very favourable impression on my mind. I shall have occasion to allude to this in another part of my work.

A servant now entered and announced that dinner was ready. The Princess and her daughters rose and proceeded to the dining-room. The Prince invited me to accompany him. We entered an ante-chamber, where a round table was spread. The ladies were already seated, and I was placed on the left of the Princess and the right of the Prince. He informed me, in an apologetic tone, that the Prince always took his meals alone, and for that reason could not aid by his presence in shewing respect to their "illustrious, joyfully welcome guest."

Mr. Ibraim and the interpreter were also invited to the table. We sat on chairs with straw bottoms. I was the only one provided with silver—the spoons and forks used by the rest were only of horn, and one could easily see that they served rather to prevent the company from eating with comfort than otherwise, as many a small white hand stealthily found its way into the dish of rice, or the other dishes, and extracted some rare tit-bit, which was thrown with rapid grace into the mouth, without touching the lips. The dishes were carried over the terrace from the court, and protected by silver covers. The Princess always helped her younger daughter first, then the married one, and then me.

"Thou seest," she observed, with the humour of a village housewife, "when we have the good fortune to help others, we always keep the best for ourselves."

Meanwhile, if she observed a particularly inviting morsel on her own plate, she fished it out and placed it on mine. No one was pressed to eat, and no observation made regarding the dishes. Mr. Alfanderi and I were only helped to fish and the different preparations of milk, as he had frankly explained that we were not allowed to eat anything else. A female slave stood behind each of us, and kept off the intolerable clouds of flies from the guests and their plates. During our entertainment, I was for a moment horror-struck. I was eating a preparation of milk and rice, and observed an exhausted fly drop into it; at the same moment there descended before me, from behind, right into the centre of the dish, a long, black, haggard hand, which caught the fly by the wings with admirable precision, and whipped it away, as a showman does one of his puppets. This black hand of destiny belonged to a negress, who stood behind me, in a white dress, and whose noble and philanthropic task was to protect me from the winged demons. We alone were provided with wine; a flask of muddy, fiery Lebanon wine, of very bad flavour. At Vienna, it would have been pronounced at once of this year's growth, but I consoled myself with the thought that it had been produced on the most poetical mountain in the world. On the table stood two long-necked earthen pitchers of water, which seemed to be poured out in glasses, only from a

feeling of consideration for the foreign guests, as the young princess, who continued to supply the breast to her thirsty son, without ceasing from eating herself, repeatedly seized the pitcher, bent back her head, and made the stream of fresh water pour into her mouth, without applying the pitcher to her lips. And she was perfectly right, for, in hot climates, water remains cool in porous pitchers of clay, but at once loses its freshness when emptied into another vessel.

Our conversation at table was very lively. The princess was possessed of a clear and quick intellect, and she had several times left her native mountains to mingle in the great world at Stamboul. She was tolerably acquainted with the general state of politics, and gave a lively account of the struggles of the mountain tribes, who are sometimes subject to her husband, and sometimes in a state of insurrection.

The interpreter seemed to have a high opinion of my learning, as he addressed to me the strangest questions, which I had some difficulty in answering, from the dread of wounding the religious convictions of my entertainers.

"Tell me, was America created before Noah? What is the opinion of Europe on these points?"

After that, he asked:—

"Is it a sin for the black men to represent the Lord Christ as black?"

I answered that I did not consider this to be a sin, as, in my native land, many white men worship a black mother of God. The princess listened to these ques-

tions, almost all of which were of a religious tendency, with attention, and waited for my answers with an eager curiosity, which she did not try to conceal.

There are different reports about the religious opinions of this family. While they profess to be Christians, they are also suspected to be Druses, or Mohammedans. On particular occasions, the prince has displayed the banners of both of these faiths, like Philippe Egalité, as he made his way through the parties, struggling in the streets of Paris. During the four hours that I spent in their society, I did not observe any ceremony or expression, or crucifix, or holy image, which could remind me that they were Christians. After an hour, the princess rose from the table, and the ladies retired to their apartments.

The prince invited me to visit the near relations of the family, who lived close at hand, and then to examine his stud. We received a very friendly reception from the numerous family, and the master and mistress of the house begged me to honour them by becoming their guest next day. We were entertained in the usual friendly way, and much dissatisfaction was expressed when I declined the invitation on account of my departure. We returned to the castle, in front of which the horses of the prince, with their feet bound with iron rings, were standing in a place planted with olive-trees. There were ten horses, and one milk-white mare, all with their long manes, and fine flowing tails painted a yellow saffron colour, according to the odious custom of the country. I remembered the lesson which Omer

Pasha gave me at Constantinople, and won the prince's heart by my knowing remarks about the good points of the horses, especially of the mare, which was his favourite.

After our return to the castle, I was requested by the princess to examine her younger daughter, who was suffering from a pain in the chest and a cough. I explained that, before a medical man can give any relief, he must examine the patient, and I was afraid that such an examination might give offence. I was reassured on this point, and the young princess, who is twenty-four years of age, and therefore considered an elderly person, rose from her seat without any manifestation of feeling, and extended to me both her hands to allow me to feel her pulse. I requested her to lie down on the divan, and proceeded to unloosen her dress, so as to be able to examine her chest. Several male and female servants were present, and their number gradually increased, as all were anxious to see the cure effected on their mistress by the Frank physician. The princess now placed a female slave, with distended arms, between me and Mr. Ibrahim, so that, with her wide-swelling sleeves, she performed the part of a living screen, and none but the family and physician could see the princess undressed. The questions which I addressed to her were answered by my invisible friend, till the examination, which lasted nearly half an hour, was completed. During this time the slave remained motionless, like a statue; all were silent, and the princess seemed quite passive in my hands. Her cheeks were marked with that hectic

flush which is a proof of the presence of consumption, and her eyes shone with that moist and brilliant light which told, but too clearly, that they would soon be closed for ever.

When I advised the princess to abstain from smoking and violent exercise on horseback, she looked at me with a very sad expression. I supplied her with some powders from a small medicine-chest, which I always carried with me in case of need. I then addressed some questions to the prince, from whom I learned that a deep sorrow has been preying on the heart of the princess for years. She was betrothed to a young hero of the mountains, a relation of her own, who, soon after, fell in an engagement with a rebellious tribe. Since that time, she is ever on horseback among the mountains, attended by a few armed followers, and calling upon the name of her dead lover when she thinks that none can hear her.

A flood of light burst into the apartment through the lofty windows, so that I was obliged to turn quickly against my will, as I was sitting with my back to them. The princess said to me :—

“Will you not look at the splendid view?”

These were the first and the only words which she addressed to me. I walked up to the window, and beheld a paradise. Along the steep mountain precipice, which the palace overlooks, vines were clinging to cypress and mulberry-trees, in the midst of which were massive blocks of rock. The distant horizon before me was bounded by the red glistening desert, and deep down

below lay the dark blue ocean, with the last rays of the setting sun shining above, and the white sails of the ships fluttering on its bosom. The large forest of pines, through which we had passed in the morning, displayed their dark green tops, and ended in the finest plain in the world, which, intersected by a stream like a silver thread, exhibited all the external splendour and blissful beauty of a southern landscape. On certain heights to the left, were to be seen white palaces, sparkling like crowns of silver, and on the steepest precipices, villages, palm-trees, and cedars. It was with a deep feeling of pain that I tore myself away for ever from this indescribable scene of beauty; the setting rays of the sun seemed to me, like the sword of the cherubim, to have been designed to banish me for ever from this earthly paradise. In the East, all love to be beneath the tent with the setting sun. We took a friendly farewell of our kind entertainers, and on entering the court we found the prince's horses, all saddled and bridled, and each one held by a richly-dressed servant. On the back of the mare was a saddle of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold, while the reins and the breast were adorned with silver buckles and clasps. A black slave bent down on his hands and feet. I placed my foot on his back, and sprang into the saddle. This was the signal for the prince's armed attendants to mount their horses and to ride in advance.

"In an hour you will be at Beyroot," cried the prince, at parting.



I seated myself firmly in the saddle, and grasped the reins tightly; the horse trod carefully and slowly till we cleared the rocks, and then bounded off like an arrow, in the direction of Beyroot.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Beyroot—Mode of Travelling—Scene at a Khan *Backshish*—Agriculture in the East—A Maronite Monastery—Elijah's Mantle—Our Maronite Guests—The Religion of the Druses—Chatib—Politeness of an Arab Christian—Tattooing—The Village Shopkeeper—Might is Right—Oriental Ideas of the Value of Time—Morning in the East—Mohammedan Fatalism—A Hospitable Merchant—Exchange of Gifts—An Armenian Patriarch—A Mountain Eagle—Arab Horses—Arab Women—Wine of Lebanon—Letter-Carriers—Vultures—A Mountain Storm—First View of Damascus—The Gardens—The Arabian Nights—The Sultan Salah-ed-in—The Countess of Ellenborough—Her Strange Adventures—Her Marriage with an Arab Sheik—Her Establishment at Damascus—Dilamir Bey—a Turkish Tragedy—Adventure with a Tiger—The Pasha of Damascus—The Interior of the Houses—The Wealthiest Jew at Damascus—Baron Rothschild—a Jewish Feast—The Guests—Jewish Female Costume—Jewish Musicians—Jewish Toasts—Jewish Dancing—A Jewish Beauty—The Ladies' Revenge—Abd-el-Kader—His Interest in the Politics of Europe—French Occupation—The Emir's Appearance—His Taste for Poetry—His Tooth—His Influence in the East—The Jewish Community at Damascus—Synagogues—A Revolting Scene—Schools—Jewish Artisans—Jewish Converts—Baron Rothschild—A Jewish Cabalist.

ON the morning of the 11th of May, I took leave of my kind entertainers, and began my journey over

Lebanon. I concluded a written agreement with a Syrian Greek, called Ibraim Rabat, who was recommended to me as very trustworthy and skilful in languages, as I had formerly done with a *veturino* in Italy, and this agreement was confirmed at the Austrian Consul-general's. Ibraim undertook to provide me with horses, mules, tents, and servants, and to conduct me over the mountains, to Damascus, to Baalbec, to the cedars, to Tripoli, and back to Beyroot. Mr. Alfanderi was kind enough to give me his eldest son to keep me company, and to look after the cooking—a very important matter in the East, where there are no inns except the empty khans. We formed rather an imposing caravan. Ibraim led the way, seated on a Turkish saddle, and armed with musket, pistols, and sword. He was followed by me and Mr. Alfanderi, both armed. A mule carried our tent and baggage; a small ass trotted behind, which was mounted in turn by one or other of the servants, who ran alongside in their slippers for several days. When the poor little brute shewed symptoms of fatigue, its movements were accelerated by occasional pricks behind, with a crooked knife. I was mounted on an iron-grey horse, born on Lebanon, and accustomed to the road, which bore the name of Hassan.

We left the city and passed through the forest of pines, which we have already described. While caravans have crossed Lebanon for thousands of years, roads are a novelty as yet unknown. The paths are a chaos of stones, from which the Syrian horse selects

those on which it can tread with safety. Hassan had a finely-trained eye. In dangerous places, he advanced one of his fore-feet, and tried if the stone would bear his weight. If it did not seem to him firm enough, he drew back, and tried another, till he found one in which he could trust ; then he put down his foot with such a firm tread, that the sparks often flashed from the quartz. Yet, even when mounted on such a careful animal, you cannot divest your mind of every feeling of uneasiness. Often, you have to ride along the edge of precipices, where a false step would precipitate you into the unknown depths below. Every horseman rides alone ; the one in advance may be seen now on the summit of a peak, now at the bottom, while those immediately in front sometimes suddenly disappear. You can never talk—you can only give an occasional shout. The horseman who rides through this dangerous path for the first time, becomes gradually re-assured by the perfect repose that prevails on Lebanon. We came to a ruined house, with a well close beside it. No traveller in the East ever passes a well, and we halted for a moment to drink. A family of Bedouins was encamped close at hand, beneath a tattered tent, while a flock of black, long-eared goats were picking up a scanty supply of fodder. After a three hours' ride, we reached the khan Schech Mamud, a stone building with a flat roof, which possesses extensive stabling, a hearth, and a fountain. Other travellers had preceded us. A venerable-looking old man, in white robes and turban, was comfortably seated

on a carpet, and smoking. A brown Indian was sleeping beneath the shade of a mule, that stood beside him. A servant was washing the dishes, which had just been used, at the fountain. Two camels were stretching out their long necks, inquisitively, from the stable. Ibraim had ridden on before, and was preparing our breakfast. On a green carpet, stood a small low table, covered with eggs, fresh butter—which the sun had rendered liquid as oil—cheese, oranges, and pistachios. Excellent Bordeaux was sparkling in handsome crystal glasses, beside the white bread.

We placed ourselves at the table, reclining on cushions, after the manner of the ancient Romans. While we were eating and drinking, Ibraim prepared coffee and the narghilé. We were astonished at the number of dishes he had brought with him; he had enough to set up a small family. Having finished our meal, we lighted our pipes, and sat for a time, enjoying the tobacco of Lebanon, and the splendid view. While, behind us, lay the lofty mountains which we had yet to pass; from the spot where we sat, we could see before us the whole space which we had traversed, the sea, glittering through the clefts of the mountains, like fragments of a huge mirror, and a red golden stripe on the distant horizon, which we knew to be the desert. We rested for an hour at noon, when the heat of the Eastern sun is most dangerous, and then resumed our journey. An armed horseman, one of the prince's sentinels, accompanied us from this place. There had been frequent robberies of late, especially of the mail,

and the prince had been made responsible for the safety of travellers and property. After accompanying us half a league, the man asked and received a backshish, when, instead of conducting us to the next post, as he ought to have done, he turned round, and left us to our fate. Behind the khan, we came upon vineyards, the crooked, gnarled branches of which were extended along the yellow, parched earth, like black snakes ; not a spot of green was visible on them. And yet, these dry branches were all possessed of the warm glow of life, soon about to break forth into rich clusters, like the lifeless branch which sprouted with almond-blossoms, when placed on the ark of the covenant. In the midst of these vineyards might be seen rows of fig-trees, while here and there, on terraces surrounded with stones, was the green corn, with its stalks so far apart that a Northern farmer would have at once condemned the Eastern system of agriculture. And yet there is a reason for this, for the great space between the stalks enables the roots to absorb a larger supply of moisture, and thus produces a more abundant harvest. The labour of the husbandman in the East is so easy, that the land seems almost to have escaped the general curse which God pronounced upon it. I often saw a man walking behind a plough, drawn by two oxen, which was as light as the rudder of a boat, and merely scratched the ground. The subterraneous powers seem to be more obedient here than in the West, where the ploughshare must pierce deeper down before they appear. These terraces, however, are extended along

the loftiest heights, and, though the labour itself is light, it becomes infinitely more fatiguing beneath the intense heat of the Syrian sun; and if we consider that the villages are very much scattered and remote from one another, and that the husbandman has often to walk leagues before he can reach his field, or carry home his produce, we shall form a higher opinion of the industry of the Orientals than that which usually prevails. On the terraces, which, with all their fruitfulness, look like stony fields, might be seen women fixing the stones which enclose them, or weeding out the grass and thistles. As soon as we approached, they quickly covered their faces with their veils. During the whole day we met only two flocks of black, long-eared goats and sheep, under the care of shepherds, in white robes, turbans, and yellow slippers. We also met two small caravans, the owner of which shewed some surprise when I saluted him. The Orientals never gave us the first salute. Similar groups of figures were all that we met on these heights, and in the ravines; and the feeling of loneliness was rather increased than diminished by their appearance.

The sun began to decline, and had already concealed himself from our view, as we advanced through the wild, bare defiles. The feeling of loneliness increased till we reached a hollow valley, surrounded by mountains, the rocky summits of which assumed the form of mural crowns. On one of these mountains, near a fountain, stands the Khan Mederesch. Its flat roof is supported by four pointed arches, leading to the dark

stable. Ibraim had sent our two servants on before, and a tent, erected on the roof, formed our airy abode during the night. I was very much excited from my nine hours' ride in the sun, the dangers of the way, and the continual strain of the mind in observing new and unknown objects, and I could feel the blood throbbing in the veins of my head. Ibraim, my good genius throughout the whole journey, soon prepared black coffee and lemonade, and placed a chibouque beside them, "the three best things in the world," as he said, "for allaying mental excitement."

A bell begins to peal from one of the hollow dells among the mountains, on which are perched seven scattered villages of the Druses, which can scarcely be distinguished from the rock itself. The sound proceeds from a Maronite monastery, which is built on an isolated rock in the mountain gorge, and is surrounded by the seven villages of the Druses.

A belated traveller appeared on one of the rocks over against me, which was already shaded. He wore a green robe, a red fez, and a white cloak. As he ascended the rocky staircase, the setting sun cast his glimmering light on the peaks of the rock. The evening breeze began to blow and to expand the cloak, which assumed a reddish tinge—this gave him the appearance of a figure with wings, and a halo round its head. The reflection of the light played upon his figure only for a moment; he turned a corner of the rock, and disappeared. I thought of the prophet Elijah's chariot of fire, and of his mantle bequeathed to his follower.



Some men, attracted by our tent and the blazing fire, came to see us from the neighbouring village. We offered them a place at our table, and invited them to eat. They were Maronites, and when examined concerning the religious faith of the Druses, they gave us the following scanty information, which can scarcely be said to enrich the knowledge we already possess on this point. Yet, it is not altogether valueless, from its having been derived directly from their friendly neighbours.

“We Christians live on the best of terms with the Druses. They are brave, resolute men, of good character. They preserve a mysterious silence regarding their faith, of which they never speak to their best and most confidential friends, unless they be Druses. Like the Jews and Mohammedans, they worship only one God. The will, wisdom, justice, the word, are immortal beings, which keep up the connection between God and man. Their prophet, Hakim, is the last to whom God spoke, and the seventh since the creation of the world. Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, is a false prophet. Their souls wander in beautiful or ugly human forms according as they have been virtuous or vicious. Their prophet will return, and his advent will be paradise, the period of everlasting happiness. This will happen in the year of the hedschra, 411. The oldest men of every village go, every Friday at midnight, to the nearest mountain, to perform their religious service. They read for an hour from a book which no one but a Druse has ever seen. Even among themselves, a man is not initiated into the

mysteries of religion before he has reached his fortieth year. The disclosure of these secrets is punished with death. Yet, within the memory of man, such an event has never occurred."

The night had now fairly set in, the stars were shining, the moon gave forth its imperfect light, the sea was dimly visible in the distance. Our guests gradually withdrew, our cattle lay down to rest, and our two servants, armed with muskets and pistols, walked up and down as sentinels.

Ibraim awoke us at 4 o'clock in the morning. We dressed quickly, and walked out of the tent. Clouds were hovering over the distant sea, the heavens were still sparkling with stars, and the larks began their merry jubilee. A fresh breeze was blowing over the mountains. We performed our ablutions at the cool fountain, then drank some tea and rum. A flock of goats, that happened to be passing, supplied us with milk. While we were breakfasting, our servants loosed the cords of our tent from the pegs, and pulled the latter from the ground. Then followed the hasty packing of our luggage and of the dishes—the loading of our cattle—the saddling of the horses. Each one was busy with his own beast. One of our servants wounded himself the previous day, and we were obliged to leave him behind. Ibraim had supplied his place by a slim youth of fifteen—who looked bold and lively—from a neighbouring village, and he now introduced him to us. Chatib, which means light or flexible, wore wide red drawers, which reached to the knees; his legs were

bare, his feet covered with red slippers. The upper part of his body was covered by a green jacket; round his head was twisted a red and yellow shawl, which was held fast by a black tuft of camel's hair, twisted round his forehead like a black wreath. The ends of the shawl hung down over his neck. Ibraim gave him a long musket, and his light flexible figure preceded us, clearing the rocks and cliffs at a bound, without mounting the little donkey. We were ready to start. The charcoal which we had used for cooking was still glowing, puffs of smoke rose on the morning breeze from the ashes. The smoke soon died away, the fire was extinguished, and every trace of our presence disappeared.

We halted at the Khan Mregaget for breakfast, and found a company of Bedouins, of Syrian Christians, and of African merchants, smoking, and drinking coffee. Before us lay the extensive valley, surrounded on all sides with mountains, and over against us were four mountain villages, Maka, Tenain, Ber Elias, and El Martsch.

After the landlord had treated us to coffee, sour milk, and the chibouque, and while Ibraim was preparing breakfast, an Arab Christian came up and gave me a rose, with the words :—

“Refresh thyself with the fragrance till the meal is ready.”

As his arms were bare, I could observe certain strange blue marks upon them. I requested him to allow me to examine them more closely. On the

lower part of his right arm was tattooed the Church of Nazareth, with St. George above it, on the upper part of the arm, St. Elias, with a drawn sword, and still farther up, a tree with a bird sitting on it. On the left arm was a rather skilful representation of St. Maria and her child, above that, Jesus on the cross. The man was very much pleased to witness my surprise at these cauterised marks, and told me with pride, that he was a hadji from Jerusalem. When I had informed him through Ibraim, who spoke Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and English, that I was on my way to Jerusalem, as a hadji, or pilgrim, he particularly warned me to be on my guard against the man who had burned out all these objects on his arms.

After leaving our resting-place, we rode through a valley, eight leagues long, and three broad. The heat of the sun was fearful, and streamed down on our heads, which we had covered with cloth, to protect them from a stroke of the sun. One side of the perfectly level valley was enclosed by snow-covered mountains, which looked as if a furnace for silver was glowing on them, and the molten silver, sparkling in the light of the sun, had flowed over.

Ibraim had gone on before, and at five o'clock in the evening, after we had been ten hours on horseback, with slight intervals, we caught a glimpse, in a narrow mountain ravine, of our green tent, inviting us to welcome repose. The copper kettle was already suspended over the fire, and Ibraim came to meet me

with a hearty salutation. At a few yards from the tent, I found an empty khan, in ruins, and a neglected cistern. After we had drawn from it water, which was rather muddy, but still refreshing, and freed ourselves from the dust and heat of the way, we lay down before the tent. Ibraim brought coffee and the chibouque, repeating his former words:—

“These are the best means for calming the blood and the mind.”

Within sight, on a rather lofty hill, was a village, inhabited only by Mohammedans; on our right, on a rocky eminence, was an ancient fortress in ruins. A rude dramatic scene was represented close at hand. A young lad brought milk, eggs, bread, and water. Ibraim had made some purchases from him. Suddenly, the village shopkeeper made his appearance, with the same articles on a small donkey, and requested Ibraim to return to the lad the eggs, which were already cooked, and the milk that was boiling in a pan, as he alone had the right to sell to travellers. Ibraim, coolly stirring up the fire with greater energy, told him that he had a right to buy from anyone he chose, and that he had better be off. Wherever a tent is pitched in the East, it possesses the same sacred rights as a house; but the shopkeeper would not take the hint, and the generally good-natured Ibraim began to handle the pistols in his girdle, but the Turk seized the pan on the fire, and poured its contents over the youth who had robbed him of his customers. In a moment the latter sprang upon the old shopkeeper like a cat, tore

the turban from his smoothly-shorn pate, and threw him to the ground. So far as regards the shopkeeper's supposititious claim, we had a rude proof that might is right. At length the lad, being tired himself, left the shopkeeper alone, who now wept and begged us to buy his goods, as he had suffered so much on our account.

The man might have gone to the neighbouring village, and incited his companions to give us, also, an irresistible proof that might is right, or even to inflict a worse injury; so I ordered Ibraim to buy the man's goods, which we could keep for use the next morning. Ibraim obeyed my command without resistance, but it was so much against the grain, that he gnashed his teeth. While we were enjoying our meal, some caravans passed us; they wished to reach the Khan El Martsch before sunset. Women, mounted on asses, or on foot, were returning from their labours in the fields, and a herd of cattle came to the cistern to drink.

When it was quite dark, Ibraim again hung the coloured paper lantern over our table, while the only minaret that rose from the village was illuminated. The moist cold, which sets in immediately after sunset, compelled us to retire to our tent. I began to read an ancient book, which paints the simple manners of the East, in which the lapse of thousands of years has effected no change, in such bright, poetical, graphic colouring, as renders it distinct and different from every other work—the Bible, and heard our servants walking up and down keeping watch. Ibraim lay across the entrance of the tent, with his arms beside him.

To-day we expected to reach Damascus, and such was our desire to see this wonder of the East before sunset, that we woke Ibraim, who was still sleeping before the door of the tent. It was three o'clock in the morning. He sprang up and grasped his pistols, as he had not yet recovered his senses. The same lively scene was acted again; feeding the cattle, striking the tent, saddling the horses, and preparing the coffee over a charcoal fire. All this was gone through with a slowness, which neither our friendly hints nor our angry orders could accelerate. An Oriental is perfectly ignorant of the value of time. What is fore-ordained must happen; haste cannot accelerate it, slowness cannot ward it off.

It was already five o'clock. Ibraim was engaged in lively, uninterrupted conversation with our servants. A hundred things had to be done, and he could not get ready.

Mr. Alfanderi, who knew the way, advised me to ride on before with him. We passed through the Wady el Charir, with mountains of considerable height, covered with green vegetation, on our right and our left. The road, which was pretty good, gradually ascended. The sky sparkled with countless stars, the voices of the birds as yet were silent, and the shadows of the picturesque immense rocks that lay before us, here and there played around us. We rode beside one another in silence. Gradually, the stars disappeared, the clouds floated away, and became more attenuated. A sort of light followed us through the

extensive verdant dale, and when we stopped to examine it we saw a semicircle of mountains, towering aloft in the sky, the snow-covered tops of which were illuminated by the reddish light of the rising sun.

Darkness compels silence ; light awakens song. With the rising sun there commenced such a singing of birds that the sound seemed to descend from heaven, instead of rising from the earth. Other voices woke up among the vegetation, and at times we could hear the voice of the cuckoo, reminding us of our distant home.

The ravine itself still remained for a long time shaded. We passed two guard-houses, which stood beneath trees, at the distance of about half a league from one another. They were made of stones, which no mortal hand had united.

The prince's people have to keep watch in these little houses. We afterwards came upon several of them sitting in a circle, and comfortably smoking. They probably thought it too lonely to remain in the dangerous ravine, where a robber could so easily dart upon his prey. Yet, they had no hesitation in asking us for a backshish.

Mr. Alfanderi, who speaks Arabic like a native, said to them :—

“Have you then guarded our path through the ravine ?”

“Our presence,” answered one of them, “would not have protected you, if God had resolved to destroy you.”



"If we now give you no backshish, then God has not willed it."

"He does will it, by the Prophet!"

We gave them a few small pieces of silver, to prevent their confidence in the will of Allah from being diminished.

Gradually we emerged from the ravine; we found ourselves in a boundless plain, stretching to the right and the left, with lofty mountains over against us. Far behind them rose about twenty snowy peaks, which seemed to rest on the intermediate hills, and shone like white tents in the light of the sun. We now turned to the right, and met a train of loaded mules, preceded and followed by armed men. A venerable-looking old merchant was sitting in his tent, at breakfast, with about twenty camels, asses, and horses encamped around him. When we saluted him, he sent a black slave to ask "If his lords would not enter the tent and rest themselves." We dismounted from our horses, which the slave took charge of, and approached the tent. The old man invited us to sit down on his carpet, and supplied us with coffee and chibouques. I returned this hospitality by treating him to cigarets, which I prepared with a pretty little machine, made by a turner at Vienna. Master and slaves looked on with curiosity, and admired the skilful mechanism. He asked me whether tobacco, "the honey of Lebanon," grew in my native land.

After we had rested for an hour, Ibraim came up, with our servants and the luggage. I thanked my

hospitable entertainer, distributed a few pieces of silver among his slaves, and gave him the cigaret machine, with the request that he would keep it as a *souvenir* of his guest. He accepted it, and expressed his thanks by laying his right hand on his forehead, his heart, and his mouth.

Our servants having now come up, we formed a small caravan; only Ibraim remained behind, and it was about half-an-hour before he overtook us. While still at a distance, he kept flourishing something which looked like a flag, and which he handed over to me when he came up. It was a white and brown striped Bedouin cloak, of camel's hair, which the old man sent after me as a gift in exchange for mine, and in this delicate way entitled himself to my thanks.

Our attention was soon attracted by a train of horsemen. They were led by an armed man on horseback, who was followed by two priests, in long black *talares*, with broad-brimmed hats, riding on asses; then followed a handsome man, in robes of black, and violet-coloured silk, with two pistols at his girdle, mounted on a richly-caparisoned horse — an Armenian patriarch. Ibraim uncovered his head, and made a low bow. The patriarch seized the gold crucifix, which was suspended round his neck by a chain, and bestowed on him his blessing. Some loaded mules and an armed horseman brought up the rear of the procession, which, glittering with different colours, marched slowly through the green valley, while we turned aside, and remained standing till it had passed.

The heat of the day gradually increased. The voices of the birds were silent; even when they sang, they were rarely visible. An eagle, the first and only one that I saw during my ride of fourteen days over Lebanon, flew up into the air, and spread out his broad wings over the mountains. As he flew away in solitary grandeur, he looked like a king, who, while engaged in hunting, had strayed from his followers. Often, a green streak of lightning seemed to flash before the feet of our horses; it was lizards, about two feet in length, hurrying over the stones, heated by the sun.

At length we reached the village of Dimas, situated on an eminence, and put up in a clean white-washed khan, behind it. The proprietor had built his own house below, which was also remarkably clean. When I expressed my surprise at this unusual luxury, Mr. Alfanderi replied:—"Every house must be once new and clean; if we were to pass this way in another year, we should find everything neglected and dirty. An Arab prefers building a new house to repairing an old one, or keeping it in good condition."

The women wore wooden sandals, wide trowsers, robes that reached below the knee, and bright red aprons. The head was covered by a white veil, falling down behind, and, alas for our imaginations, leaving the face exposed to view. On their arms were bracelets of silver and brass; on their fingers carnelians set in silver, which were cut into the form of Arabian talismans. None of them could be induced to sell us one of these rings.

Two girls went out to a field to pluck grass; they wore on their thumbs sharp-pointed iron thimbles, about three inches long, bent slightly at the top, so as to facilitate their labours, and had sickles of the same shape as ours.

Ibraim had again prepared our meal, and as our stock of Bordeaux was exhausted, he provided us with some Lebanon wine, of a brown golden colour, and a water-melon, which was three feet in diameter. He made an incision in its rose-coloured pulp, and poured in the hot wine of the mountain; then he poured it from this noble bowl, filled with emeralds and rubies, into glasses, and invited us to drink. He hinted that the cool melon without wine might bring on an attack of illness, and produce fever.

Suddenly, something dropped from the roof into my cup; it was the familiar form of a swallow's nest, that introduced itself to me in this unceremonious manner. Our cattle were feeding behind the khan, and suddenly a horse's head was stretched over the carpet between me and Mr. Alfanderi. It was Hassan, my good, steady, trusty horse, who began to drink wine from our melon. We allowed him to indulge his curiosity.

While we were at table, it grew gradually hazy—after weeks, I again saw a grey sky. Ibraim announced rain, and hinted that we should start. We were soon in our saddles; in three hours, he said, we should be in Damascus.

Behind us rose the clattering of horses' feet. We stopped, and Ibraim shouted to us to have our arms in

readiness. Two horsemen came up, and politely saluted us; they were carrying the letters from Beyroot to Damascus. They accomplish the journey, which took us three days, in eighteen hours, as they frequently change horses. We tried to keep up with them for a little, but our horses were speedily left behind, and we soon saw the riders disappear behind a mountain.

It began to thunder among the mountains; a faint light was emitted from the grey sky, and imparted a sadder aspect to the bleak landscape. In this solitude and stillness, every sound had a louder echo, and the mountains were of a fearful height. The storm was approaching nearer.

There was a sort of rustling of wings on the side of the road, as we passed. Two vultures were feeding on the dead body of a camel, and our presence did not interrupt them in their delightful feast. Without premeditation, Mr. Alfanderi, Ibraim, and I discharged our pistols, at the same time, at the revolting group. The bullets whistled, and the birds expanded their wings, as if they would soar aloft, and then quietly proceeded with their feast.

In a cleft of the mountain plain, we crossed a stream where a flock of black goats were drinking. The thunder rolled away, and a few heavy drops of rain continued to fall for about twenty minutes.

"It is well," said Ibraim, "that his host presented my noble master with a Bedouin cloak—put it on."

We followed his advice. The brave Chatib, who preceded us, put on a torn tiger-skin, which he brought out

somewhere from among the luggage ; it hung down over his shoulders like a yellow *talar* striped with brown, and, tattered as it was, it imparted a sort of stately look to his active, nimble figure. If he had carried a bow and arrow, he might have been Ishmael, who, cast out with his mother, wanders proudly through the desert, and for thousands of years has been avenging his father's dishonourable deed on his children.

The rocks and mountains were now quite destitute of trees and vegetation ; no verdure, no water was visible ; we found ourselves in a desert, with a grey sky over it. This increased our anxiety and desire to see the city, which is introduced, among the Sultan's titles, as "the fragrant of paradise," and which the Prophet has praised as thrice blessed, because the angels of the Lord have spread their wings over it. God himself swears in the Koran "by the fig-trees and the olive-trees," because the sweetest figs grow at Damascus, and the best olives at Jerusalem.

The profane writers of the East call the city "the mole on the cheek of the world—the feather of the bird of paradise—the painted neck of the ring-dove—the necklace of beauty—the city of many pillars."

For an hour, the path continued to ascend, till we turned a corner of the mountain, and saw an extensive forest in a boundless plain, of a dark green colour, in the midst of which was a broad, white, glittering stripe, from which rose lofty columns, minarets, and the domes of the mosques, resplendent with gold.

We stopped our horses, and gazed at the wonderful

Damascus, which occupies such an important place in the tales of the East, and is mentioned in the Bible.

Ibraim urged us to proceed, if we would reach the town, which seemed so close at hand, before sunset. We left our horses entirely to their own guidance, and could not withdraw our eyes from the town, which twice disappeared from our view, while we had to thread our way among naked rocks. It looked like the mirage of the desert.

At length, after an hour, we got clear of the inhospitable rocks, and found ourselves in the immediate neighbourhood of the fifth city of the immense Turkish empire, after Constantinople, Adrianople, Brussa, and Cairo. We rode into what had the appearance of an immense village, inhabited by 200,000 men. We were struck with the clearly-marked boundary between the desert and the rich fertile land, like the green line on a map. When we stepped across it, our horses' fore-feet stood on the fragrant, luxuriant vegetation, while their hind feet were still leaving their mark on the barren, sandy desert.

We threaded our way through thousands of gardens; an invisible ocean of sweet odours was floating around us, and almost intoxicating our senses. The gardens, many of them surrounded with red brick walls, with handsome gates, others only enclosed with thick-set hedges, were filled with fig, olive, orange, almond, pomegranate, palm, and cypress trees. All these gardens, according to our ideas of horticulture, were wild, without systematic order or art in their arrangement.

Everything seemed to have been sown by accident, and they looked like the orchards of our German villages, only there were no plum or pear trees, no nettles or gooseberries to be seen. Amid the luxuriant vegetation that covers the face of these gardens, which are not intersected by walks, the most brilliant flowers are growing, and the celebrated rose-bushes, six or seven feet high, look like red flames, and, owing to the heat, exhale the most refreshing odour. The large branches of the plantain trees often extended from the gardens to those on the other side of our path, and formed long, lofty arches of foliage, beneath which we advanced like conquerors. We could hear the rushing of fountains, and of water used for irrigation; but it was only at rare intervals that a human figure was visible.

We had already been exposed on horseback to the fearful heat of the sun for eleven hours, and, though our ride was now really "fragrant of paradise," we felt anxious for repose.

Ibraim had lost his way amid the wonderful labyrinths of the vegetation of spring, and it took us an hour before we reached the town, where we had to force our way through the bazaar, swarming with men, and at length, in the dark of the evening, halted before a house that looked more like a filthy heap of mud than an inn. We passed through a dark, narrow passage, and found ourselves in an enchanted palace. In the centre of the white marble floor of a large square court, a fountain, surrounded by orange-trees, was



playing. Amid the branches were suspended variegated lamps, flashing like diamonds, of every colour. The lofty, airy, vaulted vestibules were only dimly lighted by lanterns of stained glass.

A grey-headed waiter conducted me into one of these open vestibules, surrounded on all sides with broad divans; a second followed him with a silver ewer; a third, soon after, with iced lemonade; a fourth with coffee and the chibouque. I began to think myself one of the princes of the Arabian Nights. This hotel is the only one in Damascus, and was opened a few years ago by a Greek Christian.

I was quite worn out, and longed for a bed. As all the bedrooms were occupied, the landlord provided an excellent couch for me in one of the open vestibules, of which I soon took possession. This vestibule had a small *jet d'eau*, over which a globe of ruby glass was suspended, the red shadows of which played on the lofty, painted wooden work of the vestibule, while a shower of fine drops fell on the sloping roof. A strange music was produced by the rushing, pattering, and flowing of the water. The excitement of the long ride, the novel and picturesque scenes and figures of the previous day, became mixed together in strange confusion.

There was a sound of silver trumpets and drums; a long procession of warriors, with curious glittering arms, marched solemnly past. They were followed by a thousand slaves, clad in all the colours of the burning East. Splendidly caparisoned horses, camels, stand-

ards, green and red—I thought it would never end—at length it halted before an open vestibule, lighted with a crimson light. Close by a fountain lay a pale-faced man; princes and slaves, warriors and priests, stood silent around him. A crown glittered on his head. He reached out his hand for a large, white robe, and signed to a man of gigantic stature, who bore a lance, to advance, and ordered him to place the white linen cloth upon it, and then he spoke:—

“This is my shroud: let all who are here assembled march through the streets of Damascus. Let the trumpets sound and the drums beat, and when the people are assembled in crowds, proclaim, so that all may hear, ‘The Sultan Sal-ah-ed-din is extended on his death-bed, and of all his might, of all his wealth, there is nothing now that he can call his own but his shroud.’”

Bells began to ring, and trumpets to sound, so that I could not hear what he said after this—I opened my eyes, and the vision was gone.

The ruby lamp was extinguished, the fountain in the court was plashing, and an Egyptian dancer was amusing all the motley inmates of the hotel. The sun was already high in the heavens. Ibraim had tried several times to awake me, but sleep, he said, lay on my heart, “heavy as the Jebel Leban.”

After I had enjoyed the delightful torture of a Turkish bath at Damascus, in a splendid, cupolaed building of marble, I betook myself to the house of the Austrian Consul. Mr. Pfaffinger received me in the most friendly manner, and tried, in every way, to make

my too brief stay at Damascus both pleasant and interesting. We sat opposite to one another in the verandah, amid the powerful fragrance of the trees and flowers in full blossom, or walked up and down in the beautiful court, over which a palm-tree from the neighbouring house extended its long branches. Mr. Pfaffinger is a quiet, but keen observer, and charmed me by many pieces of intelligence, which, uttered separately, looked only like Mosaic work, but soon formed a complete picture of Eastern manners and circumstances. It happened, that an Arab, who was present, directed the conversation to an eccentric lady, who created a great sensation some years ago, and who is now living at Damascus. Lady Ellenborough, being compromised by her intrigue with an Austrian diplomatist, among many other lands, travelled through Germany, Italy, and Greece, where she married Count Theodaki. She soon separated from him, and went to the East. After being robbed by the Bedouins, in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, she became enamoured of their Scheik, and Lady Digby, as she called herself again, married him. The Anisi Bedouin Midschuel, her husband, left wife and children on the banks of the Euphrates, and the young man accompanied his elderly wife, who is now about 55 years of age, to Damascus. The fair-haired spouse of the Bedouin, who possesses an annual revenue of 15,000 dollars at least, bought a handsome house and garden in one of the suburbs of Damascus, where she is surrounded with all the comforts of Europe, keeps a large establishment of servants,

and a splendid stud, rides, hunts, and reads; while her husband, who, since his marriage, possesses but little influence among his tribe, occasionally conducts travellers to Palmyra, so as to gain a little money for himself. The wife of the Scheik has learned his language, and lives happy with this son of the desert.

I was introduced at Mr. Pfaffinger's to one of those Prussian officers employed by the Turkish Government to instruct their artillery, who, during the Russian Turkish war, proved themselves apt pupils of their skilful masters. Colonel Geszler, or Dilamir Bey, as he is called in the Turkish army, is a fine soldierly-looking man, whose frank manners and kindly bearing at once secure your confidence. I was strongly recommended to him by Rami Bey, of Constantinople; but this recommendation would not have been necessary. Colonel Geszler is always happy to meet a German, to whom he can talk of the home that he has never forgotten, and of the wonders of the East. He pressed me hard to take up my abode with him; but my stay was too short to admit of this, so I was obliged to be content with the visit which I paid to him at his own house, which he occupies with two servants and an Abyssinian female slave. Here he related to me a strange event, and I met with a strange adventure. We were sitting in a cool verandah, Mr. Geszler was shewing me a small, but very valuable, collection of coins and cut stones, which he had collected principally in Anatolia. The servant brought us coffee and chibouques. Colonel Geszler related to me a circumstance which had oc-

curled a few days before, in his own neighbourhood. A Turk married a young wife, and soon after the marriage-guests had retired at a late hour, the report of firearms was heard, which awoke all his neighbours, who rushed into the house. The newly-married man pointed to the dead body of his wife. He had simply exercised the right which belongs to every Turkish husband when he finds himself betrayed.

While I was listening attentively, seated on the low broad divan, and holding my cup of coffee in my right hand on my knee, I suddenly felt something graze against my hand, and, on turning round, saw a tiger drinking from the small cup. I sprang up in horror, and spilt the coffee over my clothes, while the valuable porcelain cup lay shattered on the ground. The tiger, which had crept stealthily up to me, like a cat, wished, in a friendly good-natured way, to take a cup of coffee with me. Colonel Geszler laughed heartily, and I was soon reassured when he told me that the splendid, active, flexible animal was as tame as the house-dog of Europe—only you must not play with him when he is devouring flesh, and he shows a strange uneasiness at the sight of women and negroes.

When I had regained my composure, and was seated on the divan, Mr. Geszler began to play with the tiger, as if he had been a dog. In thinking of Damascus, I always remember that there I drank black coffee from the same cup with a tiger.

While walking through the narrow, angular, dirty streets of Damascus, among houses in the most ne-

glected condition, which are provided with low doors and wooden lattices, instead of windows, one could never suspect that he is in a wealthy city, which has always possessed peculiar attractions to the Oriental imagination—in a city which is one of the most ancient in the world, and has had sufficient time to assume a regular and definite form.

As all the happiness of an Oriental is centred in his own family, and as no public spirit has ever been awakened in him, he has, in the most selfish manner, expended all his splendour and his wealth on the interior of his own house, and shut out the external world from the enjoyment of it.

When I called upon the Pasha of Damascus, for whom I had letters of introduction, he asked me how I liked Damascus.

“As I would do an ugly woman with a noble heart.”

He smiled, and said, “Is it not a paradise? But we must not even think of an ugly woman in paradise.”

You have generally to enter a house by a very narrow, low, dark, winding passage. It resembles the entrance to a stable, or to a miserable hovel. But when you have reached the end of this passage, you find yourself on enchanted ground. Fountains in full play, surrounded by orange and almond trees, fill the air with coolness and fragrance. The court is often shaded by a palm-tree, and splendid flowers of every kind attract the eye, and fill the heart with sweet contentment. Sometimes this court is converted into a shady garden, in which may be heard the sound of

playing fountains and the song of the nightingale. The fine airy court, paved with Mosaic of different colours, and roofed by the deep blue sky, is usually open on three sides, and surrounded by lofty vestibules, with pointed arches, the walls of which are adorned with divans. You pass to the right and left of these vestibules into lofty rooms, state apartments, which are adorned with different kinds of marble, with gold and mother-of-pearl. Landscape paintings, in which are usually represented palaces and minarets, without any regard to the laws of perspective, sometimes give variety to the marble; while the walls contain cupboards, filled with valuable gold and silver plate, with porcelain and crystal.

I passed many hours in a splendid house like this, occupied by the learned Orientalist, Mr. Wetzstein, who has held the office of Prussian Consul at Damascus for many years, and is an industrious collector of literary and archæological treasures.

One day, we were invited to a feast at the house of Mr. Rafael Stamblui, the wealthiest Jew in Damascus. The feast was given in honour of Baron Alphonso von Rothschild, who had just arrived from Jerusalem.

The guests assembled in an open, arched vestibule, such as we have just described, and opposite to a mirror of water with a marble frame, shaded by trees and flowers. We, that were Europeans, arrived exactly at 4 o'clock, the appointed hour, and were invited to seats, while we were supplied with coffee, iced lemonade, and chibouques with splendid yellow amber mouth-pieces set with diamonds.

In true Oriental fashion, without regard to time or hour, the male and female guests gradually made their appearance, the latter all dressed in wide, white mantles, and deeply veiled. Brown female slaves, who followed them, removed their mantles and veils, and then they emerged like pretty butterflies from white blossoms.

When one of the ladies arrived, she took her place beside us on the divan, and placed in her mouth the red, silver-tipped tube of the narghilé, which was at once handed to her. The whole company rose at every fresh arrival, till at length there were twenty ladies assembled.

It was a strange and novel spectacle. The ladies were all dressed in heavy green, yellow, red, and blue flowered silks of Damascus. These dresses were fastened in front and round the waist with a parti-coloured girdle; they wore also wide silk trowsers, usually red and white, with yellow or red slippers, richly embroidered with gold. The upper part of the body was covered with a white silk tunic, embroidered with gold or silver, which left the breast exposed. Over this they wore plain silk jackets, of all the colours of the rainbow, with wide slit sleeves, embroidered with gold. Their shoulders were adorned with bouquets of roses of gold, which were worn like epaulets. But the most valuable article of dress was the red fez, which was completely covered with gold tassels, strings of pearls and diamonds, roses of rubies, and leaves of emeralds.

Ladies in the East always wear their jewels; they



think it better to appear every day before their husbands adorned with all their splendour, than to follow the example of our ladies in the West, who only occasionally display their jewels at a ball or an evening party.

What was the particular style of beauty by which this circle of ladies was distinguished? All have the lips, the cheeks, and the eyes painted; the last, in the corners and on the borders of the eyelids, so that the eyes have a peculiar brightness like that of enamel; and even the darkest eyes in the East seem to be lighted up in a peculiar way. The eyebrows, the finest ornament of the eyes, are smoothly shaven off, in their place a black semi-arc, which extends from the brow to the nose, is skilfully painted over each eye. The ladies thus dispense with an ornament, which indeed has been more frequently celebrated by the poets of the West than by those of the East, and shew their bad taste, and disfigure themselves by this extraordinary painting of the eyebrows, which is always executed after the same fashion, and imparts a monotonous and almost comical expression to the faces of the women, like that of masqued figures. As all the different natural shades of complexion are destroyed by painting the eyes, the cheeks, and the lips, all of them are more or less alike.

The ladies were all sitting cross-legged, and emitting blue clouds of smoke, while the water of the crystal narghilé, which stood before each of them, kept gurgling, and the small rose-leaves that had been placed in them

were whirling about, at every puff, like red flakes of snow. As none of them spoke, and each one looked straight before her, without any particular expression, one might have taken them for people sleeping with open eyes, and the gurgling of the narghilé was not at all unlike a disagreeable snore. But their posture was really picturesque, as they leaned against the cushions of the divan, with the upper part of the body reclining or bent to the side, supported by the arm, with the head resting on the hand, the palms and nails of which were, in many cases, painted yellow with henna.

Brown female slaves, and white attendants of both sexes, were walking up and down, and supplying coffee and pipes. The female servants wore wooden sandals, about six inches high, which announced their approach, even at a distance, by their *clipp-clapping*, and which were laid aside every time they drew near to us on the carpet. Those who wear these sandals, which are kept on by a strap over the instep, must keep the upper part of the body erect and bent backwards, while the feet are pushed on before, so as not to lose the sandals. This covering for the feet is very necessary during rain, in the open apartments of Eastern houses, to prevent the valuable carpets from being spoiled.

Meanwhile, four musicians had stationed themselves beside the basin: cymbal and drum, clarionet and tambourine, commenced an extraordinary quartette, a chaos of music, amid which might be distinguished, at times, the Bohemian Polka and the Kalamaica. The

sound of these pieces, so familiar to me at home, produced much the same effect as if I had seen white mealy potatoes among golden dates.

When they had finished a piece of music, the men began to sing that wonderful Arabian song, which is often scoffed at, in the synagogues of the West, as Polish flourishing and snuffling.

I asked my neighbour to tell me what they were singing. He answered:—

“We hear these songs from our infancy, and regard them with so much indifference that we never ask about the words.”

“Listen, then, and tell me what they are singing.”

“I hear them singing Arabic, but I cannot distinguish the words.”

After about two hours, when it was nearly six o'clock, P.M., our host invited us to accompany him to table, by clapping his hands. Baron Rothschild, with European gallantry, offered his arm to his fair neighbour; I followed his example, and conducted my neighbour to table in the same way. This act produced a wonderful sensation; the men eyed one another askance, and smiled, while the women seemed lost in astonishment at this act of audacity, which, as we afterwards learned from their remarks, excited no small degree of jealousy, on account of the undue preference shown to their companions.

We entered another arched hall, where a table, adorned with silver plate, and splendidly illuminated, was spread.

It is worthy of remark, that we sat on four-legged chairs, and ate with knives and forks. This must be regarded as a step in advance, and as a corruption introduced from Europe, which has displaced for ever the naïve process of eating with the fingers. The toasts were shouted out in an extraordinary manner, and accompanied with a still more original noise. Our host, for example, shouted, "Evviva Signore Rothschild e tutta la sua famiglia."\* The men all shouted the same words in a sort of chorus, while the women hammered the table with the handles of their knives and forks, as if they had been beating the drum. He, who was the object of all this shouting and hammering, had to stand up and return thanks. It was regarded as an innovation from a new and more audacious world, when I replied, on my health being drunk, by another toast, which the clever Secretary of the Austrian Consulate translated into that *patois* of broken Spanish which alone is spoken by the ladies of Damascus:—

"From my childhood, I have been accustomed to hear of the roses of Damascus; they are celebrated in the West, and known by the enchanting fragrance of the ottar of roses. But on my arrival here, after crossing the ocean and many lands, I find that they have lost all their attractions for me, since I have seen the ladies of Damascus, and such a charming circle of them around me—on my return home, I will speak only of the fair roses of Damascus."

\* "Long live Baron Rothschild and all his family."

For a moment, there was a deep calm, like that which precedes a storm at sea. Then the ladies began to knock on the table, with the handles of their knives and forks, with such violence, that many of them broke with a clink. When this storm had ceased, they began to express their astonishment to one another by that slight smacking of the tongue, by which the Italians, and the Jews of Europe express their admiration. After this, they shook their heads in admiration, so that it seemed as if countless streaks of lightning were flashing from their head-dresses: red, green, white, yellow sparks and rays of diamonds.

When I expressed to a gentleman my surprise at the extraordinary display of diamonds, and their great size, he informed me confidentially that they do not all belong to the ladies. The wealthiest Jews in Damascus advance money on pledges, chiefly on jewelry, and their wives regard it as quite correct to adorn themselves with the articles pledged, so long as they remain unredeemed.

After two hours, we rose from table. We walked out into the open court, and were surprised at the singular way in which it was illuminated. In any European garden, glass lamps, suspended on strings, would have produced little impression on us. But here, where their glimmering light was reflected from orange and red almond blossoms, and the leaves of the palm-tree, and enabled us at times to catch glimpses of men of different complexions, wandering about in mixed and motley costumes—they looked like magic

lamps of rubies, emeralds, and topazes, such as we read of in the "Arabian Nights." On the basin were floating lamps, made of cork, which were driven about by children, like small light boats; while, above all this, was the clear, bright moon, threading her way through the heavens.

We were all invited again into the hall, in which the guests had been received; it was only lighted from without, and filled with a sort of magic twilight. The whole company sat down again, in the order we have already described, and proceeded to smoke, and drink coffee.

In order to shew respect for the guests, the ladies began to dance. Two of them rose from the circle, approached us, and, after applying the right hand to the forehead, the heart, and the lips, while we stood up to return the salutation, softly touched our right hands, which were extended to meet theirs. We sat down again to see the ladies dancing, and accompanying the noisy music of the former quartette with peculiar movements and the clacking of wooden castanets.

Each lady moved as she chose, without paying attention to the other dancers. She applied the right and the left hand in turn to the forehead, much in the same way as an officer returns a salute, and went round in a circle as if dancing a *cotillon*. Sometimes they advanced and retired, so as to turn, when the music became quicker. The nearest approach to a graceful posture was when one of the dancers placed her hand

on her waist, and proudly bent her head backwards. Their hands generally rested on their sides, except when they were stretched out angularly to play the castanets. There was no sort of expression, or manifestation of character perceptible in their features; the dance gave you the impression of highly-ornamented figures, which were moved by some mechanical process. I sometimes caught myself looking up to see if I could not discover the puppet player, who seemed to be directing the movements of these picturesque figures with strings.

The dance lasted for about ten minutes. The dancers saluted us again as at the beginning of the dance; the men clapped their hands to express their lively satisfaction, and a second and a third pair began, till all had taken part, and we were reduced to a state of comatose *ennui*.

None of the women were more than forty years of age; the youngest, a daughter of the wealthy family of the Farchi, whose history has rendered them celebrated, was only twelve years old, and yet she had been married, about a month before, to a lad of eighteen. She was the very model of a beautiful child, with those large round eyes, shaded by long eyelashes, to which poets ascribe every earthly charm. She, and the woman in the Palace of Belisarius at Constantinople, were the most beautiful women that I saw in the East. How soon will this beautiful human blossom, plucked by the sad customs of the East before it has attained the size of a full-blown rose,

wither! All the ladies who were present might, in their youth, have been graceful, if not beautiful; but now, though not old, they seemed to have grown old, faded, fat, and disfigured, by their indolent habits.

At length the dance came to an end, and we were again invited to the dining-room. It was now nearly midnight. Again, the table was shining with silver, and freshly spread, but only with sweetmeats, strangely-shaped pastry, preserved fruits of the most unexpected flavour, fresh fruits, among others the celebrated apricots, which are known by the name of *mischmisch*.

There were also leaves of roses and lilies, boiled with sugar, and delicate pastry of sugar seasoned with the oil of roses, which the Orientals call heavenly morsels, and which, supported by a happy coincidence, seemed to be the ambrosia of the gods. All these delicacies were contained in silver and crystal cups. Water, cooled with the snow of Lebanon, stood on the table in lofty vessels of silver, and was handed round in crystal cups. The master of the house attended to the guests himself, as he had done at dinner, and directed servants and slaves of every colour, who executed his orders in an exemplary manner.

But, on this very day, my toast to the fair roses of Damascus was to be avenged. At a given signal, all the ladies stood up; each one stuck a fork into a sweetmeat, and advancing solemnly with the fork extended like a sceptre, handed me the sweetmeats, one after another. I did not dare return the fork without having partaken of the sweetmeat, as I should thus have failed duly to



appreciate this extraordinary attention. My sense of taste thus suffered great violence, and I was afraid that worse consequences might ensue.

The ladies accompanied this distribution of sweets with such expressions as—"May it agree with you, sir," or, "May God bless the morsel to you." Madame Farchi, as the youngest, was the last to advance, with a rose-leaf that fluttered on the silver fork, like a purple standard on a white minaret. Her timidity prevented her from saying anything; I waited till the other women had retired, and then took the fork and said to her:—"Thou art the rose, and thy sisters are only the thorns." She looked at me with her large eyes in silence, and I could observe that she scarcely understood my meaning.

After an hour, the servants handed to each of the guests a silver basin and a towel of the finest woollen, richly embroidered with gold and silver.

We again retired to the assembly hall, smoked chibouques, and drank coffee, till it was nearly morning, and the guests began gradually to retire.

As I was passing a mosque in one of the streets, the Muezzin was singing the morning prayer from a minaret.

Mr. Pfaffinger, the Austrian consul, had the kindness to introduce me to Abd-el-kadr, who has lived at Damascus ever since Brussa was visited with an earthquake. The Emir agreed to receive me at noon on the 15th of May. I waited on him at the appointed hour, along with the consul's interpreter. We were

preceded by the consul's armed servants, with their long staves, mounted with silver. We passed through hundreds of small, narrow, dirty lanes, full of continuous windings, till we reached an insignificant-looking house, similar in exterior to all the others at Damascus, and entered a small dirty court. There was a sort of walled grotto in the background; there the Emir was seated, with three other men, so as to be protected from the heat of the sun. The latter wore white turbans, and light white woollen cloaks; the Emir wore a similar one of a green colour, while a piece of white cloth, with stripes of gold, was wound round his head.

He stood up as we approached him, and signed to us to follow him. Barefooted as he was, he ascended a narrow wooden staircase before us, and continued speaking, during the ascent, with the men in the grotto. We passed from the staircase, through an unpainted, white, wooden door, into a small room, lighted by a single window, looking into the neglected court. Two divans, covered with yellow and red striped woollen, and a large copper coal-pan, shaped like a vase, formed the entire furniture of the room, which produced the disagreeable impression of great poverty.

Abd-el-Kadr seated himself cross-legged on the divan, and motioned me to his left; the interpreter placed himself opposite to us.

The Emir speaks French fluently, but he used Arabic, because, as I was informed, he wished to receive me with greater state. The mode of speaking

through an interpreter is not so unpleasant, when the conversation is extended to a great length. It does not disturb the repose of a Mussulman; he has time to observe the effect of what he has said, in the features of his guest, and, especially in important diplomatic conferences, to regulate and to weigh his thoughts; and, lastly, words not spoken directly are less offensive, and can easily be recalled if they produce an unexpected or disagreeable effect, the misunderstanding on the part of the interpreter being always at command as a convenient pretext. Moreover, the interpreter is not at all in the way, he being regarded as a sort of machine. The speakers do not look at him, but at one another, and each listens attentively to the interpretation of his words, as if he understood it.

A servant, after saluting me in silence, by touching his forehead, his mouth, and his heart, handed me lemonade in a silver dish, resembling in shape a large tea-cup; but there was no coffee or chibouques.

After I had drunk, the Emir addressed me:—

“Was your journey prosperous? Are you in good health?”

I answered these questions in the affirmative, and enquired after the Emir's health.

“I am well, and my health is improved by the pleasure which your visit affords me.”

“I have come to you because your fame is great in the world, not only as a warrior, but as a master of speech, and of inspiring eloquence.”

“Tell me, what are the chief articles of the peace, which has just been concluded?”

I communicated to him all that I had learned from the newspapers.

"Why, then, Russia still remains powerful, and will not cease to be dangerous. What are the articles of the treaty of peace, that are already known?"

"They are known only to God and to those who have written them down."

"Will the peace be permanent? What opinion is entertained on this subject in your country?"

"Every peace is called an everlasting peace, as you well know; but in the West we smile at the expression. The Sultan has promised to execute what his allies have dictated to him, while he retains the appearance of acting of his own free will. We do not believe that a prince, who is weak, inactive, and prematurely old, can execute that which would be the task of an iron will, acting spontaneously. And, even if he should try to introduce measures which are hostile to the teachings of Islamism, and to the settled convictions of his subjects, there is reason to dread the outbreak of a revolution. This was the opinion prevalent at Constantinople."

"Then the Western powers could take possession of Turkey for the purpose of enlightening it, and occupy it till the sick man is dead. France delights in occupying."

The Emir, who had hitherto remained perfectly calm, accompanied these words with a short burst of hoarse, passionate laughter.

Two old men, with bare feet, wearing light brown striped cloaks and white turbans, rushed into the room,

and began, with loud voices, to relate the particulars of a quarrel, which had arisen between them. The Emir raised his right hand, and seemed to command silence with his outstretched fore-finger, as both of them were at once silent, and humbly drew near to kiss the hem of his garment. He made them both speak in turn, which they did with a great display of passion; the subject of dispute was the possession of a horse. The Emir uttered a few decisive words, and both of them again kissed the hem of his garment, and departed.

During this scene, I had an opportunity of examining the Emir more closely. His head is strikingly well-formed. A short, straight Grecian nose descends directly from a lofty forehead; the mouth is small, and surrounded by a full-pointed beard, which covers the chin, and is of a black colour, interspersed with grey. The eyes are grey, and sometimes flash beneath the beautiful, finely-arched eyebrows. The Emir gave me the impression of a man who had not yet reached his fiftieth year.

He again addressed me:—"I hear that you are one of your country's poets. What sort of climate has it?"

"No dates or citrons grow with us."

"Then it is the same as in France?"

"For many months my native land is covered with snow; still, it is blessed with all that can satisfy the wants, or contribute to the happiness, of man."

"When you compose a poem, do you not require in your cold country to warm yourself artificially beforehand?"

When I denied this, and the Emir looked rather incredulous, I informed him, through the interpreter, that I was ready to prove that what I had said was true, if he would have the goodness to provide me with paper and ink.

"That you may know that I am not about to deceive you, which may God forbid! by writing down a poem which I have already composed, tell me what subject or person I shall celebrate."

The Emir, influenced more by *naïveté* than vanity, answered:—

"Celebrate me."

A servant brought one of those long-handled silver inkstands which the Orientals use, and carry at the girdle, not without a certain ostentatious feeling, to prove that they can write. The servant took a pen, formed of a reed, from the hollow handle, handed it to me, and knelt down before me, holding the inkstand. I knew that I must write hyperbolically and rhythmically, so as to make some amends by the harmony of the rhythm for the meaning remaining unintelligible to a foreign ear.

After celebrating his praises as a hero, a prince, and a judge, I translated the piece, line by line, into Italian, for the benefit of the interpreter, who translated it into Arabic.

"You are a wise poet, let me now hear the sound of your native tongue."

I read the poem with a certain pathos, laying special emphasis on the ever-recurring rhythm.

"Honour thy servant once more," said the Emir, "with the harmony of thy mouth."

I read the poem again; then he reached out his hand for the piece of paper on which it was written, and examined it attentively, as if he wished to read it.

"The writing of your country is closely compressed together. When the characters do not stand alone and free, they cannot be beautiful."

"It is the same with men."

"I should give a poem in return for yours, so etiquette demands; but the heat of the day is great. I am fasting, and feel myself fatigued. Be pleased, instead, to accept of this inkstand, from which you have given sauce to your thoughts."

A different turn was now given to our conversation, which placed me in a truly comical position.

"You are not only a poet, but also, as is frequently the case among the Arabs, a physician. One of my teeth is broken, the root is sore; will you not relieve me of it?"

It was with some difficulty that I restrained my laughter; but I informed the Emir that he might shew me the tooth. He rose, and walked to a rickety little sofa, similar to those we see in Europe, that stood near the window. He lay down upon it, and opened his mouth. His teeth are small, closely joined, and white, but the left incisor of the upper jaw was broken, and the root was hollow. I advised him to have the tooth stuffed.

“Do it, Effendi.”

I explained to him that I had not the necessary instruments with me, and, moreover, that it was not customary in the West for a physician to perform operations on the teeth, so that I had no experience in such matters, but that I could fill up the tooth with wax, so as to exclude the air, and explain the method of stuffing to the Arab physician, whom I had met at the Prussian Consul's.

“Do whatever you think will afford me relief; my sufferings are great.”

I made a servant bring some wax, and filled up the cavity with it; the inflamed flesh round the tooth soon began to bleed; and there are few men in the world besides myself who can boast that they have made Abdel-Kadr bleed.

I requested the Emir to take some water and vinegar.

“I am fasting.”

When I explained to him that it was only to rinse his mouth, he ordered both to be brought, and began, as he had done several times during our conversation, to utter prayers in a low, murmuring voice. Then he requested me to examine his foot, which, like his hand, is small, with a high instep, as is usual among the Arabs. There were a few reddish-brown spots on the calf of his leg, which was well shaped, and thickly covered with hair. I recommended vapour-baths, and promised to send him Mr. Wetzstein's Arab physician, who is reputed to be very skilful.



The visit lasted more than an hour. When I was preparing to take my leave, I requested him to write his name in my journal; he wrote it, and the date of my visit on the same leaf, in very beautiful Arabic. A collector of autographs at Vienna is now the proud possessor of it.

The Emir stood up, gave me his right hand, and said:—

“I thank you for the honour of your visit. May God be with you, and bless you.”

The Emir was then negotiating the purchase of a house at Damascus, which was formerly used as a *mederesse*, but has now been converted into a wine-shop, for the purpose of delivering in it to his numerous admirers a series of lectures, explanatory of the principles of the Moslemite religion. He is possessed of great influence in the East, which he has acquired by the fame of his valour, and by his eloquence, which is often prophetic. His rôle in the world's history is not yet finished, and while the expression of his countenance and his well-weighed words denote great craftiness, he seems to have the finest ear for catching the sound of all that is passing in the distant world, and to have made up his mind as to the part he will act when a favourable moment arrives.

France had previously paid his debts, amounting to several hundred thousand francs, which he had partly incurred by the purchase of handsome wives, of whom he possesses four, besides numerous female slaves.

I am indebted for my information concerning the Jews of Damascus, to Mr. Jussuf Elias, a native of Corfu, who, by his learning and his knowledge of many languages, rendered himself highly useful for a time to the English consul at Beyroot, after which he visited Bagdad as a merchant. As he was unfortunate in his speculations, he returned to Syria in 1839, and has ever since been agent for the Austrian Lloyd's, and secretary to the Austrian consul at Damascus, for whom he has acted as substitute on different occasions. He speaks and writes Arabic, Spanish, Italian, French, English, and Greek with equal ease, and has also latterly made himself master of German.

I derived the following particulars from him, while partaking of Mocha and enjoying the narghilé in his office, where he has a small library, containing works in all these different languages.

The Jewish community at Damascus contains five thousand souls, among whom there are a thousand men who pay taxes to Government. Among these there are only eight or ten *Aschkenasim*, who have married *Sephardisch* wives. The greater number of the Jews of Damascus, who are not Turkish, are Austrian subjects, with thirty Tuscans, ten Frenchmen, a few Algerians, six Prussians, and fifteen Persians. The Turks here are more hostile to the Christians than to the Jews, or rather the latter are less hated than the former, because they do not aim at political influence or superiority.

The Karaite community has died out; about fifty

years ago, their ruinous synagogue was purchased by some Catholic Christians, who converted it into a church, which is still standing. The ancient burying-ground of the Karaites contains some very ancient tombstones, which are already more or less mutilated.

The community has eight synagogues, which are known by the following names :—

“*Dei Franchi*” was built by the exiles, at the time of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. It is the largest and most important; there are sermons delivered in it three times every year—on Sabbath *Sachor*, on Sabbath *Hagadol*, and on Sabbath *Teschuba*.

“*Menasch.*” In this synagogue, the celebrated cabalist, Chajim Vital, who was buried in the cemetery of Damascus, used to officiate. The Jews make pilgrimages to his grave, and take off their shoes when they approach it to offer up prayer.

“*Raki*,” which, like the synagogue just mentioned, probably derived its name from its founder, was frequented by the *l'archi* family, and, after being for a long time in a ruinous condition, has now been restored; it is supported by wooden pillars, painted a silver colour, with a tint of blue, and the walls between them are painted in imitation of the variegated colours of an eastern carpet.

The synagogue “*Del Pascha*” possesses an ancient Bible, which cannot be unrolled, but is printed on single leaves, and bound like a book, as the Bibles of the Karaites usually are.

“*Ehlef.*” The origin of the name of this house of

prayer is unknown; the painted panes of glass in the windows have a pleasant effect.

“Medrasoh.” This is the smallest of all the synagogues, but the Rabbis shew a preference for it because it contains a library, which, however, is not very extensive.

“Dschobar” is the name of the synagogue, which is rather less than a league from the town, and to which the Jews of Syria and Palestine perform pilgrimages.

There the prophet Elijah is said to have concealed himself in a cave. The building is coeval with the prophet Elijah, and after lying for a long time in ruins, it was restored by Rabbi Elisa ben Arach.

I rode out to it, and found an extensive building, the property of the community, in which pilgrims and poor travellers are accommodated. There is a pretty large synagogue, in rather a ruinous condition, in the courtyard of the building. The roof is no longer entire, and there was a merry flirting and twittering of sparrows in the synagogue, the walls of which are mean and bare. In the centre, where the *almemer* is usually placed, surrounded with a wooden railing, is shewn the spot, beneath which, as the guardian of the building informed me, is the grave of the attendant of Elijah the Prophet. He ordered me to take off my shoes, and lighted small wax tapers, in order to accompany me himself to the sepulchre. We stumbled down the dark, narrow staircase, and found ourselves in a place where fragments of two broken marble pillars, probably the remains of a sarcophagus, are standing. Nothing was known about

the stone, on which the prophet anointed Hasael; but we heard much about the numerous miracles that have been performed in this synagogue.

We passed the Turkish cemetery, which was entirely destroyed by the immense fall of snow this winter, which damaged houses, olive-trees, and gardens to the amount of from seventy to eighty millions of piastres. Skeletons and dead bodies lay exposed to view, and the government, instead of adopting speedy measures for their re-interment, ordered the dogs, which had begun to devour the bodies, to be shot.

My guide informed me that the more ancient tombstones in the Jewish burying place have no inscriptions upon them; it is the same as among the Carthusians, there is no mention of the names of the dead, or reference to their past lives.

A notorious character, of the name of Kaurdschi, has been employed for years in connection with the Jewish burying-ground, who levies a contribution on the community for every body that is interred, and which amounts to 10, 20, 50, 100, or 200 piastres, according to the position of the family to which the body belongs. All reclamations have hitherto been in vain, and this fact may be cited among many instances which might be given of the manner in which the government of the Turkish empire is conducted.

It is related of the cabalist Chajim Vital, to whose grave in this burying-ground we have already alluded, that he knew who was buried in every grave; when he bent over the grave and addressed the man below,

he was obliged to tell him his age and the deeds of his past life.

As one of the four days which I spent at Damascus was a Saturday, I visited all the synagogues, the finest of which is that "Dei Franchi." It is lofty and airy, with three arches, supported by stone pillars; the walls are painted blue, with framed panels containing landscapes which set all the rules of art and perspective at defiance, minarets adorned with the moon and stars, Chinese towers, tasteless flower-vases, and so on. When the *thora* roll was taken from the ark, unfolded and shown to the congregation, about two hundred women stood up in the uncovered court before the synagogue, in wide, white linen cloaks, which also covered their heads. They pressed against the open door of the synagogue, and spread out their arms with fervent devotion toward the *thora*. Not one of them had a prayer-book, as none of them can read, and this movement and pantomime is the only part which they can take in divine service. I was summoned before the *thora*, in reading which I was preceded by Mr. Dueg, the best of the living poets of Palestine.

When divine service was concluded, I witnessed a scene which made me shudder. A child was carried in solemn procession to the synagogue, to be admitted into the church by circumcision, on the eighth day. All pressed round it, and I, as a guest, was provided with a place, to enable me to see it better. The child wore a rich dress, embroidered with gold, and a cap of the same material adorned with flowers. It was placed

on a small table, which was completely covered with palm-leaves and flowers.

That table was its bier !

When the operation was about to commence, the person who had to perform it objected, because the child appeared to him very pale and motionless. A physician who happened to be in the synagogue was summoned ; he approached, then, according to the usual practice of medical men in the East, took both of the child's hands in his to feel its pulse, thrust his little finger into its mouth, and with Oriental composure did not yet utter a single word, while the congregation waited in speechless anxiety for his verdict.

I whispered to my neighbour :—"Have the child removed, and see to its funeral."

He repeated my words, and the silence that had hitherto prevailed, was changed into a piercing wail of sorrow uttered by the women. It was a speechless cry of grief, till one of them shrieked, "The unhappy mother!"—words which were now repeated by all of them like a weeping chorus. They wrung their hands, many a long white veil was dropped, and the wearers stood in their costly robes, and beat their breasts and cheeks, while others dashed their foreheads against the stones of the synagogue. A blooming pomegranate threw its shadow over the group, agitated with this wild sorrow while the rays of the sun in the deep blue sky played and sparkled among its branches like thousands of diamonds.

Leaving the synagogue, we passed a house which is

pointed out as the one in which the Cabalist Vital lived. There is another house opposite to it, which has the name of God cut out in a tablet of stone over the door. It was formerly the property of the very celebrated *Sepharedesch* poet, Rabbi Israel Nadschar, who flourished a hundred years ago. There was something of enthusiasm in Mr. Elias' voice when he spoke of him, and he began to sing some verses. "Those who are now living are only moons which borrowed their light from him, and he is a parhelion of Don Jehuda Halewi."

The community has two educational establishments, in which fifteen teachers give instruction in different divisions. The Talmud is taught in two of them, but very superficially. It is worthy of notice, that the Jews and the Mohammedans sometimes send their children to the schools taught by the French missionaries of the order of St. Lazare, so that they may be instructed in languages and other important branches of education. The Rabbis do not object to their attendance.

Chacham Aaron and Chacham Jacob Perez, discharge the office of spiritual guides; the latter is recognised as an official by the Turkish Government. Both preside over the Besdin, which is composed of ten Chachams, who officiate alternately. They are all pupils of the deeply-learned and highly-respected Rabbi, Chajim Romano, who, after having completed the education of these men, lives in strict retirement.

The community has not a library, and only very few manuscripts, but in the house of the Farchi family



there are about seven hundred ancient printed works, and about eight hundred at the widow Farchi's, while the Stambuli family has about the same number of modern works. The Rabbis of Damascus assemble every day in the room which contains them, for the purpose of studying and conversing on learned subjects. Mr. Jacob Zemach, a pious Jew of Bagdad, who died some years ago, bequeathed a sum, the annual interest of which amounts to 6000 piastres, to the Rabbis of Damascus, on condition that they should thus meet daily.

There is not a president of the community; its affairs are managed by the heads of the wealthiest families, along with the Chacham Baschi, recognised by the Government. Among the wealthiest families may be mentioned the Stambuli, the Lisbonas, the Schemaja, the Arari, the Farchi, and the Picciotto. It is estimated that they possess from 20 to 25 millions of piastres. Only about the half of the male members of the community are able to pay taxes. While the synagogues are supported by voluntary contributions, 30 or 40,000 piastres are collected every year for the purpose of supplying the poor with unleavened bread and rice during the passover. There is no provision for the support of the sick, if private benefactors should fail to relieve them.

The Jews are allowed to inhabit any part of the city they choose, but they prefer residing in the streets which are near one another, so that they may be able to attend the synagogues, and to send their

children to school. They are the proprietors of two hundred houses.

The Jews are considered good handcraftsmen. They are very skilful woollen and silkweavers; there are from fifty to sixty of these, and about 70 dyers, ten tinsmiths, three watchmakers, two shoemakers, six tailors. A considerable number support themselves as agents, pedlars, and porters. The rich are bankers to the Pasha and the Effendis, to whom they lend money at 24 per cent., about twice the amount of legal interest. In the same way they advance money to whole villages, when the taxes are collected, till the time of harvest, and are known by the name of Schubaschi, a word which nearly corresponds to our intendant of finances.

There is one Jew who cultivates some pieces of land, and supports himself and his family respectably on the produce of the soil.

The physicians among the Jews occupy the same low grade as those of the Arabs, as they possess only a few general ideas, and, like all quacks, a host of incomprehensible remedies. I made the acquaintance of one of them; they study Galenus, and are beginning to connect themselves with the new school at Alexandria, an offshoot from Vienna and Paris. The works of the French physicians are usually translated into Arabic.

The spiritual and moral condition of the Jews of Damascus resembles that of their countrymen in the rest of the East. The Missionary Society has as yet thrown out its golden net at Damascus in vain; yet it has

happened that one or two Jews have declared themselves Mohammedans in order to receive gifts; in a few months they return again to Judaism. In the year 1855, a young man, a member of the Farchi family, influenced by his passion for a Turkish maiden, went over to Islamism. The extravagance of his wife soon brought him to the verge of ruin. While I was there, he expressed his determination to become a Jew again, that is, according to Jewish ideas, to remain a Jew, as no Jew can cease to be one after his baptism.

I lived at the Palmyra Hotel, the only one at Damascus, opened a few years ago by a Greek of the name of Germanos, and had as my neighbour Baron Alphonso von Rothschild, who had just arrived from Jerusalem, and who, after visiting Baalbec, intended to extend his travels to Beyroot and Egypt. I had letters of introduction to him, and waited upon him in a handsome *salon*, into which the branches of the orange-trees, covered with fragrant blossom, were thrusting their arms through the open window. Mr. von Rothschild was sitting in a circle of fifteen Chachams, who had come to pay their respects to him, and conversing with them about their circumstances. After ice, coffee, and chibouques had been handed round, I had an opportunity of hearing a conversation originated by Baron Rothschild on a very sad subject.

“Why do you not establish schools to impart instruction to your children in such secular branches of knowledge as may promote their future prospects in life?”

"We have not the means, we have to expend so much on the poor."

"The reason why you have so many poor is, because you do not educate your children; above all, because you are not sufficiently careful to teach them trades."

"Our children are too weak."

"Why do you not establish factories?"

"We receive everything ready manufactured from Europe."

"That is a bad system, for it makes you send your money out of the country and pay a high price for the goods."

"Why does the Government not care for its subjects? Even if we wished to do it for ourselves and to establish factories, we could not obtain a firman."

"But you could do so now that the Hat Humayoum has placed all the religious bodies on a footing of equality."

"Now, perhaps, it might be possible."

"Why do you not practise agriculture?"

"Would a Jew dare to labour on the Sabbath?"

"Who then laboured in the Holy Land in the blessed days of our forefathers?"

"Certainly no one from the holy city, only the 'am hoorez,' the ignorant peasantry."

Mr. von Rothschild concluded the conversation, and said to me:—

"You will meet with the same dispositions and the same narrow views at Jerusalem. It is a deplorable circumstance, which we, who are anxious for their civi-

lization and enlightenment, feel all the more painfully, because we can scarcely see what remedy to apply. In Jerusalem, I assembled around me the Rabbis and leading men, and asked them for their opinions. They had not an idea beyond the wants that must be daily satisfied. Meanwhile, the Rabbis are growing rich, while the poor are languishing in actual misery. We are about to break up the female school founded by Mr. Albert Cohn, because the parents will not send their children to learn unless we pay them for doing so. The lending bank is already given up, because the people regarded the money lent as their own property, and lent it again at a higher rate of interest. The hospital alone is in a thriving condition, and another institution, the *atelier d'industrie*. I recommend both of them to your careful attention."

With regard to the hospital, Baron Rothschild was perfectly right, as we shall afterwards see; but he did not know that when he was at Jerusalem, articles were exhibited at the *atelier d'industrie*, which were made by the teachers of the pupils, or borrowed from the bazaar.

"A vast deal is done for Jerusalem," continued Mr. von Rothschild; "but we do not act in concert. Those who are really well disposed should act in union, and follow out one common purpose. My honourable friend, Sir Moses Montefiore himself—what has he done for Jerusalem? He has with infinite generosity expended sum after sum, till he has spent a hundred times more than a prince at his coronation. But you will find no

permanent creation of his. When he is once dead, they will no more speak of him than they would of a cloud pregnant with blessings after it has passed away. Perhaps you may manage to get the hospital enlarged, when you see how much good is done by it."

"My task is clearly defined by the lady who has entrusted me with it, and as such enjoys the protection of the Government."

"Then it is evident that you cannot make any alteration. But before you begin the execution of your task, study the theatre of action and examine the characters closely. Above all things, we must take care at Jerusalem that the people do not die of hunger, and an establishment for lending corn seemed to me to be practicable. Grain may be bought cheap from the Fellachim; we must store it up and lend it to the poor at a low price in times of want."

"The idea is worthy of the patriarch Joseph."

"Not quite. The consul who receives the money for their support from Europe, must return it for the corn that is lent, so as to be able to replenish the store at the proper time."

Our conversation was interrupted by other visitors. I was delighted to have frequent opportunities afterwards of conversing with this handsome, elegant, fair-haired Englishman, and of listening to his clear, humane, practical ideas, which are far in advance of his age and experience.

On the Sabbath, Mr. Alfanderi and I were invited to dine with Mr. Angelo Schemaja. The table was spread

beneath the trees in full blossom, close to the marble basin, in the beautiful court. Mr Schemaja is fond of singing, and is the patron of all the singers, who assemble at his house on the Sabbath, and sing religious and profane songs in Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish; on this occasion, out of respect to me, the choir was stronger than usual, and I did not fail to admire the strength and the beauty of their voices. There could be no question regarding the former, as after three hours of violent shouting they betrayed no symptoms of weariness.

This singing, which closely resembles that of the Arabs, would reduce an ear accustomed to rhythm to despair. It usually begins with a piercing scream, which tries to go on quavering at the same elevated key, as long as the breath will permit. Suddenly the sound ceases, as if to leave time for the echo to repeat the song. However novel this mode of singing may be to a European listener, his patience is exhausted beyond all measure when it is repeated again and again for hours together. The melodies are often graceful, and usually of a plaintive character, but the Arab *diletante* is only satisfied with them when they are sung with that nasal twang which he himself uses in speaking.

I was reminded by many of these melodies, and more particularly by the manner in which they were sung, of that wonderful sing-song which I have often heard in my youth, proceeding from the nose and throat of a wandering minstrel, in the Jewish synagogues in the country. The singing of the Jews in the west is a tinkling *fata morgana* of the songs of the desert,

such as I have often heard them sung by the Bedouins.

Among the chorus of singers, who are always handsomely rewarded by Mr. Schemaja, were three poets, who have themselves composed songs in Hebrew and Spanish. These were Esra Dueg, whom we have already mentioned, Jacob Amar, and Juda Arman. Religious subjects and ideas are usually treated in the language of the Bible, while those of a more profane or satirical character, are expressed in the Spanish language.

Mr. Elias, at my request, was good enough to entrust me with a copy of poems hitherto unpublished. The collection contains only Hebrew songs by the three poets just named, and by several others who are dead. The Arab models of Kassideen and Chasclen, the play of the acrostic, of each verse beginning with the same letter, or the introduction of all the letters of the alphabet in succession &c., are imitated in this collection. It is now in the possession of a member of the German Oriental Society, and will soon be submitted to the learned world. It contains much that is important and interesting to the student of the philosophy and history of literature.

In this work we have frequently mentioned the name of the cabalist Chajim Vital, and will now give the reader a brief account of his life. He was born in the year 1543, and died at Damascus in 1620; he was the favourite pupil of Rabbi Isak Luria, the master of the modern cabala. The master gave him alone the per-



mission to write down the doctrines which he had taught him orally, but he allowed no one to take copies. When Vital was on his death bed, they obtained 600 leaves of his writings by bribery, and gave them to a hundred scribes, who copied them in three days; by Vital's orders they were obliged to place his manuscripts in his grave, but they were taken out again with the sanction of the pious Rabbis, who asked and obtained the necessary permission from Vital in a dream.

It is surprising that the miracles of the cabalists have not yet been collected and compiled; they have the same right to be so as the legends, sagas, and fairy tales of every nation. Similarity of doctrine is the only tie that binds the scattered members of the Jewish nation together; the belief in miracles is not the weakest thread in this band.

One of Chajim Vital's miracles may here be introduced. When Chajim Vital was living at Jerusalem, a Pasha of the name of Abu Saifin, father of the sword, came and asked if there was no one who could open the mouth of Gihon, shut up by King Hezekiah. Vital, the holy man of God, was mentioned to him; he sent for him, and ordered him to open Gihon at once, otherwise he would put him to death. To escape the danger, Vital fled to Damascus by a single leap. There Luria appeared to him in a dream, and said to him, "The Pasha is the metempsychosis of Sennacherib, and for this reason is called Abu Saifin; you are that of King Hezekiah; you might therefore have opened Gihon." Vital excused himself on the ground that he could not abuse the sacred

name in any such artifice; on which Luria replied to him, "Have you not already used the "Schemos" the sacred name, to enable you to reach Damascus so soon? Why then did you not use it to open Gihon? That would have been a "Kidusch-ha-schem, a glorification of the name of God, and highly useful." Vital wished to return immediately to Jerusalem; but Luria said, "The proper time is past."

## CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Damascus—The Last Sigh of the Moor—First View of Baalbec—First View of the Temple—The Military Governor—State of the Inhabitants—A Turkish Schoolmaster—Description of the Temple—Legends connected with it—Demons the Cause of Earthquakes and Storms—The other Temple—The Small Circular Temple—The Village Mosque—The Church of St. Barbara—The Bishop of Baalbec and the Bell—The Stone Quarry—Ruins of a Mosque—Visit of Emir Harfush—His Appearance—I Prescribe for Him—An Arab Outlaw—A Solitary Column—The Devil in the Ark—A Son of Anak—The Cedars—A Duel on Mount Ætna—The Head of a Druse—The Chapel—A Silver Horn—Destruction of the Cedars—Mountain Scenery—A Travelling Monk—Our Bivouac.

AFTER a brief stay in Damascus, we started for Baalbec. We ascended a broad, well-paved street, the only one in Damascus, the top of which is adorned with a palace, tastefully built, and abounding with windows. A crocodile was suspended, at full length, over its handsome portal. It is the palace of the Military Governor.

On our left, higher up, lay extensive ruins of

mediæval fortresses; broken arches, ruinous portals, the remains of a tower, and a now unintelligible chaos of huge square stones. We soon reached the barren heights of Mount Casiun. According to a Mohammedan legend, Abel offered his sacrifice, and was himself slain by Cain, on the summit of this mountain; it relates, also, that the first of the patriarchs, and the Mother of Christ, were born here. From its summit we were enabled to obtain another glimpse of the splendid green plain, in which the Barada, the Chrysorrhoas, the gold-flowing stream of the ancients, divided into seven branches, with its companion the sun calmly reflected in its waters as in a mirror, evokes the fruitfulness of the valley of Ghuta with magic power. To the Arab, frequently compelled to gaze upon the desert, and dwelling amid its unwatered solitudes, nothing appears so beautiful and delightful as a verdant landscape, abundantly supplied with water.

As I halted on the summit of the mountain, and looked down to take a last farewell of this valley of paradise, at the bottom of which lay the picturesque Damascus, sparkling with mingled rays of white and gold, I thought of the last of the Abencerrages, who lost palace and crown, people and country, and who, while ascending the Sierra Nevada with his followers, turned round to gaze once more at the earthly paradise which he had lost, and wiped away a tear; since which time, the height has been called "El ultimo suspiro del Moro."

The route from Damascus to Baalbec is well known,

and there is nothing very striking in the first view of the place. We saw some ruins and columns, which, at the moment, did not produce any particular impression, and rode through a small, miserable village, till we reached a cool rivulet, surrounded with a rich carpet of green, and dismounted from our horses.

It was with difficulty that we clambered over broken flagstones, shattered architraves lying in chaotic confusion, and cornices richly adorned with flowers and arabesques, passed the pillared front, and entered the vast interior of the temple, which is only surrounded by the ruinous walls, and exhibits the six gigantic, upright columns, which tower aloft like the gnomons of eternity, and fill the mind with mingled feelings of reverence and wonder. Our tent was erected on the immense, uneven floor of the site of the temple. The distant, snow-covered summits of Lebanon, tinged with gold by the rays of the setting sun, in whose temple we stood, glittered over the walls and through the gigantic columns.

With deep emotion, I offered up my thanks to the Giver of life, who had brought me in safety to this sublime and consecrated spot.

After our fatiguing ride during the day, we refreshed ourselves with an invigorating repast, to which some of the inhabitants of the village had contributed butter, cheese, eggs, milk, and bread. Gradually, night came on, and the clear, pale moon lighted up the ruins around us; and her magic light gave a picturesque completeness to the huge, shattered mass of ruins.

As it might not be quite safe during the night, Ibraim advised me, even at this late hour, to wait upon the Military Governor, for whom I had an open letter from the Pasha of Damascus. In order to impart to our visit that solemnity which should never be neglected in the East, Ibraim dressed himself, took some of our weapons, and, followed by our servants, whom he had also armed, went to announce our arrival to the Governor. After a quarter of an hour, he returned. He was followed by four men, picturesquely dressed, and handsomely armed, while he preceded them, carrying a flaming torch. A brown slave led a splendidly-caparisoned horse. Ibraim said to me that the Governor was waiting for his "lofty" guest. I mounted the horse, and, preceded by the armed men, rode through the moon-lit, desolate streets of the village. We halted before a large, flat-roofed house, surrounded by a wall. The brown slave, who led my horse, lifted me from the Turkish saddle, and conducted us through a lofty, sooty hall, lighted by a fire burning on a hearth in one of the corners. From this hall, we passed into a large, square apartment, from the ceiling of which a paper lantern was suspended, which shed its imperfect light on a clay floor—on the naked arms on the walls—and on the windows, covered with paper instead of glass. The Governor, a slim, little man, with resolute-looking eyes, advanced to the door to meet me, and conducted me to a divan standing opposite to it. We seated ourselves, and were soon entertained with chibouques and coffee.

When the Governor had saluted us, by applying his right hand to his forehead and his mouth, he began the conversation, according to the rules of etiquette, by enquiring three times about my health and the journey. I then gave him the Pasha's letter; bowing, he applied it to his forehead, and read it; then, turning to me, he said:—

“Thou art my lord, and all that I have is also thy property.”

He then began to enquire about the political state of the world, whether the peace would be secure and permanent, and whether the Hat Humayoum would be carried into execution?

“Certainly,” I answered, “if the Sultan wills it.”

“Say if God wills it.”

“How many Christians are there in Baalbec?”

“Two-thirds of the population are Mohammedans, the rest are Christians.”

“And are you afraid, with this superiority in point of numbers, of being overpowered by the minority?”

“The Christians are—but the Sultan is my Lord, and I am his faithful servant. Have you seen him?”

“I saw him riding to the mosque at Stamboul.”

“Our Sultan is good. Did not his appearance give you that impression? But the inhabitants of our mountains are wild and disunited. Druses and Maronites, Mohammedans and Metualis hate one another, and are ever ready for a contest. The selfish priests love themselves more than peace; the jealous Emirs love their own power more than God. This blessed moun-

tain, with its 600,000 men, is depopulated, and might be the seat of a throne, extending its sway over Syria and Palestine. Would that the sceptre were in a hand that would grasp the scattered reins of authority, and make the hard-mouthed brutes feel the bit between their teeth. We are the Sultan's officers, and yet the Emirs act as if they were independent, and the worst of all is, that each one acts differently from the rest."

"But what idea could induce the people to struggle for one object, and only one?"

"The idea of God. None but a prophet could rule the brave, liberty-loving, temperate, pious, and virtuous population of these mountains, and even then it would be a miracle. Against all human authority they will ever revolt."

A noise was heard in the ante-chamber. A man with a green turban, a proof of his being a descendant of the prophet, was led in by two others of the same faith. He looked very pale and downcast. He held the office of village schoolmaster, and was accused by the two men of a crime which is not looked upon as infamous in the East, except the victims be very young. The Governor ordered him to be put in prison, and promised the complainants that he should be severely punished. When they had withdrawn, I asked the Governor what punishment would be inflicted on the man, if found guilty.

"He will remain eight days in prison before his case comes before me, then he will be bastinadoed, and then—he will be discharged, that the children may not remain too long without instruction."



"What guarantee have you against the repetition of the crime?"

"I have not the power to depose him."

Meanwhile it had grown late, and I took my leave. The governor walked before me to the house, where the armed men, and the brown slave holding the horse, were waiting for me. When we had reached my tent, I made Ibraim give each of our attendants a piece of silver, and then retired, with the strange thought, which I could scarcely realize, "To-night I shall sleep in the temple of the sun at Heliopolis."

The history of Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis, is uncertain, and it seems to be destined that deep darkness shall ever rest on the city of the sun. Although it has been universally assumed, it has never been proved that the city was built by King Solomon. This assumption is grounded on the passage in the book of Kings, where it is said, "And Solomon built Gezer and Bethhoron the nether, and Baalath and Tadmor, in the wilderness, in the land," (I. Kings, ix., 17-18.) A passage in the Book of Chronicles shews that this proof cannot be relied on, and Flavius Josephus relates that the Baalath fortified by Solomon was situated in the land of the Philistines. More recent investigations tend to the belief that the prophet Amos alludes to the city of the sun when he speaks of the idolatry that was practised in the plain of Aven, (Amos, i., 5.)

Its name shows that it was in some way connected with the ancient Heliopolis, in Egypt. The worship of the sun was indigenous to Syria in the days of ancient

mythology, and Helios, as well as Zeus, was worshipped under the name of Baal, which signifies "Lord;" hence the Hebrew Baal Schemesch, which signifies Lord of the sun, and is found in an inscription at Tadmor.

The great temple of Baalbec, with its wonderful peristyle, consisting of six columns, each seventy feet high, with its mighty hall and courtyard, is a thousand feet in length, and stands on a platform, which is thirty feet from the ground, and supported by arches of great strength. A noble portico, of about 200 feet, was protected by two huge gates, which were reached by a gigantic staircase. The entrance was adorned with twelve columns, of which nothing but the pedestals now remain. On two of them are Latin inscriptions, almost illegible; which relate that the temple was consecrated to the great gods of Heliopolis, in honour of Antoninus Pius and Julia Augusta. Empty niches mark the spots where the statues of the gods stood; the walls still exhibit splendid decorations, flowers, and arabesques in stone. From the portico, you pass into the large court, shaped like a hexagon, in every corner of which were apartments for the priests, which still retain traces of the columns which adorned them.

It is with difficulty that these forms and places can be distinguished amid the mass of ruins. We pass from them to a chaos of columns, of the Corinthian order, formed of Egyptian granite, and apparently dashed to pieces with Titanic force. The pedestals, the feet of which still partly remain on the ground, show that there were 54 columns, with a diameter of seven feet

at the base, and five at the top. Most of these columns were composed of four pieces, joined and fastened together with iron clamps, one foot long and another broad, of such strength that they retained their hold at the fearful destruction of the temple, when the columns sank down from their pedestals, and were broken.

The peristyle rested on colossal walls, fifty feet high, which supported it on their mighty shoulders, so that it could be seen in all its imposing splendour from any part of the plain, which extends for leagues.

The walls themselves are of Cyclopic strength, and are formed of blocks of rock rounded at the edges, of which there are three, from 60 to 94 feet in length, which probably procured for the sacred place the surname of Trilithon. Beneath the colossal temple are dark places, with lofty arches and pillars, adapted to support the mighty burdens which rested on them.

Ibraim, who had been a long time in search of me, now announced that the Governor had come to return my visit. I found him sitting before the tent with two men, while four soldiers were standing at a respectful distance. Ibraim had speedily improvised a divan, with our travelling-bags, cloaks, and carpets, and I and my guest seated ourselves upon it. After coffee and chibouques had been handed round, being now familiar with oriental manners, I opened the conversation by enquiring after his health.

Achmed Mezellim Bey then presented me with two gifts, one a Roman silver coin with the legend, "Col.

Jal. Hel.," and on the reverse the representation of a ploughman, driving two oxen before him; a stamped proof that Heliopolis was a Roman colony. The other gift was still more valuable; it was a dark green stone, found also in the ruins of Baalbec, on which an imaginary animal with hen's feet and a tower on its back was carved.

I was delighted when the Governor, after examining our arms, expressed his admiration of an elegant dagger, the blade of which was covered with the emblems of freemasonry, and the hilt made of mother-of-pearl, beautifully cut. I requested him to accept this production of an armourer in Vienna as a souvenir.

The Governor's attendants, his secretary and purse-bearer, the former a young Christian, the latter a grey-headed Mohammedan, had remained silent during our conversation. But when I began to speak about the vast ruins by which we were surrounded, and described them as the wonder of the world, in every respect worthy of our visit from the distant West, the old man solemnly began :—

"These arches and columns, these halls and vaults, were certainly never completed by the hands of man. Dschinns and demons, whom the Sultan Solomon ruled with his signet ring, were compelled to cut out the stones for the building from the rocks, to carry them and fit them into one another. Here, and at Tadmor, you may see the same demoniacal power, which erected this building. If the Dschinns at times grew weary or refractory, then the wise king pressed them between

two flat blocks of marble, and used them as foundation stones. The Dschinns are always trying to escape, and by their violent movements, cause those numerous earthquakes, which have already reduced this temple to ruins. Other spirits, that rebelled against him, he shut up in metal pots, sealed them with his ring, and threw them into the sea. In their struggles for liberty, they agitate the waves, and cause the storms, by which ships are destroyed. When the wise king had concluded his morning devotions, and the business connected with his government at El Kods, where he built the splendid temple of cedar wood, he mounted the East wind, and made it convey him to the buildings at Baalbec and Palmyra, that he might watch the progress of the building demons. Here he held his divan, in which the Diwe, the genii, and the flocks of birds assembled around him. He sat on a golden throne, shaded by birds fanning him with their wings, and supported by demons and forms of beasts, on the diamond steps of which lay four *Wessire*, the representatives of men, of genii, of birds, and of four-footed beasts. To the right of the throne, twelve thousand golden seats were prepared for the prophets, the patriarchs, and the saints; twelve thousand seats on the left of the throne for kings, heroes, and philosophers. When the king dismissed the Divan, he caused himself to be carried from the throne by the vultures, or by the East wind to Tadmor, to the white glittering palaces of his thousand wives, all of extraordinary beauty.

“One day, when he was using the East wind as a

horse, he felt himself sometimes carried aloft through the clouds, and at other times grazing the surface of the earth. The king was struck with this, and watched closely, to discover the cause. Then his wisdom discovered the reason; when he thought sublime thoughts, he sat lightly on his winged horse, and it would bear him aloft over the summits of the loftiest mountains. But as soon as his heart thrilled with a proud consciousness of his earthly grandeur, his weight pressed heavily on his cloud-horse, so that it went down with him to the ground. The thousand wives in the white glittering palaces—”

“We shall leave sleeping in their golden chambers,” said the Governor, who thus cut short the narrative of the old man, rich in legendary lore. Turning to me, he begged me to allow him to take his leave, if I had no further orders for him, as he had important affairs to transact. He promised me an escort of two horsemen during my journey next day.

The other temple, which stands on a platform of its own, vaulted beneath in the same way, is in a better state of preservation than the one I have described. It is 225 feet long, and 120 feet broad. We ascended it by thirty steps, near the uppermost of which, on both sides, were pedestals 15 feet high. The longer sides were surrounded with fifteen, the shorter with eight columns. In the interior of the east side were eight columns, which formed the entrance porch. The height of the thirteen columns, still standing erect with their splendid Corinthian capitals, is 45 feet. The

cornice resting on them is connected with the *cella* by beautifully-chiselled slabs, in the centre of which are hexagons. They were adorned with busts in bas-relief. Only a Ganymede and a Leda, both very much damaged, can now be recognised.

It is only by creeping, clambering, scrambling, and jumping from block to block, that one can get across the colossal ruins, the broken columns, the shattered architraves, the heaps of rubbish, and the ruinous buildings of a later date, and, at length, reach the temple. Our astonishment was most excited by the splendid portal; the noblest, perhaps, that the world has ever seen. The entrance-porch that leads to it is low, and we could only see its breadth, which is 21 feet. Its corresponding height cannot be measured, on account of the heaps of rubbish. The side posts of the porch consist of monoliths, which are covered with arabesques and flowers, worked with great care. The top, which consisted of three pieces, rested on them. An earthquake has displaced the piece in the centre, so that it is suspended by the clamps between the two others, and threatens those who pass beneath it with destruction. The eastern eagle, adorned with a plume, and holding a snake in his talons, is sculptured on this block; garlands, which are bound together by the figures of genii, sadly mutilated, project from his beak. At this immense entrance, massive pillars of stone are erected, which are reached by winding-stairs. We are now in the interior of the temple. The *cella* is without windows, and was, probably, un-

covered so as to admit the light. The side walls are adorned with fluted half-columns, between which are introduced double rows of niches. The pedestals standing on them show that they contained the statues of the gods. The niches on a level with the ground, are shaped like shells, and surmounted by triangular gables. The temple, which is filled with rubbish, is 90 feet in length, and 74 in breadth.

We must now leave this world of ruins, and visit a small circular temple, which stands at some distance. The *cella* contains eight beautiful Corinthian pillars, between which are niches for statues. In the interior, are two rows of columns, the one of the Corinthian, the other of the Ionic order. The walls are cracked; the sky may be seen through the broken roof, and we were glad to leave the place. It appeared as if the next storm would destroy this elegant building. This temple, and the one we have previously described, were both converted into Christian churches during the middle ages.

We entered the little village, which was formerly the far-famed city of the sun. The hovels are all built of stone, taken from the ruins close at hand; and a finely-sculptured arabesque, or part of a flower, may be discovered, at times, in the walls. The lively brook flows through the narrow streets, in an ancient channel, and leads us to the mosque. The clay-floor is sparingly covered with straw mattresses, and the walls, on which are suspended written passages from the Koran, are stained with green streaks. But the columns of the



little mosque, once part of the shrine of some heathen god, are magnificent. The guardian does not consider the building desecrated by our entrance, and yet Baalbec is not far from Damascus, where the Pasha was obliged to call out all the Turkish soldiers to prevent an insurrection of the indignant Mussulmans, when the Duke of Brabant, the first Christian who has enjoyed that privilege, was permitted to enter the great mosque of Omejaden. When we were leaving the little mosque, the guardian offered us some ancient copper coins for sale. At no great distance from the Turkish house of prayer, stands the Church of St. Barbara, in the court of a small monastery. The floor is covered with marble slabs; the altar is supported by two handsome columns. A third part of the body of the church is separated from the rest by a narrow wall of trellis-work, behind which are the seats for the women, the same as in our synagogues in the west. A few pictures of no great value are hanging on the walls, and the figure of a penitent Magdalene, carved in wood, is placed over the Confessional.

A sleek-looking man entered the church. He wore a dark, violet-coloured talar, and a little cap of the same colour. I was afterwards informed that he was the Bishop of Baalbec. He saluted us in the most friendly manner, and told us that the Duke of Brabant had visited the monastery, and promised to present the church with a bell. With confiding *naïveté*, he asked me whether I thought the Duke would keep his word. When I reassured him on that point, he added

that a long time had elapsed since the promise was given, and he was afraid that St. Barbara's joy had been a little premature.

"Can you venture, then, to use a bell, and will the Mohammedans listen to the sound without disturbance?"

"Ah! what would be the use of the Hat Humayoum, if we were never to ring a bell to the glory of God?"

"The Christians," continued the friendly old man, "are outposts scattered through Syria and Palestine, and our importance is not sufficiently felt by the Christian powers. If a revolution should occur, the Christian communities might prove highly useful. We know the country, we will stand by our brethren, and joyfully welcome that religion and civilization for which we have paved the way. But at present, no attention is paid to us."

We now left the village, and walked to the stone-quarry where the limestone was found for the erection of the temple. Here we were interested at seeing a small number of detached rocks and blocks of stone ready hewn, which must have been lying there for thousands of years, and almost produced the belief, that the stone-cutters had only ceased from their labours for a moment's repose. The greatest astonishment is excited by one of these blocks. It has been detached from a perpendicular rock, by a cut a few inches broad, extending from the top to the bottom, and the same on both sides, and looks like a pillar, which has not yet been raised from the founda-

tion of rock. It measures about 70 feet in length, 17 in breadth, and 15 in height. It was, probably, intended for a companion to the six gigantic columns, which we had already seen.

On our return, we passed the beautiful fountain of Baalbec, close to which are the ruins of a mosque. In a square court before it, is a tombstone with an inscription in Arabic, supported by small broken pillars of red porphyry. The court is shaded by the far-spreading branches of a chestnut tree; close to this, and only separated from it by a wall, is an oblong square, of two rows of pillars, about nine feet high, which are partly united by arches, but without a roof. In one corner of the court-yard there is a tower, which we ascended by a broken winding stair, and enjoyed an extensive view of the fertile, verdant plain.

After having thus visited the buildings sacred to Baal, to Christ, and to Mahomet, all close to one another, we returned by a shorter cut, clambering over the ruins to the steep eastern wall of the great temple, and passing through a rent in it, into the temple itself.

We were about to satisfy our hunger, which had been keenly excited by wandering for hours among the ruins. But Ibraim explained to me, that I must first receive a visit from Emir Selman Harfush, for whom also I had a letter of introduction. When I called upon him in the morning, he was not at home, and it was not known whether he would return the same day. Soon after, he unexpectedly returned from a short journey, and had twice sent a servant to announce his

intended visit. The moment Ibraim caught sight of us, without consulting any one, he at once despatched Chatib to announce to the Emir, that I was waiting for him before the tent. When I saw him at a distance, I wished to advance to meet him. My master of ceremonies, however, prevented me, asserting that the Emir would not consider me an important personage, if I did so; Ibraim despised to be thought the servant of any other; having no desire to wound his vanity, which would have rendered him sulky and silent for hours, I followed his advice, and received the Emir standing before my tent.

Selman Harfush is a man about fifty years of age, with a tall, powerful figure; he wore a brown cloth jacket, a girdle of coloured silk, in which were stuck two pistols, inlaid with silver, wide, blue drawers, and red slippers. His countenance, furrowed with wild passions, was lighted up with expressive brown eyes, and his moustaches reached his shoulders. I led him to the divan, which Ibraim had neatly arranged. He would not partake of coffee and chibouques, because he was fasting. I made inquiries regarding his health.

“In the letter, which you have brought me (may God bless the writer and you), it is mentioned that you are a physician. Will you not heal me with your wisdom?”

He held out his hand to me, to allow me to feel his pulse; I made minute inquiries regarding his habits and the state of his health, which soon enabled me to discover the cause of his illness, and I prescribed a stricter

regard to regimen, and cold baths, as a remedy. While we were speaking, his attendants, who had followed him, remained quietly standing at a distance. They formed a motley group, consisting of ten men, Albanians, Arnauts, and two or three Bedouins, all splendidly armed, and an old man wearing a white robe and turban, who carried a nosegay about two feet high, shaped like a round column, with which he advanced from time to time, while I was speaking with the Emir, to enable his master to inhale its odour.

“How long will you remain prince of these ruins?”

I replied, that I would start early in the morning, and requested him to give me an escort, as I heard that some of the villages were at war with one another.

“You shall travel in safety.”

The Emir put his hand into his girdle, and opened the long-handled silver inkstand, exactly similar to the one presented to me by Abd-el-Kadr, which was stuck into it like a dagger. A servant gave him a sheet of paper, on which he wrote some words, and then handed it to one of the Bedouins. He then rose to take his departure; I walked before him through the extensive space, which forms the court of the temple. The Emir stopped to bid me adieu. I said to him, through Mr. Alfanderi, that he had called me prince of the ruins a little before, and that I would conduct him to the boundaries of my kingdom. The Emir held my hand with friendly confidence (he had kept it in his, while walking beside me), and said to me with refined delicacy:—

"I do not ask you to turn back, otherwise I should seem to be circumscribing the boundaries of your kingdom."

Outside the temple stood a splendidly caparisoned horse for the Emir, and horses with picturesque trappings for his followers, one of which had his mane and tail painted red ; he looked like a demon with wings of fire.

The Harfush family is one of those which has given feudal lords to a large tract of country round Baalbec for centuries. Though nominally dependent on the Turkish Government, they are subjects or rebels according to circumstances. Their power is far more popular and formidable than that of the military. One example may be sufficient to give some idea of these gentlemen, who cannot understand that they have lost their early and almost independent authority. Mohammed Harfush, a near relation of the Emir, whose acquaintance we have just made, wished to consolidate his power. He contrived to assemble five hundred horsemen in the desert, and advanced with them against Damascus. He was not intimidated by the forces, which marched against him with artillery, and ventured on an attack, during which, having exposed himself too rashly, he was taken prisoner ; his horsemen dispersed like dust to the desert. The Pasha of Damascus kept him for a long time in prison, loaded him with chains, and made him sweep the court of his seraglio. At length he was conveyed to the galleys at Constantinople, where he contrived to escape, dressed as a Franciscan friar, and

returned to Baalbec. He placed himself under the protection of France, and though a rebel and an escaped convict, he now frequently visits Baalbec with perfect impunity.

From a mound of rubbish in the court of the great temple, from which part of the ruins was projecting, I witnessed the beauty of the morning dawn, which lighted up the distant snowy peaks of Lebanon, and imparted to them that magic charm which the eye is never satisfied with gazing on, however often it may have seen it.

Our tent was struck, our cattle loaded and saddled, our kitchen fire in the niche of the statue extinguished. Ibraim handed us our black coffee, and informed us that the men whom we had requested as a guard were already waiting for us. Leading our horses behind us, we walked forth from the immortal ruins. There is always a painful feeling in parting for ever, whether it be from men that we love, or from a sublime spectacle of nature, or from places that are consecrated by great and sacred memories.

Before the ruins lay some hills richly planted with beautiful plantations; vines were twining around olive, peach, and apricot trees. At the foot of them stood the two soldiers of the military Governor and the Emir's two Bedouins. The latter wore long white and brown striped cloaks, and pieces of red and yellow cloth rolled round the head. They had pistols in their girdles, and carried in their right hands wooden poles, nine feet in length, the upper ends of which glittered with the

points of lances. They saluted me and rode on before ; Ibraim followed ; then came Mr. Alfanderi and myself. We were followed by our baggage-mules and their conductors ; the two soldiers brought up the rear. We rode between the Mohammedan and Christian burying-grounds, which lie opposite to one another without any enclosure, and are only separated by the road, and left the village and the ruins behind. I often turned round in the saddle to look at them again and again, till they were removed from my view by the distance, and by a soft, drizzling rain, which began to descend from a grey sky entirely covered with clouds.

In the midst of fields covered with grain and tobacco, we were suddenly reminded of the ruins of Baalbec. Far away in the plain, at such a distance in fact that its clear outlines could only be perceived with a powerful telescope, rose a solitary column, the giant tenant of the plain, which looked like a gnomon from Baalbec. I pulled up, and while I was examining the column, it was suddenly overarched with a brilliant rainbow. All at once, the sun darted his rays over the summits of the mountains, and spanned the top of the column with that radiant arch, that is ever hailed as the joyful emblem of peace, which God, reconciling Himself with man, causes to arise in moments of darkness. The rainbow was still more highly significant when witnessed in this plain, in which, according to an Arab tradition, Noah, who dwelt on Mount Samin, was buried, and some fallen arches and columns are pointed out as his tomb.



I am indebted for the following to one of my Bedouins.

When Noah had taken refuge in the ark with' the other animals, the ass was the only one that would not cross the waves. The devil had concealed himself beneath its tail. Noah cried in anger: "Come in, accursed one." The ass obeyed the order. Thus the devil smuggled himself in, and when Noah observed him, he asked him how he had got in. "I obeyed your order, for you cried 'Come in, accursed one,' and I am the only being on the earth that is accursed." The pig and the cat were not admitted into the ark till filth and mice were largely on the increase. And whatever repugnance Mohammedans may have to the pig, they are always glad to see it on board any ship on which they happen to be passengers.

There was only one other man besides Noah and his children, who was saved, and he was not in the ark; this was the giant Audsch, a son of Anak. The waves of the deluge only reached his girdle; with his right hand he lifted up whales from the flood, and held them on high among the clouds in his left, till they were roasted at the sun, and thus served him for food. But we must hurry on to the cedars.

On the second day, Ibraim told us, with a lively voice, that we should reach the cedars in an hour. The magnificent view had made me entirely forget the trees, for the sake of which I had ascended this fearful height and undertaken a whole day's journey.

"Where are the cedars?"

Ibraim pointed to a place in the bottom of the valley, where we could see a sort of dark copse.

We slowly descended the rocky declivities, and found the snow soft and melted, as we gradually advanced. The copse, as it appeared when seen from above, began to increase in size, and became a small forest, an impression which was not diminished when we now stood in front of it. We rode through the lofty, slender stems of trees, which stand at a considerable distance from one another, and reached an open grass-plot, on which there is a small chapel, dedicated to the Saviour; a priest came forward to meet us, and saluted us in English, French, and Italian, which, as we afterwards discovered, were the only words that he understood in any of these languages. German, in which we should have preferred to answer him, was the only language of which he knew nothing, and he was even ignorant of the existence of a nation called Germans.

After we had rested a little, and recovered from our former fatigue and mental excitement, we began to wander through the grove, which is only a few hundred yards in circumference. The nine ancient cedars, which it contains, look like eternal green columns, on which the azure vault of heaven is resting. A temple of the Lord in sublime solitude, an indestructible oasis in a mountain wilderness, is this little green forest, which has been celebrated in the language of prophecy, admired by thousands of past generations, sung by immortal bards, and is itself immortal.

Each of the oldest trees consists of several stems, of so large a circumference that our party, consisting of seven men, could not encircle one of them. If it were not that their lofty crowns graze the clouds above, these stems would resemble greyish white fragments of rock, shattered by a thunderbolt, much more than trees. Nothing is easier than climbing the trees, and walking among the branches, which are as thick as stems. I reached the uppermost branches, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and broke off a quantity of the fruit, which resembles our fir-cones, and also a few of the thinnest branches, as thick walking-sticks for my friends. One of the cedars is covered with the names of the different travellers who have visited them during the last two centuries, and, among the more recent, I found the name of a man who, after having led a life of pleasure as a Hungarian soldier, ventured afterwards to the top of Mount *Ætna*, where he fought a duel on the express condition that the victor should hurl the vanquished into the crater. At a later period of his life he visited the Holy Land as a pilgrim, and wrote some picturesque sketches of his life on Mount Sinai; he closed his existence in the monastery of La Trappe. I allude to Joseph Maria, Baron von Geramb, who was born in some part of Hungary.

I felt more interested in the discovery of a skull, which lay in the hollow stem of one of the ancient cedars. As I was descending one of them, I perceived something white shining below. I asked the priest, who continued to accompany me, what it was.

“The head of a Druse.”

“How did it come there?”

“A few years ago, as frequently happens, a war broke out between the Druses and the Maronites; one day a Maronite brought here the bloody head of his enemy, whom he had just slain; his hand was twisted into the long hair, and he was carrying it to his village as a trophy of victory. I pointed out to him his cruelty, and reminded him that it was unworthy of a Christian to dishonour the dead. He gave me the head to bury. I dropped it, all covered with blood as it was, into the stem of the cedar, as a grave; rain, snow, and the heat of the sun have destroyed everything except the skull.”

“Will you give it to me, and I will give you some money in return for your little church?”

“Take it; I will read mass for the benefit of the soul of the departed.”

He produced a long rope from his chapel, made a noose on one of the ends, and in this way removed the skull from the most precious coffin in the world, from the shrine of a cedar, thousands of years old; he pointed out a square hole in the forehead, through which the fatal steel had passed.

We returned to the chapel: the priest requested me to place my offering of money upon the altar. This chapel has been built within the last ten years, on the spot where an altar made of rough stones formerly stood. The patriarch of the Maronites rides up to it once a year, in rich costume and with a large retinue, to perform a

service for the benefit of the villagers living in the neighbouring gorges, who flock to him in large numbers on this occasion.

The open altar beneath the mighty cedars, speaking in strange languages when shaken by the mountain blast, was a far more appropriate expression of the devotion of the thousands that knelt around it, than an invisible priest chaunting prayers in this miserable little chapel, which is lighted only through the doors. To prevent it from being blown over by the storm, it is supported on both sides with beams of cedar.

We found a few guests at our resting-place—two women and some little girls, who were tending white goats in the grove of cedars. Both the women wore a peculiar kind of head-dress. A silver horn, about a foot in length, rose perpendicularly from the forehead, and a row of silver coins, closely strung together, was tied to each side of the horn, and the two ends bound together at the back of the head. A long white veil, descending on both sides like a tent, was fastened to the point of the horn. This kind of ornament for the head with the coins, some of which are ancient Christian ones, is of great value, and hereditary in families.

This is not the only grove of cedars on Lebanon, but none of the others can show such ancient trees, nor do they lie so near the route of the caravans. If we take into account that the cedars have been employed for building since the days of the Bible, that they have been used, not only as beams for the palaces of kings, but also as rafters for the hovels of the poor, as masts

for ships, and as firewood during the cold winters, and all this for thousands of years, it must be admitted that this mountain was once richly adorned with forests, which have gradually disappeared. In the sixteenth century, even, there were twenty-eight ancient trees, in the seventeenth century twenty-four, and in the eighteenth, sixteen. The number has now been reduced to nine. And thus, perhaps, in another century, they will have altogether disappeared, and live only as a splendid myth of former ages.

The whole number of trees in this grove is about four hundred, among which there are some that are barely more than two hundred years old; besides, it is not certain that the Arse ha Lebanon are of the species mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, to which the few gigantic trees at Jebel el Arz belong. The wood is weak and easily broken, but it may have been quite different when the trees were young. One thing, at least, is certain, that the Arabian word Erez, Arz, is the general name for trees with a foliage like needles, and among others for the pine tree, which is frequently to be met with on Lebanon, and which supplies strong solid wood for building. The wood of the cedar is whitish, and emits a pleasant odour.

We had now rested for several hours, and Ibraim proposed that we should start, as we should have three hours' hard riding before reaching our night quarters at Ehden. We rode away from the cedars, and ascending, we soon reached the brink of the immense mountain basin. Before us was stretched out a bound-

less expanse of hills and plains, inhabited only by solitude.

We met only a small flock of goats, and two women, one of whom was driving an ass, loaded with wood from the cedars before her. After an hour, one of the largest and noblest gorges on Lebanon opened on our left.

Narrow, and hemmed in by perpendicular walls of rock, crowned from the top to the bottom with verdure, abounding with waterfalls, surmounted by clouds of white vapour, above which towered the summits of picturesque rocks, it united every element of wild beauty, that a landscape can exhibit. The village Bscherreh, suspended on the steepest declivity, looked as if the next storm would blow it away.

Still descending, we at length lost sight of the gorge, and came to a less dangerous, but still very difficult, path in the bottom of a valley, where we were surrounded by green groves of olive trees, cypresses, and vines.

We were met by a monk mounted on horseback, wearing a brown cowl and a broad-brimmed hat; I was at the head of our caravan. The monk addressed me in melodious Italian.

"Good evening, sir. Where are you going?"

"To Tripoli."

"What country do you come from?"

"From Austria."

"I am from Genoa; good bye."

This was all that passed between us as our horses slowly passed one another, and yet these simple words,

uttered in a strange land, had a peculiar effect, producing mingled feelings of joy and sadness. We met, we saluted one another, and then parted for ever.

After passing through gardens and plantations, and crossing a waterfall a hundred feet deep, we arrived at the village of Ehden. We found our tent already pitched in a meadow shaded by large chestnut trees, the copper kettle bubbling on a pleasant fire, and Ibraim engaged in lively commerce with a crowd of men who had brought provisions for sale. We threw ourselves down on the flowery meadow; behind us the waterfall came roaring down from above, and swept past us as a rapid stream. Children brought us bouquets of roses and pinks; and the steep, rugged walls of Lebanon, over which we had ridden the whole day through clouds of snow, began to be lighted up like pure, red gold. We were enchanted with the crimson light of the setting sun playing around the summits of the mountains covered with eternal snow, and imparting to the clouds that rested on them his own roseate hue, while we were reclining at their base, surrounded with the flowers and the fragrance of spring. Gradually darkness came stealing over the summits of the mountains, and the approaching night was saluted by a loud ringing of bells.



## CHAPTER X.

Tripoli—Living Among the Dead—Sabbath at Tripoli—The Jewish Synagogue—The Jewish Community—Their Poverty—Their Means of Subsistence—Early Marriages—The Jewish Community on Anti-Lebanon—Jewish Farmers and Warriors—A Modern Judith—Farewell to Hassan—Voices of the Night—First View of Palestine—Appearance of Jaffa—A Jewish Inn-keeper—The Jewish Chacham—A Christian Proselyte to Judaism—Sir Moses Montefiore's Gardens—Another Proselyte—the Jewish Community—Departure from Jaffa—Ramleh—A Rejected Jew—The Monastery—A Night-Scene at Ramleh—Departure from Ramleh—Appearance of the Country—"The City of the Cluster of Grapes"—Kirjath Jearim—First View of Jerusalem.

ON approaching Tripoli we passed before the gate of a Turkish burying-ground, in which we saw several white tents erected, beneath which women and children were sitting and eating. It was Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest, and parties of pleasure from the town were wandering among the graves. Many widows came early in the morning, with their children, to spend the day at their husband's graves. They pitched their tents upon them, in order to protect themselves from the heat of

the sun and to live in communication with the dead, in the most literal sense of the term. This manner of visiting the graves, which does not interfere with the enjoyment of life, and enhances the affectionate remembrance of the dead by proximity, struck me as a poetical and pious custom.

We rode along a broad sandy road, which was fenced on both sides by lofty walls of cactuses, behind which we could see orange, citron, and mulberry trees in rich luxuriance. After half an hour's ride we came to the gate of the suburb, which the Franks call Marina. To the right, about twenty yards from the foaming waves of the sea, on the slightly elevated shore, stood our tent, which we hailed with pleasure.

We had arranged our journey so as to be able to spend the Sabbath at Tripoli, and to wait for the French steamer, which was to carry us back to Beyroot.

We rose at 4 o'clock, A.M., bathed in the sea, and then walked to the town to attend the synagogue. A boy, whom we had asked where it was, conducted us through many narrow, angular streets, composed of stone houses. We entered a pretty large square room, which has an *empore* adorned with small pillars, and is lighted by windows of different sizes, introduced without any regard to order. The wooden roof was supported by couples, two of which were broken in several places. In the middle of the synagogue stood the wooden *almemer*, which is reached by two steps; over against this is the Ark of the Covenant, covered with a woollen cloth, in a town where silk is the staple article of manufacture.

The whole produced the impression of poverty, which was not diminished by the dress of the assembled worshippers. They consisted of eight persons and ten children, the youngest of whom I was rather surprised to see bareheaded. Mr. Alfanderi and I were welcomed with double joy, first, because we were strangers, and then because we completed the number necessary for the *Minjan*. Three other worshippers afterwards arrived.

After divine service Mr. Schehaje Chamui, the president of the community, invited me to his residence, where we were introduced to his family, and soon after to almost all the male members of the community. The community is very small; it contains only seventeen families, or eighty souls; it has existed here from time immemorial, and yet the most ancient tombstone in the burying-ground is only about 400 years old. They can scarcely be descended, like most of their countrymen in Asia Minor and Syria, from the Spanish Jews, as they are all ignorant of their language, and can only speak Arabic.

I had the following conversation with those who were present.

“Is the community not possessed of any property?”

“Neither the community, nor any of its members. We are very poor, as you must have observed in the synagogue. We have only one thora roll, and there are no schools for our children. Our expenditure amounts to 4,000 piastres every year, of which the Chacham alone, who unites the offices of minister and butcher, and circumcises our children on the eighth day, receives

2,500 piastres or 250 florins. You have seen the dark hole near the synagogue in which he lives, and your sympathy must have been excited in behalf of a community which is so poor that it cannot provide its Rabbi with a better abode."

"How do the Jews of Tripoli support themselves?"

"As traders on a small scale."

"Are none of the Jews handicraftsmen?"

"Two of them are shoemakers; a Russian soldier, who is a tailor, recently joined us."

"Why do your children not learn trades, so as to escape from this state of poverty?"

"Because there are no Jewish master tradesmen. We dare not send them to Mohammedan masters, because they would be taught to desecrate the Sabbath, and might become the victims of a crime that is very common in this country. If we had only a *talmud thora*, or even enough of prayer-books, to enable parents to teach their children to read!"

"When I return to Vienna I will send you prayer-books, and the books of Moses."

"God will bless you for it."

All who were present piously exclaimed, "Amen," in a loud voice.

"At what age are your children married?"

"The boys at sixteen, and the girls at twelve."

"But if your families are so poor, why do you add to your misery by such early marriages?"

"We collect money at Damascus and Beyroot for those who are about to be married."

“Why do you not collect for the erection of a school?”

“Would not our children give themselves up to vicious habits, and thus become sickly if they were not married?”

Those who were present, including the wife and the children of the President, with whom I carried on this conversation, Mr. Alfanderi acting as interpreter, listened attentively, and I could observe that they not only sympathized with my views, but were even quite favourable to them.

I was struck with the neatness of dress and cleanliness of person of all who were present; and Eastern hospitality was not overlooked even in the house of poverty. We were entertained with raki and sweetmeats.

Before we leave the vicinity of the mountains, it is right that we should mention another Jewish community on Anti-Lebanon. There are a hundred Jews at Chasbeia, who are engaged in agriculture, and renowned for their bravery. When Abdala Pasha was marching against the mutinous militia of Sanur, the contingent which Emir Beschir sent to his relief was principally composed of Jews, from Deir el Kamar and Chasbeia. Mr. Schwarz, the author of the book entitled “The Holy Land,” related to me that even the Jewish maidens of Chasbeia tend their flocks armed with pistols and spears. It happened that one of these maidens was surprised by a Turk, but she saved her honour by boldly shooting him down. Justice absolved

her for the deed, and the fame of her bravery and virtue is celebrated among all the inhabitants of the mountains.

The white-swelling sails of the approaching vessel were now visible with the telescope. I had now to bid a sad farewell to my good horse Hassan. He had borne me in safety over the most dangerous paths on Lebanon, past the brink of precipices, and through the most fearful gorges, and now I was to part from him forever. I do not think that it could have been much more painful to part with a traveller, who might have happened to pursue the same route. I gave the sagacious animal sugar to eat, for I had accustomed it to this luxury during the journey, and it showed its appreciation of the gift and its gratitude by affectionately licking my clothes and my cheek with its tongue.

Assan and Chatib leaped upon the horses, and soon disappeared behind a sandy hill.

I embarked on board the French steamer, and reached Beyroot next morning. After spending the day there with my friends, I embarked at four o'clock, P.M., on another French steamer, for Palestine.

In the East, some white streaks began to glimmer, like fringes of silver on the black, star-bespangled pall of night. The stars went out one by one, the streaks grew gradually redder and broader. A wide-stretching, undulating shore rose dimly on the white horizon, and a purple sheen floated over the waves of the ocean.

A few minutes more, and there lay before me, in the full light of the sun—Palestine !

All was life on deck ; the pilgrims from the west were the first to hasten up, and a small company of Christians began to sing a solemn hymn.

One poor Jew, whose acquaintance we made on the voyage to Rhodes and Cyprus, stood in humble prayer, with his tephilla (cloak) wrapped round his forehead and arms, weeping as he uttered the words, spoken by every Jew when he sees the Holy Land:—

“Woe is me, thy holy cities are turned into deserts.”

We still sailed, for some hours, along the coast, till the ancient Phœnician city of Joppa—which signifies a height—the Jaffa of the present day, appeared in view on a rising ground. Buildings of greyish-white stone, the lofty cupolas of mosques, slender minarets; green gardens, here and there a palm-tree, or the flag of some European power waving in the morning breeze—such was the striking, strange, and beautiful picture presented by the city, sparkling in the light of the sun.

I put up at Mr. Platner's, a Jewish innkeeper, where I was soon joined by the worthy Chacham of the Sephardisch community in Jaffa, Mr. Levi, from Ragusa, who came to salute me, and to introduce to me a Christian convert to Judaism, Mr. David, formerly Peter Klasen, a peasant from Dantzig. Mr. Klasen is head gardener on the property which Sir Moses Montefiore bought for 50,000 dollars, and on which he employs twenty Jewish labourers. The gardens are half a league from the town, and as the walk to Jaffa twice a day for divine service would cost the labourers too much time, Mr. Klasen erected a small synagogue in one of the build-

ings connected with the gardens. A Jewish maiden from Jerusalem brought him the Thora rolls as her dowry.

His sister, a proselyte to Judaism at the same time, married a Mr. P. K—— in Jerusalem, who afterwards turned Protestant, while she remained attached to Judaism.

Chacham Levi came to Jaffa twenty-four years ago, as commissioner for the relief of Jewish pilgrims, and esteems himself fortunate in having been the founder of a community here. There are now sixty-five Jewish families living at Jaffa, only three of which are Aschkenasisch—about 400 souls in all. They have a synagogue, and a Talmud Thora. The expenditure amounts to 4500 dollars yearly, which is made up by weekly collections.

The community is poor, and receives no alms from any quarter. The members of it are merchants and shopkeepers; many live by manual labour, as porters, sailors, messengers, &c. There are a few mechanics among them, four shoemakers, three tailors, one silversmith, and one watchmaker. Only four members of the community possess houses. Mr. Levi described the general condition of the community as very deplorable, and expressed a wish that they could obtain a teacher to instruct their children in other branches besides the Talmud, but especially in the language of the country, to enable them to earn higher wages. "How fortunate," said he, in conclusion, "are our brethren in Jerusalem; every contribution finds its



way to them. Do we not also inhabit the land of Israel?"

At three o'clock, A.M., man and beast were in lively movement before the door of our house; a noise, and shouting, and quarrelling among the Arabs, as if they were, every minute, about to begin a battle with their knives. It was, however, only their way of coming to an understanding—a conversation in keeping with the usual temperament of the people. At length, nine horses were saddled—an Englishman and a Spaniard had joined us—and five mules carried our luggage. At four o'clock we mounted our horses; the cavasses of the Austrian and Prussian consulates rode in advance. We followed, and three men, the proprietors of the animals, ran barefooted, sometimes before, sometimes behind us, as the horsemen or the mules required their presence. A small donkey accompanied them, and lent his back sometimes to one, sometimes to another—or rushed majestically in front of the whole caravan.

We rode down narrow stony streets, passing through the bazaar to the gate of the city, and soon reached, in the midst of groups of fantastic figures, all in lively movement, of herds of camels and of cattle, a splendid white marble fountain, built in the Saracenic style. We then entered lanes, formed by impenetrable walls of cactuses, as high as houses. Behind these walls, which were adorned with large, bright red blossoms, stood orange and citron-trees, almost breaking beneath their loads of green, golden, and reddish fruit; from the

midst of these there rose solitary palms, cypress, fig, olive and pomegranate-trees, and the branches of the vines made the plantations on the right and left look much more like forests than gardens. As we rode along, our horses made the red sand whirl in the air like dust, the burning glow of the atmosphere was intolerable, and while passing through a narrow desert, we had on the right and the left, an oasis-like paradise, rich in water, in fragrance, and in beauty.

In the distance, Ramleh "the sandy" announced its presence, by its lofty, narrow tower. Behind us the sun sank slowly, like a glowing disk behind the horizon; only the tops of the mountains before us were tinged with a red violet-coloured vapour, and, without any intervening twilight, day was in a moment changed into night.

After a ride of four hours—no amount of violence could rouse the wearied horses to a rapid pace—we halted before the monastery of the Franciscans. On the road, a Jew on horseback had joined us; Reb Jizchak, who, when a child, had wandered with his parents from Hungary to Jerusalem, no longer knows the place of his birth, and can scarcely make himself intelligible in German; introduced into the monastery along with us, and recognised as a Jew, he was rudely turned out. My first impulse was to follow him. The reflection, however, that there was no inn, which implied the necessity of spending the night in the open khan among dangerous vagabonds, or in the open air, overcame my feeling of resentment, and I remained.

After supper, we were conducted up a broad staircase to spacious chambers, where the cleanest of beds received us.

We were not to enjoy our rest long. A violent tumult, accompanied with shrieking and howling, awoke us after midnight; it seemed as if it were approaching nearer, and about to storm the walls of the monastery.

We all sprang up in terror, put on our clothes, and rushed almost at the same time to the lofty vaulted hall, which opens upon a small garden. The monks told us that a horrible crime had just been perpetrated; three Bedouins had broken into the threshing-floor of a Mohammedan peasant, and loaded four camels with his crop, which had just been housed. When he stood on the defensive, one of the robbers shot him down. Two of the Bedouins took to flight with the loaded camels; the third was taken prisoner.

The whole population of Ramleh was in a state of horror, and shrieked and lamented through the streets by night.

By a strange coincidence, I had an opportunity, forty days afterwards, of witnessing the conclusion of the drama thus bloodily begun at Ramleh.

Being once awake, we resolved to start immediately.

In the courtyard there was, again, a lively driving and pushing. Our horses were saddled, and our mules loaded, by the light of a burning torch; all this, amid the vociferous, but perfectly harmless, shrieking and quarrelling of our guides and attendants. Over the animated group rose a peaceful, lofty palm-tree, the

leaves of which were scarcely moving in the night air. At half-past four, the caravan was ready to start. We rode through narrow, unpaved streets; the houses had again become silent; over them, here and there, a palm-tree or a cypress was shining in the light of the moon. All was silent in the uncertain landscape, which trembled sometimes in light, sometimes in shade. The stars, which appeared larger than in the west, were flickering, and a jubilee of larks began to quaver in the air. The sky was covered with light clouds, which prevented us from seeing the splendour of sunrise; a fresh breeze was blowing, and even at broad day it was only pleasantly warm. We did not suffer from the heat till we reached Jerusalem.

The country, which had the appearance of pasture burnt up by the sun, began to grow more hilly. The road, if such a name can be bestowed upon a path that has not been repaired since the earliest times, became stony and difficult for the horses.

After three hours we were among the mountains. On the first height to the left lay the village of Kuback. We rode, with lofty rocks on the right and the left, through narrow stony valleys. As I was accustomed to this break-neck sort of riding on Lebanon, this road, so much decried by pilgrims, appeared to me perfectly safe, and my fellow-travellers could not understand how I could sometimes put my horse to a lively gallop, and go clattering over the rocky paths. In like manner the country did not seem so desolate and barren to me, as I was already accustomed to the sight

of the desert. On all sides might be seen ancient olive and carob trees, sometimes in clumps, sometimes alone, and the green copse forced its way through the cliffs and fissures of the rocks. At the commencement of the Wadi Aly we hailed the village of Latrun.

We still continued to ascend between rocks and mountains, through thick plantations of orange trees, till we reached Kurvet-el-Enab, "the city of the cluster of grapes." Built on a height of moderate size, it extends from its edge to the valley below, with houses of white stone, a mosque, a church now in ruins, once the largest in Palestine, surrounded by vineyards and plantations of fig and olive trees, which are suspended on the declivities of both sides of the valley, and impart a fresh, lively aspect to the whole picture. Monkish tradition points to this city as the ancient Anathoth of the prophet Jeremiah, but the accurate investigations of a more recent period have proved it to be Kirjath Jearim, "the city of the forests," to which the people of Bethshemeth carried the ark of the covenant. The tribe of Abu Ghosch, the head of which only a few years ago exacted a tribute from every traveller, now dwells here.

Over against the village of Kulonieh, through the valley of Terebinths, we saw on the left the village of Lifta, and in the background, on a mountain shaped like a cone, the tomb of the prophet Samuel.

The road now began to grow more difficult, the mountains more barren, and at length there was neither

a tree nor a blade of grass to be seen. We longed to be near Jerusalem, and our restless desire to see it made the road appear longer and more difficult. I spurred my horse up the ridge of a mountain; before me rose another equally bleak and barren. And so it was repeatedly. At length a cleft of the valley opened on the right, and in it lay the Monastery of the Cross, which is built on the spot from which the tree was obtained for the cross on which Christ was crucified.

Mussa had rushed some hundred yards in advance, and stretching out his right hand and turning toward me, he cried, "El Kods," the Arabic name of Jerusalem. I put my horse to a rapid pace, and saw before me Jerusalem.

The sky was covered with grey clouds, and the city itself, with its cupolas and minarets, its houses and ruins, surrounded by a lofty, picturesquely indented wall, lay in all its splendour before me. It looked like a hoary pilgrim, who had come hither to die, and been turned into stone by sorrow, like those mothers whose children were slain by the anger of the gods.

I kept my horse's bridle tight, so as to prevent him from moving and disturbing me. Before my mind's eye passed in review the deeds and the forms of former centuries. A voice within me said:—Graves upon graves in graves! I was deeply moved, and bowing in my saddle before the city of Jehovah, tears fell on my horse's mane. I heard my fellow travellers coming

up behind me; they had dismounted from their horses to enter the city on foot as pilgrims; and to prevent them from disturbing my meditations, I gave the spur to my horse, and rode down the heights alone.

END OF VOL. I.





























